SURRENDER

A GIRL SINGER ANSWERS:
IS THERE A PRICE ON SUCCESS?

JUNE

Radio Mirror

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

ROUGH COPY

hy Make Those
ARRIAGE
ISTAKES?
By Martha Raye

AT LAST!
EDGAR BERGEN'S
IN LOVE!

Read Radio's Most
Thrilling Love Mystery
PRETTY
KITTY KELLY

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MARTHA RAYE

MORE THAN A $10.00 SAVING



ANDREA LEED
featured in the Samuel Goldw
production—"The Real Glor
—features 1881 ® ROGERS
on her lovely Hollywood tabl

A 58 PIECE SERVICE FOR 8

•

FLOWER VASE

•

TARNISH-PROOF CHEST



1881 ® ROGERS ®

By ONEIDA LTD. *Silversmiths*

Now you need wait *no longer* to share the "Silverware Service of the Stars!" You can own a 58-piece Service for Eight, a Tarnish-Proof Chest and a lacy Flower Vase (6¾ inches high)—*all three* for only $29.95. As individual pieces, they would cost you $42.25. So you make an actual saving of *more than* $10.00! Don't wait—make your selection today from four smart designs, at your silverware dealer's. He will arrange planned payments, if you prefer.

This 58-Piece Service includes:

- 8 TEASPOONS
- 8 SOUP SPOONS
- 8 DINNER FORKS
- 8 DINNER KNIVES
- 8 SALAD FORKS
- 8 ICED DRINK SPOONS
- 8 BUTTER SPREADERS
- 2 SERVING SPOONS



ALL FOR $29.95

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ROUGH COPY



Lovely dress of crisp organdy, deep Victorian hem, fitted bodice, tiny puffed sleeves.

A stunning gown first caught his eye but what held him was a lovely smile

Your smile is YOU! It's precious—guard it with Ipana and Massage!



Take no chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A STUNNING gown is a sure-fire attraction to make a girl a standout, but after that it's up to her smile!

For nothing is more pitiful than the girl with the breath-taking gown—and the dull and dingy smile. She's the one, of all people, who shouldn't ignore "pink tooth brush."

Take a leaf from her book, yourself, and *do something* about it. For no gown—not even a French import from the last boat in—can do much for the girl with the sad little smile. Let other things go if you must, but don't neglect your teeth and gums.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist.* It may mean nothing serious. Very likely, he'll tell you that your gums have simply grown weak from lack of exercise—and you can charge *that* up to our modern, soft foods. Then, like so many dentists, he may suggest "more work—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Whenever you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation increases within the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier.

Don't court trouble by waiting for that telltale tinge of "pink." Instead, get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you, as it has thousands of attractive men and women, to brighter teeth . . . healthier gums . . . and the smile you'd like to have.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

TIP FROM CUPID

A Light Touch

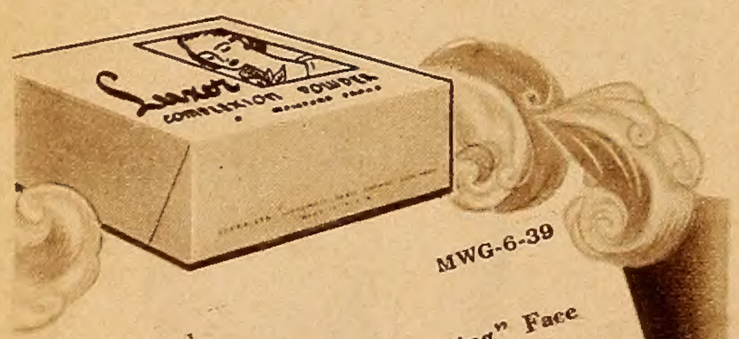
is the *right* touch
in face powder



LUXOR
"Feather-Cling"

The face powder that sits lightly—stays on smoothly

There's no invitation to romance in a heavily over-powdered face. So choose Luxor "Feather-Cling," the face powder with *a light touch.* Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly. In five smart shades, 55c. For generous size FREE trial package, send this coupon.



MWG-6-39

Luxor Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.

I want to try Luxor "feather-cling" Face Powder. My favorite shade is Natural . . . Rachel . . . Rachel No. 2 . . . Brunette . . . Rose Rachel (very popular) . . .
Send my *free* trial package to

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(*This offer not good in Canada*)

JUNE, 1939 VOL. 12 NO. 2

Radio Mirror

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

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COVER—Martha Raye by Robert Reid
(Courtesy of Paramount Pictures)

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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SAY?

FIRST PRIZE

RADIO—MARRIAGE PEACE-MAKER!

Did you know that a radio is one of the best ways to end a quarrel between a husband and wife? You who wish to "make up" but don't know how to do it because you just won't be first to say "forgive me," just go to the radio and tune in some music. Not jazz or swing (save that till later) but a deep, throbbing, heart-reaching melody. After a few seconds of this I dare you to meet the eyes of your loved one and stay mad!

MRS. R. A. BARKER,
Centralia, Mo.

SECOND PRIZE

WHO DARES THREATEN CHARLIE'S AIR SUPREMACY?

A few months ago, in a poll to determine the most popular program on the air, the Chase and Sanborn program was selected, undoubtedly due to the able efforts of Charlie McCarthy, or rather Edgar Bergen! Since then, innumerable critics, both foreign and American, have raised their voices in denunciation over America's choice, intimating that a people that chose a dummy for its ideal in radio, must have a "depraved" sense of humor.

I, for one, applaud America's choice. No one can deny the infinite joy the clever little rascal brings to us poor mortals. By his clever insinuations and mocking attitude, he deflates our ego by showing the futility and stupidity of taking ourselves so seriously. By his mock flirtations with the Hollywood stars visiting his program, he parodies our own flirtations, thus showing us how ridiculous we must sometimes look. The choice of Charlie McCarthy is a glowing tribute to the American sense of fair play, for here

(*Continued on page 76*)

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — PRIZES — —

First Prize $10.00

Second Prize ..... $ 5.00

Five Prizes of ..... $ 1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than May 25, 1939. All submissions became the property of the magazine.

SHE OPENED AN UNSIGNED LETTER!



AN UNSIGNED LETTER! A cowardly thing, perhaps—but for Nancy—what a blessing! For in no other way would Nancy have realized that underarm odor was spoiling all her other charms—that she could easily be popular, with Mum!

How easy it is to offend this way and never know it—to think a daily bath is enough for charm, when underarms always need *special* care!

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration—it can't *prevent* odor. Mum can! Remember, more women use Mum than any other deodorant...more screen stars, more nurses, more girls like *you!* It's so pleasant, so easy to use, so dependable.

EASY! You can apply Mum in 30 seconds, before or *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin!

SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering is proof that Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. It's foolish to take chances with your charm. Get Mum at any druggist's today—and use it daily. Then you'll always be sweet!

WITH MUM YOUR BATH LASTS ALL DAY LONG



For Sanitary Napkins
First choice with thousands of women everywhere for Sanitary Napkins, Mum wins because it's so gentle and safe.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



THERE is no mystery about Tampax. It is simply a kind of monthly sanitary protection *worn internally.* Each individual Tampax is sealed in a hygienic container which allows you to insert the Tampax neatly and daintily.

Tampax was perfected by a doctor and more than 120 million have already been sold. It brings new comfort and freedom to club women, office workers, athletes, students, housewives. It does away with chafing, odor and "bulking," providing a smooth costume-profile even in swim suits or sheer evening gowns. No belts or pins. You really forget you are wearing Tampax!

Made of pure, long-fibered surgical cotton, highly compressed. Tampax is extremely absorbent and efficient. No disposal problems. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. Introductory package, 20¢. An average month's supply, 35¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package of 40.

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED MWG-69
New Brunswick, N. J.

☐ Send Tampax booklet with diagrams—FREE
☐ Send introductory box; 20¢ enclosed (stamps; coins)
Size checked here ☐ Tampax ☐ Junior Tampax

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

WHAT'S NEW FROM COAST TO COAST



Wide World

■ The visit of Great Britain's royal couple, King George and Queen Elizabeth, creates this season's most exciting radio event.

AS it has done so often in the past few years, radio helps to make history again this month, when the King and Queen of England visit Canada. May 15, according to plans when RADIO MIRROR went to press, will be the first time any reigning British monarch has set foot on Canadian soil, and microphones will be all over the place to bring the event to your ears.

Under the guidance of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, all the American networks will broadcast the ceremonies in the United States, beginning on May 13, when CBC commentators will be on board H.M.C.S. *Saguenay,* meeting H.M.S. *Repulse,* with Their Majesties on board, as the latter enters Canadian waters off the coast of Newfoundland. You'll hear a description of the scene as the two ships meet.

The next evening, May 14, the CBC will broadcast from Rimouski, describing the *Repulse* as it comes up the St. Lawrence River.

At about 10:30 E.S.T. on the morning of the 15th, the royal party will arrive at Quebec, and the scene will be broadcast. Their itinerary from Quebec is, first, Montreal, then Ottawa, the capital of Canada, from May 17 to May 20, and then to Toronto. You'll hear broadcasts from each of these places, and every evening a CBC commentator, traveling with the royal party, will broadcast a summary of the day's activities.

Following a custom established in England, gold microphones will be used by the King and Queen whenever they go on the air during their trip.

* * *

It was a hectic two weeks that Edgar Bergen, Charlie McCarthy, Don Ameche, Dorothy Lamour and the other members of the Chase and Sanborn cast spent in New York. Starting with a riot at Grand Central Station when they arrived, it progressed through a fake "kidnaping" of Charlie, up to a grand climax at the last broadcast, when Bergen tripped as he walked toward the microphone, and fell flat on his face, to the glee of the studio audience.

The "kidnaping," which made front-page news all over the country, was a genuine surprise to Bergen, even if it was just a joke engineered by a New York newspaper man. Bergen told me the next day that many McCarthy fans had written to him, suggesting the great publicity value of a kidnaping, and that he'd always turned the idea down. "Now," he said ruefully, "I suppose I owe royalties to everybody that suggested it." As a matter of fact, Bergen worries sometimes for fear Charlie is being over-publicized. He's afraid the public might read too much about him, see too many pictures of him, and suddenly lose interest. That's prob-

By DAN SENSENEY

ably taking a pessimistic view of things.

As soon as the kidnaping story broke, gossip columnists began saying that the real Charlie hadn't been brought to New York at all, but was locked away in a Hollywood bank vault. Well, maybe so, but I don't believe it. The dummy Bergen had on the high-chair beside him at rehearsals and broadcasts looked like the real McCarthy to me.

It isn't very likely that the Chase and Sanborn show will ever come to New York again, all in a bunch. Demands for tickets to the two broadcasts were so heavy that it took network and advertising agency officials a whole month to recover from their headaches. Bergen might travel east again this summer, though, for a vacation.

* * *

CHICAGO—Most radio announcers live, eat, sleep and dream their jobs—so maybe John Weigel is the most unusual announcer in the business. His big interest in life is not radio; it's cheese.

John is heard on two Mutual network shows, Pageant of Melody, Monday nights at 10:30, E.S.T., and Concert Review, at the same time Thursdays. He's been in radio since he was fifteen years old, and announced his way through Ohio State University, Class of '35. But he's always loved cheese, and when he came to Chicago he found there the same dearth of good cheeses that had troubled him at home. For a few years, while he was a member of the CBS Chicago staff, he saved his money until he could become a free-lance announcer—and open a cheese store of his own.

Now you can find him, whenever he isn't at the microphone, dressed up in a white starched jacket, waiting on customers in his shop just off busy Michigan Avenue on Lake Street. More than two hundred and fifty varieties are on John's shelves, from more than twenty countries—Argentina, Albania, Hungary, Holland, Ireland, and all the Scandinavian nations, to name a few. Pretty soon he hopes to get some from the Orient and Africa. Getting a new line of cheese, says John, is much more complicated than filling out an order to a wholesaler—first he has to visit a country's local consul, to get names and addresses, and then follow months of patient negotiations before the cheese lands in his store.

* * *

The cruelty of some sponsors! The entire cast of Phil Baker's Honolulu Bound program, Saturday nights on CBS, may have to move to Hawaii this summer for four broadcasts—sponsor's orders.

* * *

Down in Kentucky and Tennessee they're listening to Kiwanis Club programs these days. The famous service organization tried the experiment of putting on radio shows, and found it so successful the policy will be kept up for the rest of the year.

Station WJHL at Johnson City, Tennessee, has a program every Sunday from 5:15 to 5:30 in the afternoon, featuring Kiwanis speakers from neighboring cities. In Lexington, Kentucky, the weekly luncheon meeting is broadcast every Tuesday from 1:00 to 1:30. And right now they're planning on programs to be broadcast over WHAS, Louisville, and WSM, Nashville. The programs are

His many neglects were due to her ONE NEGLECT*



He never remembers anniversaries . . . *Why?*



He never pays her compliments . . . *Why?*



He praises other women . . . *Why?*



He's often "kept downtown" . . *Why?*

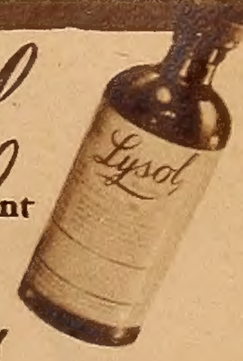
* *She was careless (or ignorant) about Feminine Hygiene*

This one neglect may be the real cause of many divorces . . . Use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene.

Let "Lysol" help YOU to avoid this ONE NEGLECT!

IF THERE is any doubt in *your* mind about this important subject of feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". Let him tell you why, for a full half-century, "Lysol" has earned the confidence of so many doctors, nurses, hospitals . . . *and wives.* Probably no other product is so widely used for this purpose. Three sizes of "Lysol" are sold at all drug stores.

Lysol Disinfectant



1889—1939
50th ANNIVERSARY

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

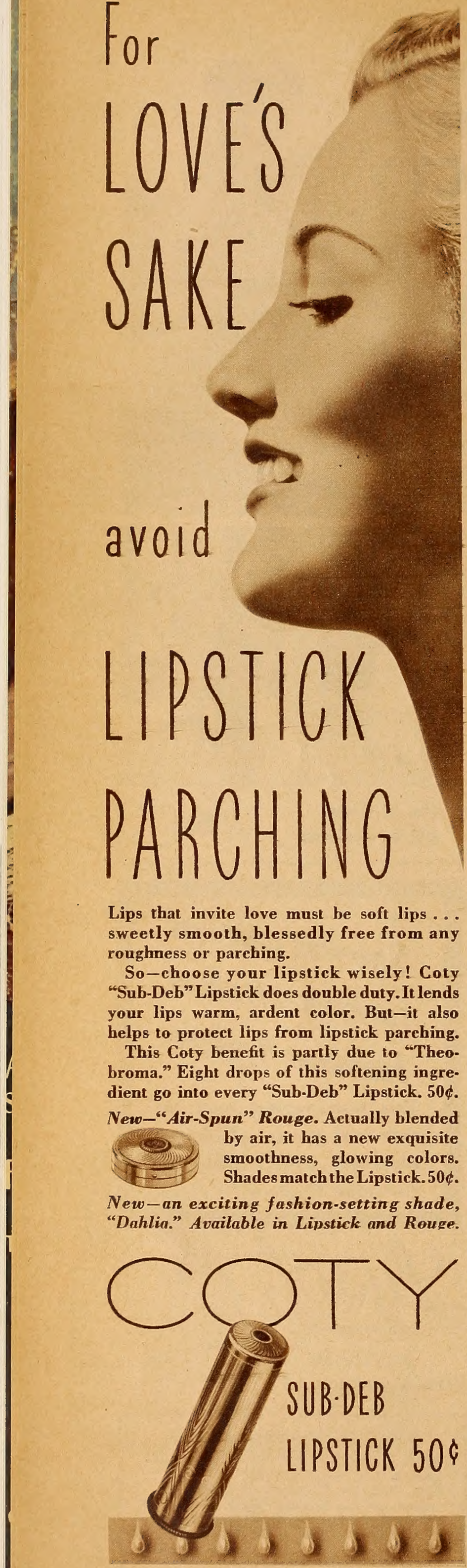
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. R.M.-906, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



being promoted by the district organization of Kiwanis in these two states, led by District Governor Roy C. Nelson, himself a radio commentator of repute.

* * *

A success story with a Three Musketeers flavor is the tale of Helen Jackson, Beverly Freeland and Judy Freeland, all once of Bristow, Oklahoma, all at present of Kay Thompson's Rhythm Singers on the CBS Tune-Up Time broadcast. Helen, Beverly and Judy all came to New York on a vacation trip three years ago, yearning for a career in the big city but smart enough to realize that New York jobs don't grow on trees. They made an agreement: If, in the two weeks of their vacation they could all three get jobs, they'd stay. If only one of them, or two, found work, they'd all go back to Bristow. You can guess what happened, but don't *you* start packing to come to New York, thinking it will happen to you too. They all three were hired by the Hollywood Restaurant, as singers, on the very first day of their vacation, and they've been in New York ever since, joining the Kay Thompson singers two years ago.

* * *

The musicians union in Los Angeles just paid Bob Burns a flattering compliment. Union officials came around and told him he'd have to join—because he plays the bazooka on the Kraft Music Hall.

* * *

Because they threatened to strike, radio actors, announcers and singers this spring persuaded sponsors to sign agreements guaranteeing a minimum rate of pay for their services. But now, in some cases, their victory is boomeranging. A few sponsors find that their programs cost them more than they used to, and are reducing choruses to quartets, or, in some daytime serials, are cancelling the repeat broadcasts to the west coast. This explains why some of you Westerners have suddenly been missing your favorite serials.

The Barbara Weeks who plays Nancy in Her Honor, Nancy James, is *not* the Barbara Weeks you used to see in the movies—although, says Barbara-Weeks-in-radio, she might as well be. Both Barbaras live in New York, and both are actresses, and the result is that Barbara-in-radio frequently gets mail and telephone calls intended for Barbara-in-the-movies. The worst mixup, though, occurred when Barbara-in-radio was touring the country as a member of a dramatic stock company. On that tour she met all of Barbara-in-the-movies' distant relatives, who came backstage to visit her, convinced that she was the dear second cousin they hadn't seen for years.

* * *

After spending three years looking for a sponsor, George Jessel now has two. On Tuesdays he is master of ceremonies on For Men Only, on the NBC Red network, and on Wednesdays he stars with Richard Himber's orchestra and Mary Small on an ice-cream-sponsored program heard on some eastern stations of the Blue network.

* * *

CINCINNATI—Station WSAI has started something that ought to be a model for other radio stations all over the country to shoot at. In cooperation with the City of Cincinnati, it has launched an extensive series of programs promoting safe driving. Under the direction of Dewey H. Long, WSAI general manager, every single member of the station's staff has a particular job in the campaign.

Free time goes to the Police Department for special broadcasts. Every Monday night a program goes on the air from the court where traffic violators must gather to receive instruction in proper driving, and every week the station gives cash prizes for the best safety slogan submitted. All in all, a war is being waged against that old devil Traffic Accident that ought to produce results.



Ben Washer

■ On their trip to New York, Dorothy Lamour, Edgar Bergen and Don Ameche attended a performance of "The Boys From Syracuse." Here they are visiting back stage. That's Jimmy Savo, kneeling, left.

PETER GRANT—COMMENTATOR

BROADCASTING the news is not pleasant business. Not the way Peter Grant tackles it.

Peter Grant, of WLW, Cincinnati, is one of the nation's leading newscasters. His Sunday Evening Newspaper of the Air is heard not only in his own home town, but in eight other cities as well, where it is eagerly awaited as the week's comprehensive digest of what's going on in the world. On the air only fifteen minutes, Peter nevertheless manages to pack into each broadcast a total of 2600 words, which is about 400 more than is ordinarily spoken in that time.

Born Melvin Meredith Maginn in St. Louis, Peter was expected to be a concert pianist. His father, a former child prodigy on the piano and a professional musician, thought young Peter was inheriting his abilities because he liked to sit on the piano when he was a baby. It wasn't the piano's attraction, musically, that caused this—Peter simply liked to imagine the piano was a wagon and he was driving it. When music lessons came along, there was trouble, because Peter showed no aptitude for them at all.

In high school Peter studied pharmacy and chemistry, but in college (St. Louis' Washington University) he switched to law and dramatics. During his five years on the campus he was in almost every college stage production, and this activity led him to radio. On his graduation in 1930, Station KMOX invited him to become a member of its dramatic staff, and



■ Meet Peter Grant, WLW's speedy newscaster—175 words a minute!

he accepted, thinking the money he would earn on the air would come in handy while he was getting a law practice started. He soon found radio work so exciting, though, that in 1932 he went to WLW to become a news broadcaster, and forgot about law.

The breath-taking speed with which he rattles through his Sunday-night program is a real test of physical stamina. To make it more difficult, the Newspaper is broadcast three times in a mere ninety minutes. At 6:15 he is heard over KDKA, Pittsburgh. At 6:45 he broadcasts at KYW, Philadelphia; WSYR, Syracuse; WHAM, Rochester; WBAL, Baltimore; WGAL, Lancaster; WDEL, Wilmington; and WORK, York; and at 7:30, over his home station, WLW.

He's meticulously cautious about the temperature of the water he drinks between broadcasts. Cold water would shock the sensitive vocal chords so much that his voice would be impaired for days, so he drinks only tepid water. While broadcasting, he stands instead of sitting, in order to allow deeper and better breathing. He reads so fast he can't look at the clock, and has to be signalled when the time is almost up. He grips the script with both hands, shakes his head violently to emphasize a word, and often stamps the toe of one foot at the conclusion of a bulletin.

Peter cherishes one ambition—to own a couple of horses and several dogs, and to become, on a small scale, a gentleman farmer. Planes frighten him but he'll use 'em rather than take the longer way. He's six feet three inches tall, and wears size 13 shoes—a very husky guy, in fact. Quick, serious, jovial, modest and sincere, he reflects all these likeable qualities in his broadcasting voice—which is undoubtedly the big reason for his immense popularity.

Glamorous

ART MODEL THRILLED

by sparkling beauty this new shampoo reveals in her hair





Miss Helen Reese—

famous in fashion art for her gorgeous hair and exquisite beauty—says:

"I am asked so frequently to pose for hair style photographs I must always keep my hair looking its best. Frankly, I was thrilled when I discovered Drene. It left my hair simply radiant—revealing its dazzling natural highlights and luster. And Drene leaves my hair soft and manageable—so it can be readily set in any hair style right after washing. It's 'good business' for me to use Drene!"

NO NEED to let dull, drab-looking hair detract from your beauty and charm. Now see your hair's full beauty revealed by this amazing new shampoo discovery that's thrilled famous art models and countless thousands of other women! For lusterless hair, in most cases, is caused by dulling, scummy film (bathtub ring) that all soaps leave on hair. But Drene gives thrillingly different results! Drene sweeps away the ugly film that soap shampooing leaves! . . . Because it contains an amazing, new, patented cleansing ingredient, never before used in a shampoo! Because Drene is not a soap, not an oil— it leaves no dulling film itself. Nor greasy dust-catching film. Instead, Drene reveals all the sparkling natural beauty and brilliance of your hair!

Say goodbye to lemon, vinegar or other after-rinses! See dirt, grime, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes cleaned away with a single sudsing and thorough rinsing! Leaves your hair radiantly clean!

There are now 2 kinds of Drene. Use Regular Drene if your hair is oily. Otherwise, use the new Special Drene for Dry Hair. Refuse substitutes! Drene is the only shampoo licensed to use its safe, new, patented cleansing ingredient. No soap shampoo can give Drene's revolutionary results. American women bought over 24 million bottles of Drene last year alone! Approved by Good Housekeeping. Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble. At drug, department, 10¢ stores; at your favorite beauty shop—*insist* on Drene! You'll thrill to its glorifying results! *Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*



New SPECIAL DRENE FOR DRY HAIR
(Leaves Even Fine Hair Soft and Manageable)
REGULAR DRENE—for Oily Hair

NOW 2 KINDS OF drene

"IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT"

■ Return engagements of "It Happened One Night" still go on. Listeners clamored for one on Monday night's Lux Radio Theater so Mr. de Mille presented it with its original stars, Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert.

HOLLYWOOD RADIO WHISPERS

By GEORGE FISHER



Hear George Fisher's broadcasts every Saturday night on Mutual.

The Legion's broadcast brought to the mike Fibber McGee, Mary Pickford, and Bob Hope. Right, Rudy Vallee dines with Barbara Brewster.



TWO blessed events at the Bel-Air Stables are being anticipated keenly by Robert Young's two small daughters, Carol Anne, aged five, and Barbara, aged two. When the colts arrive, they'll become the property of the two girls.

* * *

Fanny Brice has just received a fan letter from a man who said that as a young man, twenty-five years ago, he'd seen her at the famous Palace Theater playing the part of a grown up. "Now I'm married and am the father of seven sons and two daughters," he writes. "And you've reverted to babyhood: Now you're Baby Snooks!"

* * *

Gertrude Niesen is up to her old romantic tricks again. Since returning to the film town she's been dating the Hollywood lads with a vengeance. She's had a new escort for every night of the week.

There are still some Hollywood optimists who think that all is well with the Alice Faye-Tony Martin household. All I can say is, I hope they are right, but I am afraid they are due for an awful shock shortly.

* * *

Mary Livingstone took her daughter Joan over to the studio to see Jack Benny in action in "Man About Town." Seeing daddy in trapeze attire, Joan turned to her mother in disgust.

(*Continued on page* 10)

THOUSANDS ACCLAIM SENSATIONAL NEW LISTERINE DANDRUFF TREATMENT

Recent discovery that dandruff is germ disease, and that Listerine kills the germ, results in new scientific treatment . . . letters from all over the country report quick relief.



"I have used Listerine Antiseptic on my own hair, and on my daughter's hair as well, for a number of years now. I like its stimulating effect on the scalp. It is the most effective treatment for dandruff that I have ever tried . . . and certainly the most pleasant one."

MRS. S. C. SLOAN, *West Palm Beach, Florida*

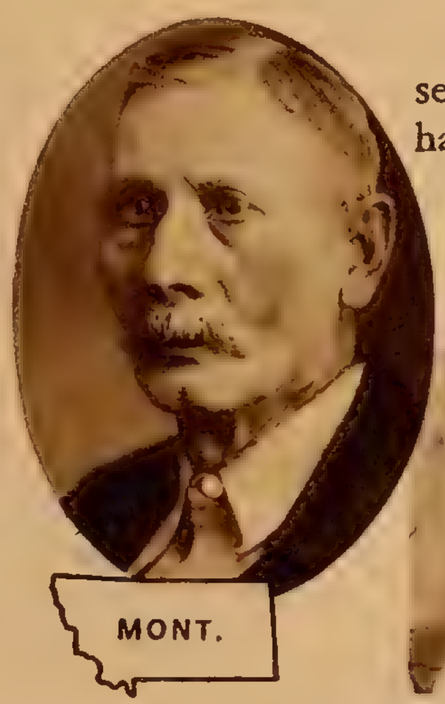


"This is the first letter that I have ever written endorsing a product but Listerine Antiseptic has made such an impression on me that I thought that I would tell you about it. You have been advertising Listerine as a cure for dandruff so I thought that I would try it. After the first application the intense itching stopped. I am nearly finished with the bottle now and I am happy to say that all traces of dandruff have disappeared and my hair and scalp are again normal."

JOHN KEESER, *Walden, New York*

"I am a retired barber. I have barbered 27 years and I have often used Listerine Antiseptic for dandruff. I am writing this letter to the manufacturers of Listerine because I have used all kinds of hair tonic and want to say that Listerine Antiseptic beats them all. I am absolutely convinced that it will restore hair to its natural condition if properly used."

G. S. CUMMINGS
Saltese, Montana



When the sensational discovery that dandruff is in reality a *germ* disease was flashed to the world recently, hope of positive dandruff control became possible. It could no longer be said that dandruff therapy was largely a matter of guesswork. The very scientists who proved the germ origin of dandruff, also proved that Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle, kills the stubborn little bacillus, *Pityrosporum ovale*, which causes dandruff. In repeated tests it was shown that, by killing the germ, Listerine Antiseptic banished or substantially improved the dandruff condition in the great majority of cases.

Now, a wave of letters from all over the country brings wholesale corroboration. Read this first hand evidence of the effectiveness of the easy, delightful Listerine Antiseptic treatment. Note how quickly scalp and hair were ridded of ugly, embarrassing dandruff flakes.

Start your own invigorating Listerine Antiseptic treatments today. And even after dandruff has entirely disappeared, continue to enjoy a treatment from time to time to guard against possible reinfection.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



"Since using Listerine Antiseptic as a preventive for dandruff, I really feel safe as to my appearance in public."

HENRY W. SCHLETER
Oshkosh, Wis.



THE TREATMENT



MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day*. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

High Special Rates for Writers of True Stories

Following our regular policy we are discontinuing true story manuscript contests during the summer months. A great new true story contest will begin on September 1st, 1939. But, in the meantime, we are still in the market for true stories for straight purchase, and in order to secure them are going to renew our sensational offer of last summer which worked so greatly to the financial advantage of many writers of true stories.

During the month of May we gladly will pay writers of true stories the special rates of 3c per word for better-than-average true stories and 4c per word for exceptionally good true stories submitted for straight purchase.

When you consider that our average year-round rate is 2c per word, a few moments' figuring will show you what this offer can mean to you financially—literally making $2 grow where $1 grew formerly.

Under this offer the Editorial Staff of TRUE STORY are the sole judges as to the quality of stories submitted. But rest assured that if you send in a story of extra quality you will receive the corresponding extra rate. This is in no sense a contest—simply a straight offer to purchase true stories, with a handsome bonus for extra quality.

Here is your opportunity. The time, as explained, is limited to the month of May, 1939. So strike while the iron is hot. Start today the story of an episode in your life or the life of a friend or acquaintance that you feel has the necessary heart interest to warrant the extraordinarily high special rates we are offering. Send it in when finished, and if it really has the extra quality we seek the extra sized check will be forthcoming with our sincere congratulations. Be sure your manuscript is post-marked not later than midnight, May 31, 1939.

IMPORTANT

Submit stories direct. Do not deal through intermediaries.

If you do not already have one send for a copy of free booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories." Use the coupon provided for that purpose.

In sending true stories, be sure, in each case, to enclose first-class return postage in the same container with manuscript. We gladly return manuscripts when postage is supplied, but we cannot do so otherwise. Failure to enclose return first-class postage means that after a reasonable time the manuscript if not accepted for publication will be destroyed.

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Hollywood Radio Whispers

By GEORGE FISHER

(Continued)

"He certainly looks awfully silly," she whispered, "but don't tell him I said so!"

* * *

Sports announcer Clem McCarthy isn't one to forget a request. Clem proved this the other day when he delivered a deputy badge to Shirley Temple, making her a deputy of Jackson County, Kansas. It was just a year ago that Shirley glimpsed the badge and expressed a desire for one.

* * *

Comedian George Burns has been the target of so much comment lately, I feel a humorous story about him would be a relief. As you know, Burns and his wife, Gracie Allen, have two adopted children. The kiddies have never visited the studios where their parents were working, so when Burns brought the tots to see Gracie at work recently, director Al Green asked why they had finally decided to visit the set. One of the kiddies replied, "Well, daddy asked us if we would rather go to the monkey farm or the studio. We thought mother would be funnier!"

* * *

Recently Edgar Bergen and I had an experience while getting ready to fly to Catalina Island which showed me how real a lot of people consider Charlie McCarthy. When Bergen mentioned to the girl at the ticket office that Charlie would be one of the passengers, she was delighted to have him take the plane, but also insisted that he buy a ticket for the little brat. It took five minutes to convince her that Charlie would travel as Bergen's baggage and didn't need a seat for himself.

* * *

Frank Morgan has been smitten by the bowling bug. Each Thursday after the Good News Show, he joins a very distinguished foursome that tries to split the ten pins. The other three members are Robert Young, Bob Burns and Bing Crosby. The bowling alleys are right across the street from Radio City, and as usual, Bing is the expert. His average game is 190.

* * *

Ten years ago they fired Irene Rich from pictures because they didn't think she could ever learn to talk well enough for the talkies. I would like to see the faces of the talkie moguls when they hear that Miss Rich has appeared in over 260 radio plays in a medium depending entirely on voice. In addition to 260 plays on the air, Irene has appeared in 181 silent pictures and 4,982 vaudeville shows.

* * *

Hollywood is whispering that Burns and Allen may soon be replaced by Paul Whiteman's orchestra and revue. Burns, commenting on the report, declared "It's news to me!"

* * *

Pretty soft for those two hundred jitterbugs who are working in the Paramount picture, "Some Like It Hot." Instead of paying their own money to dance to Gene Krupa's swing band, the kids are actually get-

ting paid for doing what they would rather do than eat!

* * *

Recently I had the pleasure of playing host to Lance Sieveking, head of the British Broadcasting Company's television department. While showing him the sights of Hollywood, he told me many interesting things about television which you might like to hear. "Television today," said Sieveking, "is at the same stage that radio broadcasting was in during the days of the crystal sets, and it only needs some little improvement to make it as practicable and as popular as today's radio." However, television will never replace radio, according to Sieveking, because in order to watch telecasts, you must sit in one place in a darkened room; while you can hear a radio program anywhere.

* * *

Joan Fontaine tells me she will not marry radio and film actor Conrad Nagel. Joan, who is Olivia de Havilland's sister, says, "I don't think two people in this profession can be happily married." I suspect this is good news for Broadway showgirl, Wilma Francis, Nagel's one-time girl friend!

* * *

Here's a good deed you can chalk up for Constance Bennett. While rehearsing for a recent Texaco show, Connie learned of the sad plight of an eight-year-old youngster, Buster Phelps, who had been booked for a part in the show. The youngster was told that an AFRA card was required before he could work. The necessary initiation fee was too much for the



Irene Rich drops in to Hollywood's Brown Derby for a bite after her Sunday broadcast.

youngster's pocketbook, but as he was about to step out, Connie stepped in and wrote a check for the required amount and little Buster began his radio career!

* * *

Gene Autry, the Number One Cowboy star, who is scheduled for his own radio show soon, will make the column headlines again when the reporters hear the following story. Gene is the favorite film star of England's Royal Family. I have just learned that the two little English Princesses, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose, have given Bob Taylor, Clark Gable, and Tyrone Power the go-by as their favorites. To them, Gene Autry is now the top Hollywood star! Which is another feather in the cap of the two-gun man!

* * *

Since Dick Powell took over the Al Jolson show, film producers have shown renewed interest in him. In addition to Dick's one-picture deal with MGM, he is being sought by Paramount for a series of musicals!

* * *

Plans for an unusual wedding were revealed to me by Cecil DeMille, who plans to perform the marriage ceremony himself for Evelyn Keyes, who is under personal contract to DeMille. Sometime this spring Miss Keyes will board DeMille's yacht with her groom-to-be, whose name she refuses to divulge, and in mid-ocean, Skipper DeMille will perform the wedding rites. As a wedding present, DeMille will sail the newlyweds to Honolulu! Complete details of the marriage plans will be announced soon.

* * *

Your Hollywood Whisperer is happy to have been chosen as the official Hollywood host and guide to the winners of Uncle Don's Mutual Network Hollywood Child Talent Contest, when they visit Hollywood this summer! (June).

* * *

Hollywood is whispering that pretty starlet Nan Grey is more or less secretly married to Jackie Westrope, the well-known lad who steers the horses around the turns at Santa Anita and other major race tracks.

NOW FASHION SAYS: "BE FEMININE"

Pond's answers with 4 soft SUMMER SHADES



● This summer the eternal feminine comes into its own! It's a season of delicate pastels and cobwebby laces. Your make-up, too, must be romantic—fragile. So Pond's gives you a choice of four soft, flattering summer shades:

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Rose Dawn and Rose Brunette in lovely blush tones! New and enchanting with pink and blue, and in the evening.

ROSE DAWN—brings a delicate glow to fair skins.

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"Prettiness" is too much in vogue to permit brazen, copper skins. So keep your tan light. And for daytime smartness, choose Pond's flattering Sunlight Shades. Not deep "sun-tan" shades, they're soft, appealing—perfect with outdoor costumes and your new "subtle-tan."

SUNLIGHT LIGHT—for the creamy tan of a blonde skin.

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Surrender

■ Is there a price on success? The true story of a girl singer who almost took the wrong road to fame

IF you want my advice—but of course you don't," Jerry said, "you'd better stay home."

I stared at him, across the restaurant table, in amazement. It was the first time in all our months of friendship that I'd seen Jerry Gates lose his temper. Mild, sandy-haired Jerry, with his slow smile and his off-hand way of talking—but now the smile was gone and his words were clipped and bitter.

It was all so totally unexpected. For more than a year now, Jerry and I had been on the same radio program, he as the announcer, I as the featured singer. True, it wasn't much of a program—just fifteen minutes on a small New York station three times a week, with a Broadway clothing store for a sponsor—but it was a living, and I'd always hoped it would be a stepping stone to bigger things. In all that time Jerry had been my best friend, assuring me when I grew blue and discouraged that I was good, that I really could sell a song, that some day a big sponsor would hear me and give me my chance on the networks. He'd been my bulwark against loneliness, my father-confessor, my most loyal fan.

And now, when it looked as if the big chance he'd predicted was at last on its way, instead of responding to my happiness and excitement—he was urging me to throw it over!

"But—Jerry," I said. "I don't understand. Why shouldn't I go?"

"Look here," he said. "You've been around New York long enough to know what kind of a fellow Brad Staley is. You met him at a party a couple of months ago, didn't you? And he was pleasant, and talked to you a long time. So what does that prove? Don't kid yourself he thought he'd discovered a new Frances Langford. To a guy that produces the Atlas Hour, girl singers are a dime a dozen."

"I knew that," I explained patiently. "I didn't expect anything at all to come of meeting him. But last week, just after I heard that Vola Mont was leaving the Atlas Hour—the very same day I heard it, in fact—he called me up and asked me what time I was on the air. He said he wanted to listen to me. And that was the first time I'd heard from him since the party."

He shook his head—the same gesture I'd seen him use at rehearsal when he stumbled over a line in the commercial announcement. "And so he listened, and called you up to his office, and asked about your experience. And now he wants you to come up to his lodge at Lake What's-its-name—"

"Falling Leaf Lake."

ALL right—Falling Leaf Lake—for a week-end party. But this is the point—have you signed any contract yet?"

"Of course not! You know that. But Mr. Staley told me today that everything's practically set—"

"Practically! What he means is, everything's set except the week-end party. That's the little detail still to be arranged."

I'm sure my mouth fell open. Strangely, I wasn't angry. The whole idea that had been brewing in Jerry's brain seemed too fantastic for that.

"Jerry," I told him, "you sound exactly like an old-fashioned mama. Don't you know that sort of thing isn't done any more?"

A flush spread over his face. "All right, go ahead and laugh. But you ought to know Staley's reputation by now. If you don't, you're the only one in New York."

"Reputation!" I said scornfully. "All I've heard is a lot of irresponsible gossip. The whole idea is absurd. Mr. Staley's a gentleman. And besides—Ray Tucker and his wife are coming up to the lodge too. They ought to be good enough chaperons for anyone, oughtn't they?"

He shrugged and began to edge out of the booth where we were sitting. "All right, Nicky. I've had my say. But I guess it's your business."

Outside, we paused in the midst of the hurrying before-theater crowds in Times Square. "Want to take in a movie?" Jerry asked, but his voice sounded only as if he were trying to be polite.

"No, I have to go home and do a little packing," I said.

"Okay." His face was expressionless.

"I've got to go, Jerry," I pleaded. "Don't you see—this is my big chance! It's what I've waited for, prayed for, ever since I came to New York. It may never come again. And if I called Mr. Staley up now, only a few hours after I promised to go to the lodge, and tried to back out—why, he'd think I was crazy."

"Sure, I see that," he answered coldly. "Well, I only hope you're as happy when you come back as you think you're going to be."

I came back to myself with a start. Still with his arms around me, I leaned back to see his face and search it with my eyes.

That was his last word on the subject, but after he left me at the door of the rooming house where I lived, some of the edge had gone from my anticipation over the chance of being featured on one of the biggest network variety shows. I didn't believe a single one of the things he'd hinted about Brad Staley and his methods—I couldn't, even knowing Staley as slightly as I did—but I couldn't help feeling vaguely disturbed over them just the same.

Then, at the memory of Brad's charming smile and frank, friendly manners, I threw off my forebodings. Of course it was nonsense! And it had been Brad's own suggestion that Ray Tucker, star comedian of the program, and Mrs. Tucker were to be guests at the lodge as well.

I realized, suddenly, that I wasn't worried over *what* Jerry had said. I was worried *because* he'd said it. We'd been such good friends. He'd always been at my side when I needed sympathy. And now, when for the first time things looked better for me, he'd acted—yes, he'd acted as if he were jealous. As if he begrudged me my chance. I had never expected that of Jerry.

BUT in the morning I felt better. Jerry would get over it, I told myself. Anyway, the important thing was the warm feeling of confidence I'd had at Brad Staley's words: "I don't mind telling you I think you've got exactly the kind of voice I've been looking for to make my show perfect!" Even if something happened and I didn't get the contract, that speech of Brad's alone would almost make the whole thing worth while!

Almost on the dot of noon he drew up in the crowded street outside, driving a cream-colored roadster that seemed to be the embodiment of speed and luxury. I picked up my overnight bag and met him on the steps. Somehow, I didn't want him to see the interior of the place where I lived. His face brightened as he saw me, and I mentally gave thanks that I'd spent more than I could afford for my new suit of white sharkskin, with the bright blue handkerchief tucked in its breast pocket.

"You're the only cool-looking thing I've seen this morning," he said, smiling down at me. His eyes were deep-set, and of a blue that contrasted oddly with his jet-black hair and the deep tan of his skin.

"Ray and Edna are coming along in their own car," he said as he stowed my bag in the rumble. "Ray always refuses to get up before noon, and it'll probably be three o'clock before they're ready to start, so I thought we might as well go on without them."

Then began one of the most enchanting rides I'd ever had. The big, high-powered car seemed to be a part of Brad Staley, he handled it so expertly, weaving in and out of the congested Saturday traffic along the West Side highway and over George Washington Bridge. Once in the country, it hummed with deep-throated satisfaction and leaped ahead, yet its movement was so smooth and soothing that I was surprised when I glanced at the speedometer and saw how fast we were going.

All the way to the lodge Brad—I was calling him Brad to his face now, and he was calling me Nicky—kept up a running stream of talk: stories about radio, the theater, people he knew and I longed to know. I felt as if we'd been friends for years.

■ "I was terribly aware of his nearness. It was one of those moments when, without a word being spoken, the air is full of clamorous thoughts"

We had lunch at a little roadside restaurant, and arrived at the lake about four in the afternoon. The lodge was all I had dreamed it would be—a low, rambling log house, set on the high ground overlooking the little lake and surrounded by tall, whispering pines. A breeze ruffled the surface of the water, and it sparkled in the afternoon sun as if it were set with diamonds.

A big woman with gray hair and a broad Irish face opened the door and ran down the shallow stone stairs to take our bags. Brad introduced her to me as Mrs. Geraghty, the housekeeper.

"Well, here's Falling Leaf Lodge," Brad said with a sweeping gesture of his arm. "It's all yours, Nicky."

He stood beside me, and for a moment we were silent. The only sound was that of Mrs. Geraghty's quick steps moving around upstairs. Suddenly, I was terribly aware of his nearness. I knew, somehow, that his eyes were upon my face, not upon the view; and some instinct told me that unless I moved, said something to break the spell, he would touch me. It was one of those moments when, without a word being spoken, the air is full of clamorous thoughts; which can't be measured by time nor explained in words.

It was with a real effort that I turned and spoke to him lightly. "Let's go swimming! Can we?"

"Of course," he said, responding at once to my tone. "Meet you here in ten minutes."

Upstairs, in the bright, sunny bedroom, I wondered. Had that moment really been tense, electric—or had I merely imagined it, made it up out of a mind that was too full of what Jerry had said? I was sure of one thing—I hadn't been frightened. I liked Brad too well to be afraid of him. Yet there was something overpowering about his vitality, his masculinity and self-assurance. I felt that here was a man who knew women and his power over them. I didn't resent that power, exactly, but I made up my mind that no matter what happened I'd fight against it.

But there was no need to fight against it, during the next hour or so, while we alternately swam in the icy waters of the lake and lay full-length on the strip of sandy beach, letting the rays of the sun soak into our bodies. After the noise and confusion of the city, its smells and dirt, this lonely part of the mountains was like a paradise—a beautiful, perfumed paradise.

"Run up and get dressed, and then we'll have a cocktail, without waiting for the Tuckers," he said when, glowing from the sun and the water, we returned to the house. "Dinner's at eight, but I don't imagine they'll get here much before seven-thirty."

It was nearly seven when I came down the stairs, wearing my one and only evening gown. Brad, mixing drinks at a little table before the fireplace, looked up and grinned cheerfully.

Nothing in the world, I thought, could be more pleasant than the next half hour, while we sat before the fire, talking, wrapped in the peace of the soft mountain air. If only, I found myself thinking, we could have the whole evening alone like this—if only the Tuckers weren't (*Continued on page* 69)



June marks the silver wedding of radio's most famous married couple.

25 YEARS WITH EDDIE



What other wife ever waited so long for the chance to talk back!

BY IDA CANTOR

ON JUNE NINTH Eddie and I will be married twenty-five years.

Yet, as I think back, it doesn't seem that long. The present panorama . . . our house in Beverly Hills, its white-tiled pool, these purple-gray Hollywood hills, my sun-tanned Eddie, our five daughters and even a couple of sons-in-law . . . they do a complete fade-out.

Instead, I see a dingy gymnasium in a New York public school. A basketball game is in progress. And I ask about the eager skinny boy, a regular human dynamo, who is running in and out of the place, appearing everywhere at once, upsetting the players' routine, making us laugh.

No one knows his name. They can only tell me, "He is Annie Cantor's cousin."

Somebody else calls him, "Ruby Goldberg's fella." I don't like this. For, right from the start, I have a crush on him myself.

Eddie awakened my maternal instincts. He was so very thin. He wore other people's clothes, castoffs that were much too big and only succeeded in making him appear even more under-nourished than he actually was.

His parents were dead. He lived with his grandmother. I think it was not having a home of his own that gave him his tremendous love of family life, an odd quality to find in an actor.

And his *is* an all absorbing love. Through the years, no matter where acting has carried Eddie, he insisted that we (the girls and I) join him, whenever possible. Painstakingly, we have built and furnished homes and apartments all over America, in Mount Vernon, in Great Neck, in New York City and California, only to give each one up, take a cheerful loss and travel on to the next engagement. As Eddie says, our children may be duds in arithmetic, but there's scant excuse for them not to know geography!

During those basketball days there were no managers offering Eddie contracts. He was just a boy, a little on the nervy side, wanting badly to be an actor.

At that (*Continued on page* 73)

She's feminine, she has a sense of humor—and what's more, even Charlie likes Edgar's new girl friend!

By MARIAN RHEA

EVERYONE around Hollywood knows that Edgar Bergen, one of our most eligible bachelors, has got a new girl. Now, we're often inclined to jump at romantic conclusions out here, but it looks this time as though Cupid were getting in some pretty good licks. . . . Certainly *I* think so and it seems to me I should know, because I spent an hour in Edgar's office on the Boulevard the other day and fifty-seven minutes of that time (the other three were devoted to the weather; it was the day it snowed) were taken up with discussion of the young lady in question. . . . Meaning Miss Kay St. Germain, the attractive brunette singer on NBC's Signal Carnival and recently guest on the Eddie Cantor program.

Let's see. . . . It has been about two years and a half, now, since Edgar and Charlie McCarthy moved west. Confirmed bachelors they were when they arrived and it looked for a while as though they would stay that way. They—or Edgar alone when he managed to elude the irrepressible Charlie—"played the field." For a while it was Shirley Ross, whose company was also regularly shared by Ken Murray, Edgar's pal of long standing. Then it was Andrea Leeds whom Edgar "beaued" on this and that occasion. Or Anita Louise or Helen Wood or Florence Heller. But it was never for long and never, apparently, seriously. Quiet as he is (at least until you know him) Edgar Bergen likes a good time. He likes to dance. He likes the night spots. And he likes a gay, attractive companion. But so often was it a brand new lady who appeared on his arm at this party and that party and premiere, that even Hollywood, always ready, as I say, to jump at romantic conclusions, couldn't cook up a real Bergen romance with anyone. . . .

Until Kay St. Germain came along. Now, it looks different.

"Sure," Charlie says, "put a little romance in Bergen's life and maybe he'll understand the problems of others."





Her name's Kay St. Germain, she sings on NBC's Signal Carnival—and she's a Charlie McCarthy fan too.

As for the significance of what he said about his new "girl friend"—well, see what *you* think about that. . . .

I started him off by asking when he had first met Miss St. Germain, where, and all about it. He remembered exactly. It was one day when photographs were being taken of NBC stars in connection with the opening of the new broadcasting studios in Hollywood. Edgar and Charlie, Madaline Lee, the girl who plays "Miss Blue" with "Amos 'n' Andy," Helen Wood and some others were gathered around. Edgar had never seen her before but he certainly noticed her then. "When she spoke, there was something in her voice that made me listen," he told me. "I thought to myself, 'a good radio voice.' She has dark hair, lots of it, and on that day it was combed simply in what I guess you would call a 'page boy' bob.

"I talked with her and realized I should like to see more of her. So, in order to get her phone number without appearing conspicuous or impolite, I asked for the numbers of everyone in the group and later invited them to the rhumba party I was giving around Halloween time. Kay, among the others, accepted. I danced with her and I liked her better than ever because she was about the best dancer I had ever danced with. Since then—" He paused but I prompted him.

"Since then you've been seeing a lot of her?"

"Yes," he said, "as much as I have time for and she will let me."

"Tell me other things about her that appeal to you," I demanded.

He grinned again. "Are you comfortable?" he inquired, irrelevantly, I thought at first, but I was wrong about that. "Have a cigarette? Fine. Now. . . . What do I like about her? Well, that will take time to tell. That is why I wanted to make sure you were comfortable." Yes, he was half jesting, but just half. Exaggerating, but not completely.

"In the first place," he said, "I like her because she has a sense of humor and is excellent company. She is one of the few women I have met who likes to tell a joke and can tell it well. She even makes them up and they're good."

To prove his point he told me a couple—and they were! For example. . . . There was the mother hen who hatched a brood of a dozen chickens or so and, since there had been a duck egg in the nest, one duck. Eyeing the strange looking, broad-billed newcomer with complete disfavor, she exclaimed, "Ye Gods! A Ubangi!"

"Then," he went on, "she likes to do the things that I enjoy. She plays golf, a whacking good game, and she can beat me at tennis—although, tactful girl that she is, she doesn't do it too often, for which I am grateful. Her badminton is good and so are her bridge and ping-pong. Another thing, she seems tickled to death to play them when I want to, which makes me feel comfortable.

"She likes to eat, too. When she goes into a restaurant, she looks the menu over and orders a sensible meal, none of your trick foods, salad dressings made out of non-fattening oils, tomatoes and pineapples. A good dinner is as much an event with her as a good show.

"She is not overly critical. You can take her to see a picture or to a broadcast secure in the knowledge that she won't have it torn to pieces five minutes after it's over. She has the same tolerance toward people. Men know when women are being cats and they don't like it for no other reason than because jealousy makes them uncomfortable.

"She is restful. You don't have to entertain her every minute. She seems to fit in with a mood. If you want to be hilarious, she keeps up her end and then some. If you don't, she can be quiet and serious and you don't feel that she is making a conscious effort to do it, either. She reads good books and can discuss them intelligently. She knows what is going on in the world and can discuss that."

"Do you ever quarrel?" I inquired.

He smiled. "Well, not exactly, except that she sometimes becomes a little upset at a certain masculine perverseness (*Continued on page* 59)

The Inspector brought out a letter. "Here," he said. "Take a look at that—and see if you can make it out."

Photograph by Pinchot, specially posed by Clayton Collyer, Arline Blackburn and Howard Smith, of the Pretty Kitty Kelly air serial.

■ "Who am I? And where did I come from?" Would you dare fall in love when you couldn't solve the dark mystery of your forgotten past?

Pretty Kitty Kelly

Part I

THE train to New York sped onward through the night. But Kitty did not sleep. Her eyes wide in the cramped darkness of the lower berth, she stared out at the landscape rushing by. She felt as though she were rushing toward her own destiny.

Two days ago she had been Kitty Kelly, dress model in Marks Fifth Avenue, an orphan girl from Dublin who had lost her memory a year ago. But now—the mystery of her real identity had risen to haunt her again.

That telegram from Inspector Grady—what did it mean? She and Michael had read it that morning in the lobby of the New Hampshire ski resort.

"Bring Kitty Kelly to New York at once for questioning," it had read. "Clues that may throw some light on her identity have turned up. Mrs. Megram has been murdered. Grady."

Some light on her identity. Her heart beneath the soft stuff of her nightgown beat a mad tattoo of hope. Tomorrow, at this same time, she might know who she really was. And the nightmare and confusion of her life during the past year would be over.

For a whole year, she had lived in ignorance, like a person in a dream. A year ago, she had awakened as though from a heavy sleep, and found herself in the stuffy third-class cabin of a ship bound for America. Her only companion had been a grim-faced old woman in cheap black clothes. Mrs. Megram.

She had awakened that morning, as though from utter darkness. Unquestioningly, in a kind of stupor, she had accepted the things Mrs. Megram told her day after day in that swaying, ill-lighted cabin. That her name was Kitty Kelly. That she was a poor Irish girl from an orphanage on her way to find work in America. That she had been ill during the voyage. Her mind had been a blank on which Mrs. Megram's harsh tongue had traced a dismal story of a poverty-stricken past.

But not one word of it was true.

She had known that now for two days. Even before the telegram from Inspector Grady came, she had known she was not Kitty Kelly, a poor Irish orphan. She had known it ever since that wintry afternoon two days before at the hotel, when she and Michael had gone out to ski on the white New Hampshire hills.

Neither of them had ever skied before. And Michael, the dear, had worried about her falling. "Give me your hand, Kitty!" he had cried, catching her as she stood unsteadily on the height of the snowy slope. She had clung to him for a moment, a little frightened. Then something had happened to her—and she had pushed forward, skied down the steep mountain with sudden, effortless ease.

Even Michl, the ski instructor, had cried out in delight at her skill. He had rushed forward, as she braked at the bottom in a perfect Christiania, and seized her by the hand.

"But, Miss Kelly—you must have learned how to ski like that in Switzerland!"

Switzerland! An Irish orphan in Switzerland! She had laughed and shaken her head. But the incredible ease she had felt on those skis had haunted her with a sense of strange unreality.

And that same night, there had been the incident of Grant Thursday.

Michael had gone out, and she and Bunny Wilson had been standing alone in the lobby, when he arrived. Grant Thursday. She had heard about him from the gay crowds at the ski shop. A wealthy, handsome young bachelor. A writer, explorer, man about Eu-

For the first time, in dramatic fiction form, you can read the complete story of the CBS serial that has thrilled listeners from coast to coast

rope. And an expert on skis. In spite of her love for Michael, she had felt a little twinge of excitement at the thought of meeting him.

But she had scarcely been prepared for the look of shocked amazement on his face, when he came into the lobby that night, and saw her standing there.

GOOD Lord!" He had given a low whistle. "Is it possible? Or am I seeing things?"

She had shaken her head.

"I—I'm sorry, but—we've never met each other before."

"*You* haven't, perhaps. But *I* have. Don't you remember—that afternoon last January? At St. Moritz? You were wearing a little blue jacket with military frogs, a knitted white Norwegian cap peaked in back? You were getting into a crowded funicular railroad going up the mountain? And I—I couldn't get into the car to meet you? I lost you!"

In a torrent of excitement he had poured out a wild story of falling in love with her, following her all over Europe, in an effort to find out her name. And at last something had stirred inside her stunned brain. *She knew him. Somewhere she had seen his face before.*

And now—Mrs. Megram had been murdered. New clues had been uncovered. At last, perhaps, the mystery was coming to a head. Tomorrow morning, she would be climbing from the train, racing to Inspector Grady's apartment in a taxi, with Michael at her side, racing toward her destiny . . .

Perhaps she and Michael could be married at last. For six months now, she had known she loved him dearer than life itself. He had begged her to marry him. But she had not dared. And now, he was beginning to grow restless, bored with their endless existence apart. This last week-end, when they should have been so happy together, he had wandered off several times by himself, gone skiing with that pretty rich Isabel Andrews. Even tonight, he had gone out "for a last minute smoke" with Isabel. He had stayed away a long time.

She had been in bed, her curtains drawn, when they finally returned. But wide-awake, staring into the darkness, she had heard his whisper, husky and deep, as they brushed past the closed curtains of her berth.

"Shh, Isabel. Not so loud. We'll wake Kitty."

And Isabel's drawled reply:—

"Not a chance. G'night, Michael darling."

There had been a little giggle, as the train lurched round a bend. Mockingly that laughter still lingered in her ears. Tomorrow, she whispered prayerfully in the narrow berth. Tomorrow. . . .

* * *

At ten o'clock next morning, she and Michael were riding up in the iron-grilled elevator to the Inspector's apartment on Riverside Drive. Inspector Grady was waiting for them, outlined against a huge window that looked out on the Hudson River.

"Well, Kitty Kelly, if you're not a sight for sore eyes! Say, Michael —if I were twenty years younger, I'd run off with her myself."

But she was in no mood this morning for idle banter.

"Inspector — please — what is it about Mrs. Megram—and . . . and me?"

His kindly blue eyes scrutinized her with sympathetic understanding. He motioned her to a chair.

"I hope my wire to Michael here hasn't gotten your hopes too high," he said. "There's nothing very definite as yet. But we have found a couple of queer things out about this Mrs. Megram. She was murdered, as you know, last Thursday night. Shot three times through the back of the head. In a room at the Wolfert Hotel."

"The Wolfert!" Michael broke in. "But—that's the most expensive hotel in New York!"

"Exactly. That's one of the things I want to talk to Kitty about. Her friend, Mrs. Megram, was paying $25 a day for her room. She's been paying that price for the last six months. Tell me, Kitty, did she strike you a year ago as a woman who was rich or poor?"

"She—she appeared to be very poor, Inspector."

"Poor—eh?" The Inspector snorted. "Well—what do you think of this? Your friend, Mrs. Megram, left a deposit in the Marine National Bank of $10,000! She also had money to play the stock market, and to keep a gigolo. Now—can you make out where she could have gotten hold of all that dough?"

Kitty shook her head. The whole thing was too fantastic for belief. Mrs. Megram wealthy! Why—she had seemed like a poor old charwoman, a broken-down derelict of the slums a year ago. And now—

The Inspector went on.

"You don't know? Okay—we'll go back to that later. Anyway, to make a long story short, this is the other thing that struck us. She was shot last Thursday night, while she was writing a letter to you."

"To me? Sure—and what could Mrs. Megram be writing a letter to *me* about?"

"That's just what we wanted to find out." The Inspector fumbled in his desk, and brought out a letter. "Here," he said. "Take a look at that—and see if you can make it out."

Kitty took it from him with trembling fingers. It was a piece of expensive pink stationery, covered with writing in a deliberate, slanting hand. A strange scent, overpowering, the odor of some perfume, rose from it. Her head swam, and for a moment she could not read the words. Then:

"Dear Kitty Kelly," she read. "I am writing you care of the store, where you are employed, because I have been told you are in the city. When you receive this letter, will you please communicate with me at once? I have something of great importance to tell you concerning yourself. Do not be afraid to see me, as I no longer want to do anything but help you regain the place that is rightfully yours. I know that when you hear what I have to tell you, I can trust your generosity to forgive me what I did, and to reward me well for the news I bring you. I want . . ."

The last "t" in "want" trailed off in a long inky line down the paper. At the bottom of the letter was a smear of dried blood. Nothing more.

Nothing. Tears of disappointment came into Kitty's eyes. She read the letter again. Perhaps she had missed a phrase, a word that might mean something definite. But no. This letter was nothing but an introduction, the (*Continued on page* 66)

PRETTY KITTY KELLY

Sponsored by Wonder Bread and Hostess Cakes on CBS

CAST

Kitty Kelly . . . . *ARLINE BLACKBURN*
Michael Conway . . . . *CLAYTON COLLYER*
Bunny Wilson . . . . . *HELEN CHOAT*
Slim . . . . . *ARTELLS DICKSON*
Inspector Grady . . . *HOWARD SMITH*
Grant Thursday . . . . *JOHN PICKARD*
Dr. Orbo . . . . . *LOUIS HECTOR*
Isabel Andrews . . . . . *LUCILLE WALL*

Radio script by Frank Dahm

Fictionization by Lucille Fletcher

SHOULD ROOSEVELT SEEK A THIRD TERM?



■ Mrs. America: "But I thought he'd just come for a visit."



■ Voter: "Congratulations on a great job F. D. R. You're fired!"

NO! BY RAYMOND MOLEY

I DON'T think the President should have a third term. And this is why:

There are certain characteristics about a human being that can readily be understood and that are common to all. If you stab a human being he will bleed. If you shut him up without air he will die. If you touch him with a hot iron he will be burned. If you strike him he will either shrink away or fight back. If you give him too much power he will abuse it. This is a danger inherent in human nature (now I'm not talking about Franklin Roosevelt, I'm talking about any man) and it is the best purpose of human government to limit power in the interest of freedom, and, so far as possible, to divorce it from personalities.

Even the most casual observation of human beings in possession of power reveals that the thirst for power is the original sin of rulers. It grows by what it feeds on, dulling the perceptions, clouding the vision and leading its victims away from that contact with reality which is the very essence of democracy. There is an impatience of restraint, an (*Continued on page* 53)

YES! BY ROY VICTOR PEEL

OBVIOUSLY, the Constitution places no restriction on the number of terms that a President may occupy the office. There is nothing anywhere in the Constitution limiting this.

The third term is, therefore, clearly constitutional.

While the prejudice against the third term has been sedulously cultivated by the politicians, by the discontented and the ambitious, there is no ground at all for believing that the principle is more than a custom, which is foreign to our constitutional system, lacking any authoritative support, and existing only because its abolition has not been urged at a propitious time.

The practice of keeping leaders in power as long as they are giving satisfactory service and inspired direction to affairs, is a cardinal principle in American business and associational life. Imagine what a shock it would be if the president of one of our larger corporations were removed from his office simply because he had served eight years. Even more to the point is the practice in our states and cities where able and efficient governors and mayors are not (*Continued on page* 53)

Condensed from a debate by Professor Peel and Professor Moley, broadcast over station WEVD, New York City, and arranged under the auspices of the Rand School of Social Science

Why Make Those



Listen to Martha Raye Tuesday nights on CBS, sponsored by Lifebuoy. Below, with her first husband, Bud Westmore.

Paramount

by Martha Raye

■ Wedded happiness isn't just luck—that's the lesson one girl learned from a disastrous first experience

A CAREER marriage *can* work.

David, who is very practical about such things, would say that I'm "sticking my neck out a mile" making such a statement—after all, we haven't had any anniversaries to celebrate so far, except for monthly ones, and this *is* Hollywood, where anything can happen, even to the best laid plans.

But just the same, I say that a career marriage *can* work—if, all other things being equal, a couple enters it with their eyes open, determined not to make the simple, fatal mistakes that have wrecked so many other promising partnerships.

Because David and I did all of our worrying *before* we made that trip to Ensenada. Everytime we'd bump up against an "if" or a "maybe,"

Marriage Mistakes?

we'd sit right down and work out a way to get around it, and the result is a system which we think will make our marriage work—no matter how hard Hollywood tries to defeat it—and probably would help any marriage to sail along on an even keel, whether it's in Hollywood, or Muncie, Indiana.

My first marriage was unsuccessful. In it I'd made enough mistakes to wreck every happy home from here to Calcutta. I'd let the public, friends, work, outside interests, everything, come between me and my home. I suppose the public hasn't forgotten that first, brief and unhappy marriage of mine—and you can be sure I haven't. But at least it pointed out the pitfalls which David and I must avoid, if we are to have the happy life together that both of us want so terribly.

I'm optimist enough to think that I can learn how to do things the right way from doing them the wrong way. There should be lessons here for you, too, even if your home isn't in Hollywood and you aren't working for a living in radio and the movies—because, fundamentally, the lessons I learned apply to every marriage, everywhere.

Dave and I want to stay married just as much as you do, for we both believe that marriage is the best way of life, even for two ambitious careerists. We think we have found the key.

Briefly, it's this: Work together when you can. When the job at hand is something you have to do alone, then *do it alone.* Don't drag the other fellow in, just to stand around and wait for you. Guard a free hour together, as though it were your last hour on earth. And don't let *anybody* intrude on it.

Just two simple rules. Just two *don'ts.*

But ignore them, and before you know it marriage rhymes with mess.

I think these rules will work not only for the first year together, but for the first ten, and the first twenty, and forever.

David and I were thinking in terms of a whole life together when we exchanged wedding vows in that little chapel at Ensenada. "Till death

(*Continued on page 75*)



Dave and I want to stay married, just as much as you do, for we both believe that is the best way of life.

THIS IS

(BUT DON'T ASK US

■ Jackie Coogan, Frances and Jon watch while Ken Murray does an impersonation of a roast pig.

■ Guests sat on mats around a low table. Below, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, Dave Rose and Martha Raye; right, Kenny Baker hulas with Betty Grable.

A LUAU!

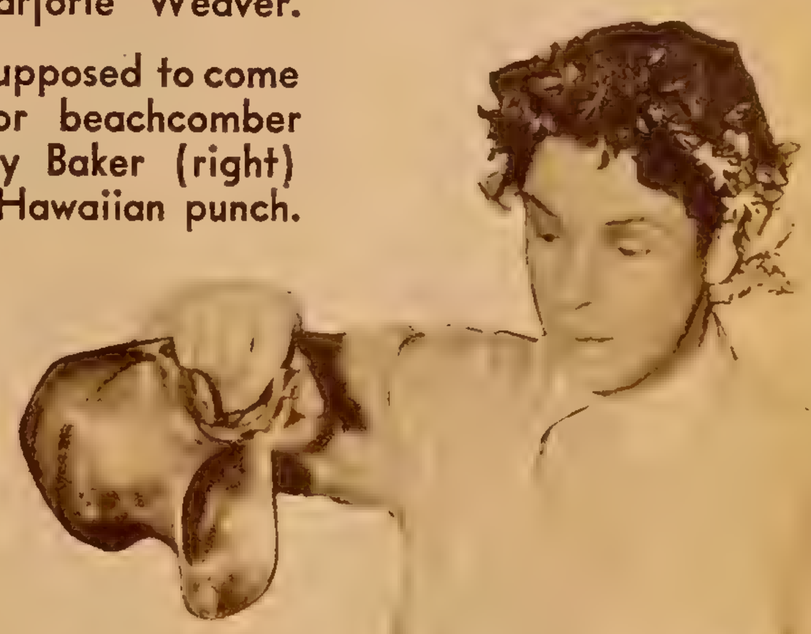
TO PRONOUNCE IT)



Photos by Fink

■ Pineapples, melons, bananas—and Walter Kane, Lynn Bari, Vic Orsatti, Marjorie Weaver.

■ Guests were supposed to come in hula skirts or beachcomber togs—and Kenny Baker (right) poured out the Hawaiian punch.



The South Seas moved to Hollywood when Jon Hall and Frances Langford gave a real Luau —in plain English, just an evening of Hawaiian high-jinks!

■ Jackie Coogan offers a big Pineapple to Betty Grable, Ken Murray, Shirley Ross and Ken Dolan.

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR

TELEVISION IDEALS



■ What does it take to be a star of the newest thing on earth? These two beauties know the answer—it's not what you think!

Do you yearn to star in radio-pictures—but think you haven't the right kind of face or coloring? Then cheer up, for now television engineers say that a girl can be blonde or brunette, piquant or patrician—it doesn't matter as long as she has that one glamorous attribute: Personality! That's something possessed in abundance by the "Television Girls" of the East and West Coasts. Left, Patricia Murray, of New York City, is NBC's nomination.

RADIO'S PHOTO-MIRROR



■ Across the continent, Mutual's Station KHJ in Los Angeles says that Betty Jane Rhodes is also a perfect television type. Betty is already a sound-radio star, singing on her own program every Monday. Patricia has won success in movies, and stars in the Macfadden picture, "I'll Tell the World," which will be shown at the New York World's Fair this summer. Both girls are blonde, but that's just a coincidence. Patricia's features are regular and rather large; Betty's are smaller and more sharply modeled. But both photograph like a million—and that's what's important.

NEW YORK CITY listeners this spring heard Juanita Hansen speak the startling words printed on the opposite page.

Once a lovely star of the silent movies, she began taking heroin during an illness. In 1922 she undertook a cure, which was completed in 1924. But in 1928 she was severely scalded in a shower bath, and formed the habit a second time, so that once more she went through the heart-breaking task of curing herself. Now, her movie career behind her, she is planning a narcotics exhibit at the New York World's Fair, where she will lecture this summer.

I took



■ Opposite, Juanita Hansen in 1918, at the height of her career; above, with Jack Mulhall in a scene from an early film.

■ Left, Miss Hansen as she is today. Above, as the heroine of an old-time serial called "The Secret of the Submarine."

AS BROADCAST BY MISS HANSEN ON STATION WMCA

MY mission is to warn the youth of America against narcotics —I would save them from paying the price I paid through ignorance.

I believe ignorance is the root of all evil. I cannot and I will not believe that the intelligent youth of our nation today would deliberately destroy their God-given good health if they knew the destructive power of all narcotic drugs.

From the first indulgence down the path that leads to addiction, the steps are so gradual that the victim is unsuspectingly caught in the undertow that grips and binds.

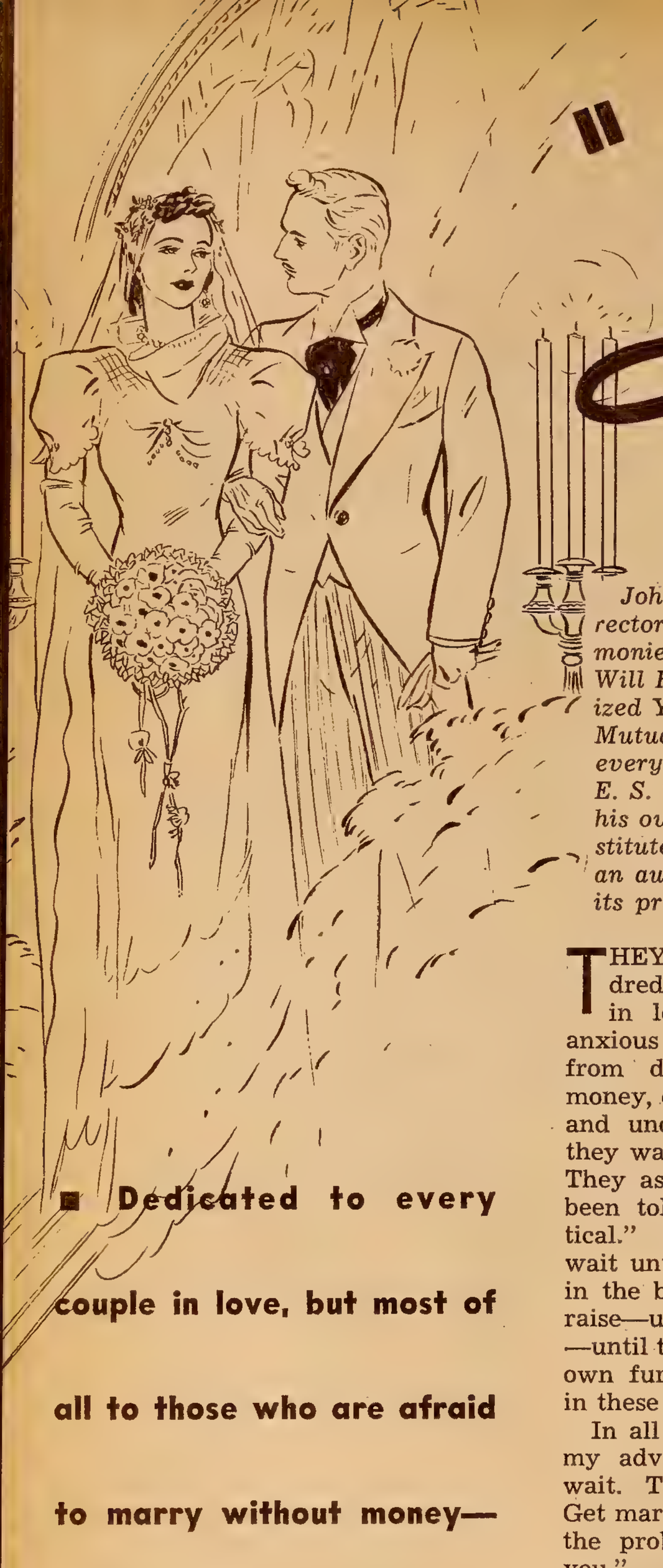
If you only knew the suffering and mental anguish the unfortunate victims of this menace endure you would be horrified. I know whereof I speak for on the altar of dope I placed a career, health, wealth and youth.

Much has been said about limiting the source of supply of narcotic drugs. I believe that is putting the cart before the horse. Stop the demand and there will be no need for supply—this can only be accomplished through education.

I want you to tell your children if they are ever tempted to try marijuana cigarettes, heroin, morphine, cocaine or opium in any form, I want them to think of me. I had everything in the world to live for —a beautiful future in motion pictures and I lost it all through narcotics. It took me two years to regain my health, and every day, week and month of that two years was filled with physical pain and such extreme nervousness I nearly lost my reason.

For the past two years I have carried a dream in my heart: that I might have a Narcotic Museum at the New York World's Fair—which will be the first Educational Narcotic Exhibition of its kind ever to be shown. To that end—I have toured United States, lecturing in Schools, Teacher's Colleges, Universities, Federated Women's Clubs, Civic groups and from the pulpits of many churches

I want to take the Narcotic Problem out of the taboo category and bring it right out into the open—for our only weapon against this narcotic menace is Education. If we would save our children from this narcotic evil then throw off the cloak of ignorance. I would rather have all the risks which come from the free discussion of the narcotic evil than the greater risks we run by the Conspiracy of Silence. Open the door of knowledge to all for ignorance will destroy the beauty of the world.



I Dare

■ **Dedicated to every couple in love, but most of all to those who are afraid to marry without money—**

a course in happiness by the director of radio's Original Good Will Hour

by

John J. Anthony

John J. Anthony is the director and master of ceremonies of the Original Good Will Hour, sponsored by Ironized Yeast and heard over the Mutual Broadcasting System every Sunday at 10:00 P. M., E. S. T. He is also director of his own Marital Relations Institute, and is well known as an authority on marriage and its problems.

THEY come to me by the hundreds—young men and women in love, wanting each other, anxious to marry, yet prevented from doing so by one thing: money, or the lack of it. Confused and uncertain, they know what they want, but not how to get it. They ask me for advice. They've been told they should be "practical." They've been advised to wait until they have some money in the bank — until John gets a raise—until Jane can quit her job —until they can afford to buy their own furniture. There is always, in these cases—an "until."

In all but a very few instances my advice is the same: "Don't wait. Tomorrow may never come. Get married now—and *then* tackle the problems that are worrying you."

For these youngsters, with their doubts and fears, are the most terrible indictment of our modern age that it is possible to conceive. A hundred years ago, we in America had no automobiles, no radios, no telephones, none of the many luxuries which today we think of as necessities. The words "standard of living" were unknown. For shelter, many a happy couple had nothing better than a log hut, with the wind whistling through its chinks. But when two young people fell in love, they went ahead and got married, and didn't worry too much over jobs and finances. Or if they did want to be "practical," there was enough security in the world to enable them to plan ahead and eventually find happiness without waiting for too many years.

But today, in far too many cases, young men and women are being forced to postpone their happiness. They are being denied the right to marry—the right to the greatest happiness possible to a man and woman. Thousands of young people—and some, unfortunately, not so young — who have prepared themselves to take part in modern life, now find suddenly that modern life doesn't want them and won't grant them the security they need to build a home and family.

To you who are caught in this deadlock, I have only one answer: Take your courage in your hands and marry anyway. Don't wait, and don't gamble with your future happiness.

I am assuming, of course, that you are really in love—that you are aware of the difference between love and infatuation, that you have looked into your hearts honestly, and found there, not sexual desire alone, but all the other things that go to make up a marriage as well: loyalty, community of interests, affection, friendship, respect. This article isn't meant for you otherwise.

But if you are in love, it's your right to be married, and no one can take it away from you.

Frank and Judy came to see me recently. Both were graduates of a large Eastern university. I looked into their faces and saw two examples of fine American youth. They were intelligent, healthy, ambitious—and, I thought, courageous. They'd make good citizens of any town in the country.

"We want to get married," Frank told me, "but neither of us has a job—and the way things look now, the chances aren't very bright. For more than a year we've both been living with our parents, hoping something would turn up

I Marry?"

so we could marry and have a home of our own. Lately the worry and strain have been getting us both down—we've started losing our tempers at each other, and we never used to do that."

I looked at the two unhappy faces. "And what did you want me to tell you?" I asked sympathetically.

Frank blushed and shifted in his chair with embarrassment, but he'd come to ask my advice and he meant to go through with it.

"We made up our minds we could do one of two things. We could call the whole thing off, and decide not to see each other any more — or we could — well, we could be happy together without waiting to get married."

"You mustn't do either of those things," I told him. "You must go right down to the court house, get a license, and find a preacher to marry you. But, once you're married, go out and try to get jobs —try exactly twice as hard as you've already been trying."

To this young couple, battered and bruised by lack of sympathy from all sides, this simple suggestion served as an inspiration. Under its impact they found new hope and faith in each other and in themselves. They married, and it was only a couple of weeks later that they'd both found jobs—small ones, to be sure, but nevertheless a means of earning their living.

They're living now in a one-room apartment. According to some standards, they're only existing. Yet I've seldom seen two happier kids. With their love to sustain them, they can get along on very little. They'll prosper later. Meanwhile, they are not forsaking their moments of happiness because of economic insecurity.

Frank and Judy were just one couple who proved the truth that problems which seem insurmountable to (*Continued on page* 60)



■ "We want to get married, but neither of us has a job—and the chances right now aren't very bright. Which shall we do—call the whole thing off and not see each other any more—or take our courage in our hands?"



Latin

WHEN Charles Boyer made his stage debut in Paris some years ago, one dramatic critic raved—"He acts as if he had a temperature of a hundred and four!"

When he hypnotized Hollywood on the screen a few years later, the local victims cried — "He's more magnetic than Valentino!"

After the preview of "Algiers" last year, one ordinarily dignified and sensible Hollywood glamour girl wailed right out in public—"His attraction is positively tormenting!" And just the other day I heard a little Hollywood extra on his set sigh wistfully—

"That guy Boyer has menace in both eyes and ruin in every whisper!"

They're saying much the same superlative things about Charles Boyer again today—only this time the praise rings out along Radio Row in Hollywood where the mesmerizing personality of this electric Frenchman has already made him a solid, sensational hit every Sunday on Woodbury's Hollywood Playhouse over NBC.

And once again the power of his amazing personality is cast in the light of a mystery. You can get an argument any hour of the day at the corner of Sunset and Vine on this subject: What has Charles Boyer got? How does he do it?

Well—people have been trying to figure that out ever since Charles was in diapers. His own mother was baffled. When Charles was little more than a pair of big black eyes and barely able to talk, she trotted him down to a church school in the little town in France where he was born.

"I don't expect you to teach my son anything," she told the sister. "He's too young for lessons. But —I wish you'd see if you can make him sit down and be still!"

A few weeks later Charles came home and babbled out in perfect order a long religious poem. His folks were astounded and a little

Lover on the Air

By KIRTLEY BASKETTE

angry, too. They promptly scolded the teacher for putting a mere infant to such a prodigious task of memory. The teacher was just as astounded.

"He's never had a lesson," she protested. "He's just been sitting still!" But while he was learning to sit still the terrific vitality of Baby Charles had to be spent doing something. So he had silently mastered all the lessons of the older kids!

You can't analyze that certain something Boyer has—except that it's something which is dynamite, especially to the fair sex. You might as well try to catalogue the attraction of Clark Gable or the lure of Hedy Lamarr. Boyer's got it—and that's that. But as for how he's brought it to the air—that's something different.

I didn't expect to find him in studio A at NBC's great new Hollywood Radio City. Our date at Thursday night rehearsal was one thing—but the Academy Award Banquet that same night was another, and a very big other. It's the biggest night in a film star's year, as everyone knows, the night when the highest honors of the screen are bestowed, when coveted gold "Oscar" statuettes are doled out and all Hollywood pays honor to the lucky winners.

Charles Boyer had been nominated for the 1938 male star performance award. What's more, with vast respect pervading Hollywood for his work in "Algiers," it looked very much as if he'd get it. He didn't, as you know now, but that's not the point.

The point is that Woodbury rehearsals start at eight o'clock and at eight-one Charles Boyer hurried down the long corridor toward me, his gray overcoat, worn in Napoleonic cape fashion, flying in the breeze, his cigarette trailing sparks.

"Am I late?" he asked anxiously.

"I didn't expect you at all," I said. "I thought you'd be at the Academy Dinner. You may get the award, you know."

He shook his head. "I feel very bad about not showing up there," he said. "Since they were good enough to nominate me, it seems rude not to attend. But," he shrugged, "I have work to do here. I couldn't disappoint these people." And that settled it. He rushed into the rehearsal studio.

Now that, I think, shows two important things about Charles Boyer. First, work comes absolutely first in his life (*Continued on page 79*)

■ Boyer and his charming wife, Pat Paterson, who helps him over his big stumbling block.



That's My Baby!

MEET THE EASY ACES FOR THE FIRST TIME IN STORY FORM, FICTIONIZED BY LYNN BURR FROM THE RADIO PROGRAM SPONSORED BY ANACIN, HEARD OVER NBC, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY



"WHERE have you been?" Mr. Ace demanded.

Jane Ace stood there in the doorway of the bungalow, wearing a contented smile because she was just too dumb to know when to be upset. Such as this occasion, for instance. Mr. Ace was upset. Marge, the family's closest spectator, was upset. And both with righteous cause. For the hour was 8:30 P.M., neither had had their dinner, and Jane had been missing all day.

Mr. Ace tried to be patient, though it was always a painful process for him, for he knew that whatever Jane had been up to, she had meant no harm. She just had a big heart and little brains, and although this produced many trying situations, you couldn't really get mad at her. Or if you did, you couldn't stay mad, anymore than you could stay mad at a little child who was trying to bake you a cake, even though she burned the whole back of the house off in the process.

Jane paused and looked surprised. "Why dear, I thought you knew. I've been to the orphange."

"The Orphange?"

"Yes, to adapt a child. After all, we discussed it all last week and I tried out different children, and everything . . ."

Mr. Ace sat down heavily. It had been less than a week ago when somehow, orphans had been mentioned, and Jane had as suddenly decided they should "adapt" one. Ace and Marge had talked, but could get no further than to make Jane undecided as to whether it should be a boy or a girl. This had produced the trying situation they'd endured for three long days. For Jane thought up a way to decide the question; she'd try out both sexes, by borrowing the neighbors' children, a girl one day, a boy the next. The neighbors, who knew a good thing when they saw it, were happy to cooperate.

Three days of the worst children the neighborhood could produce, with Jane still undecided, had Ace feeling confident the idea of "adapting" a child had played itself out. But no. Now Jane had been to the orphanage!

"Oh yes," Jane explained, "I've been every day for the last three days. But it's so hard to decide because they've got more children than you can shake. I got acquainted with most of them though."

"Oh, you did?"

"Yes, and some of them got to know me. They'd say, 'She's in again!', and we'd all laugh. Oh, I learned a lot about children from Mrs. Baker."

"She's the head of the orphanage, I take it?" Marge asked.

"Uh huh. She's awfully sweet. The children all love her. They have a nickname for her. They call her Simon Legree."

What's nicer than adopting a lonely orphan, except when the little waif is six feet tall and has to shave? The Easy Aces discover the disconcerting answer in this rollicking story

■ Ace never knew what hit him! He slumped to the floor like a wet sack. "Say, you big lug," Marge demanded of Cokey, "Who are you hitting?"



"Isn't that awful?" Ace moaned, and then rose from his chair. "Well, all this can wait. How about some supper?"

"But it can't wait." Jane jumped up, and opening the front door, went out on the porch. In a second she reappeared. Behind her stood a huge, hulk of a young man with a forlorn look on his face. He towered above Jane like a giant, and looked for all the world like the entire Pittsburgh backfield.

"What's that?" Ace demanded.

"I want you all to meet Cokey," Jane said.

"Cokey?" Ace muttered. "Jane, what's the idea of coming home with strange men?"

"But he's not a man, dear. Not quite. He won't be twenty-one for another month."

"All right, where does he fit in?"

"Don't you see dear, I adapted him."

"You what?"

"I adapted . . . Well, after all, those small children I tried out last week were so much trouble, and this afternoon the idea hit me in the face like a flash in the pan. I decided that as long as we're going to adapt a child, why not get one big enough to shovel coal and tend the furnace."

"Jane, you didn't?" Marge exclaimed.

"Yes, wasn't that smart of me? We had an awful time getting here though. We hitch hoke."

"Hitch hoke?"

"Yes, he showed me how. I didn't know before that if you put your hand out like this with your thumb like this they stop the car and let you in. I knew about putting your hand out the window when you want to turn, and . . ."

"Jane, will you stop this jabbering?"

Jane did, for a second, and Ace slid down in the chair. "A twenty-year-old 'child', named COKEY!" he muttered.

The following afternoon Cokey was still "in," by virtue of Ace having been at work all day, and not having figured out a way to talk Jane out of the idea of keeping him. In the meantime, between shoveling coal, and listening to "mother," Cokey was very busy.

"And another thing," Jane rattled on, "you have to go out sometime and play. You've stayed inside all day today, and there's a lot of children around here. What do you like to play?"

"Pool."

"Well, tomorrow I'll . . ." Jane hesitated. "Pool? I don't think they play that around here. Is that all you can play?"

"I play first base."

"First base? That's a new one I guess. Oh, I forgot. Isn't it time for you to tend the furnace again?"

"Yes. It's been fifteen minutes."

Illustration by Mary Horton

Cokey strode slowly over to the cellar door, and a few minutes after he'd gone downstairs, Ace arrived home.

"What is this, Jane?" he drawled as soon as he got inside, "Do you have to keep it this hot in here?"

"Is it hot, dear?"

"Is it hot? It's suffocating!"

"Well, Cokey's been tending the furnace."

"Oh. . . . Well, you tell him to let it cool off a little." Stomping out in the back Ace opened a window. After all, he didn't want to hurt Jane's feelings, but this was too impossible to continue. All day long he'd racked his brain for some means of maneuvering Jane into changing her mind, but without success. So he'd finally decided to come out bluntly, and put his foot down. "Jane, this is the most ridiculous situation we've ever been in. That big lummox is going back to the orphanage."

"What?"

"Now you heard me. I don't want any trouble with the orphanage, and I don't want any trouble with you."

"Oh dear," Jane began to wail, "my own child, my own flesh and bones . . ."

". . . Your own flesh and bones?"

"Well," Jane mumbled, "it seems like it now."

THE argument which ensued dragged out into the evening, Ace trying to use common sense, battling against Jane's sudden "mother" instinct to protect her "young." Ace's idea was very simple and sound. Cokey would be released from the orphanage on his twenty-first birthday anyway, which was only a month away. Ace had talked to Jane's brother Johnny, who had married into a responsible position in the local department store, and between them they'd gotten a job for Cokey, to start when he became twenty-one. In the meantime, Ace wanted to send Cokey back to the orphanage, since no binding papers had been signed. It was slow going through all of Jane's "My own flesh and bones," "It'll break his little heart," and similar remarks, but finally Ace won his point. Cokey was called up from the cellar.

"Oh dear," Jane wept, "I don't know how to say it."

"Well, don't start to weep."

"But I can't help it. I'm the weeper sex."

"Oh," Ace moaned, and then turned to Cokey. "Look, Cokey, we've got a job for you when you're twenty-one, but in the meantime you'll have to go back to the orphanage."

Cokey's huge, dumb face fell, and he looked as if his best friend had just sold him down the river. After a second his expression returned once more to its usual nothingness, and he spoke very calmly.

"Oh, no you don't."

"Yes, and we'll . . . Huh?" Ace looked dumfounded.

"You're not gonna send me back. I've seen what happens to those nobody wants."

And on this point, Cokey remained firm. Marge returned home a few minutes later to find them all arguing in the hallway, and she too, joined in the discussions. Through the better part of the evening they pleaded and begged, but Cokey seemed to know only four words, which he kept repeating over and over in answer to all attempts to get rid of him. "Oh, no you don't."

It was the next morning when all else had failed, that Ace finally lost his temper. He turned to Marge first. "You better go to work. You're late now."

Marge only laughed. "No sir. I wouldn't miss this for the world."

Ace grunted, and turned to Cokey. "All right you, you're going out of here." But as Ace stepped forward to eject him bodily, Cokey's right hand came up like a lazy sledgehammer. Ace never knew what hit him! He slumped to the floor like a wet sack.

"Say, you big lug," Marge demanded, "who are you hitting?"

"I didn't mean to. . . ."

"Oh dear," Jane fluttered, "he struck his own father."

"But I . . ."

"Ace dear, wake up," Jane called. "Oh, he looks so comfortable, it's a shame to . . ."

"Here, this'll fix him." Marge, coming from the dining room with a glass of water, dashed it in Ace's face. He groaned. "Ohhhh," and slowly opened his eyes.

"What time is it?"

"Half past ten."

"I must have overslept."

At that moment the doorbell rang, and who should appear on the scene but Jane's garrulous brother Johnny. He strode through the doorway with, "Hello everybody," and then stopped. "Say, what happened to you, Ace?"

"He . . ."

"And who's this?"

"That's it. That's what happened to Ace."

"Oh yeah," Johnny remembered, "this is Cokey. Ace told me about him yesterday and we got him a job with the old man down at the store. But I thought he was going back to the orphanage for a month."

"So did we," Marge agreed, "but just try and budge him. He won't move."

"He won't. . . . Well, that's simple. Just call up the orphanage, they'll send somebody to . . ."

"Oh, no you don't," Cokey inserted calmly, but firmly.

"What?"

"Oh, no you don't."

"He means no," Marge explained.

"Now, see here, my good fellow, you may be able to bluff these people here, but you'll find *me* a different story."
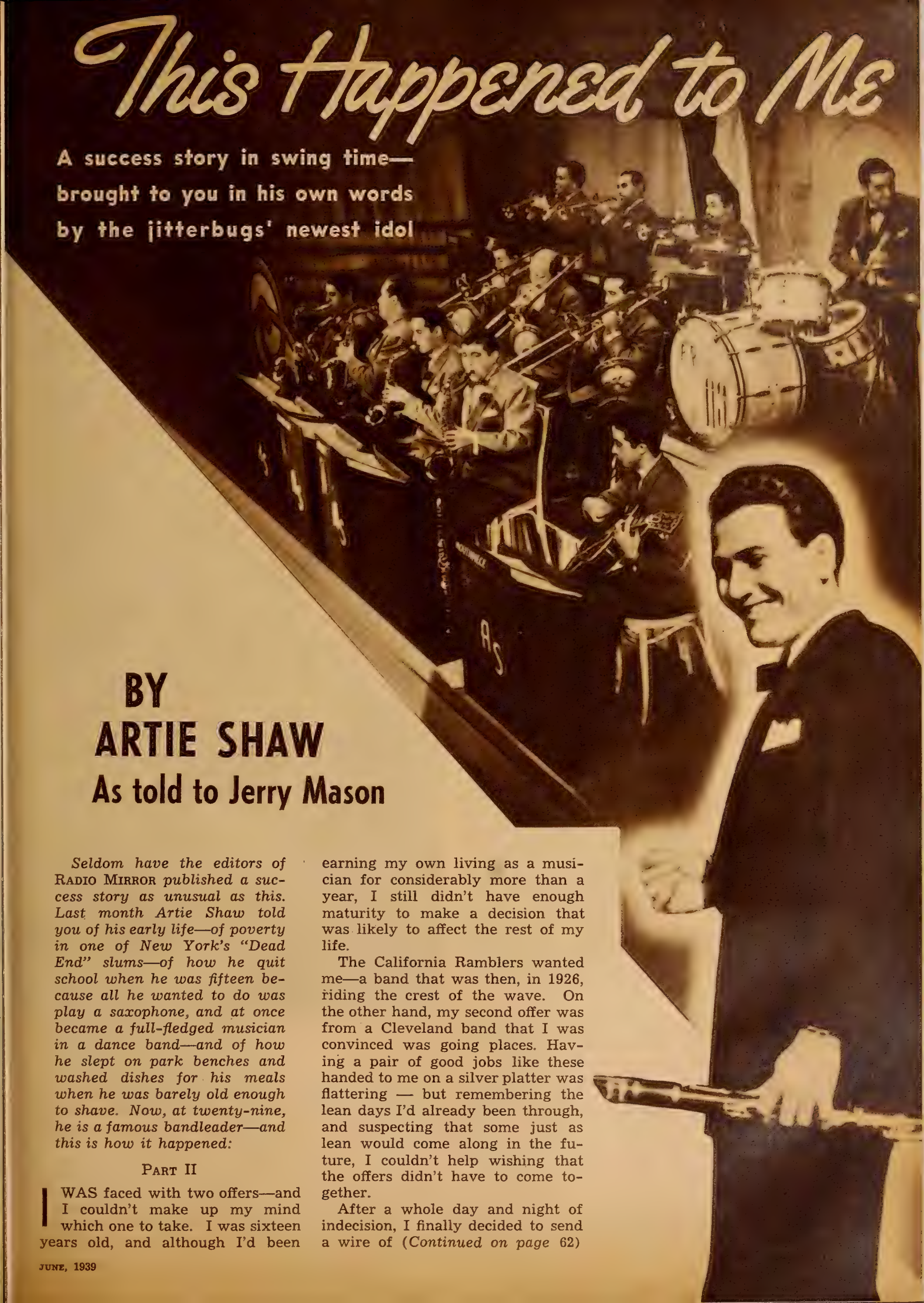
"Johnny, I wouldn't start anything with . . ." (*Cont'd on page* 78)



They're Jane and Goodman Ace in private life as well as in their thrice-weekly NBC series.

This Happened to Me

A success story in swing time—brought to you in his own words by the jitterbugs' newest idol



BY ARTIE SHAW

As told to Jerry Mason

Seldom have the editors of RADIO MIRROR *published a success story as unusual as this. Last month Artie Shaw told you of his early life—of poverty in one of New York's "Dead End" slums—of how he quit school when he was fifteen because all he wanted to do was play a saxophone, and at once became a full-fledged musician in a dance band—and of how he slept on park benches and washed dishes for his meals when he was barely old enough to shave. Now, at twenty-nine, he is a famous bandleader—and this is how it happened:*

PART II

I WAS faced with two offers—and I couldn't make up my mind which one to take. I was sixteen years old, and although I'd been earning my own living as a musician for considerably more than a year, I still didn't have enough maturity to make a decision that was likely to affect the rest of my life.

The California Ramblers wanted me—a band that was then, in 1926, riding the crest of the wave. On the other hand, my second offer was from a Cleveland band that I was convinced was going places. Having a pair of good jobs like these handed to me on a silver platter was flattering — but remembering the lean days I'd already been through, and suspecting that some just as lean would come along in the future, I couldn't help wishing that the offers didn't have to come together.

After a whole day and night of indecision, I finally decided to send a wire of (*Continued on page* 62)

THE CASE OF THE Hollywood Scandal

by

Erle Stanley Gardner

Author of
"The Case of the Velvet Claws"
"The Case of the Howling Dog," etc.



She got to her feet and pointed angrily at him.

The story thus far:

WILLIAM C. FOLEY hired me as his secretary because he liked my voice. Later I discovered that he judged people's character by their voices. On the very first day of my new job things began to happen. A man who said he was a private detective investigating the hit-and-run injury of Mr. Foley's former secretary forced his way into the office and demanded to see my employer. After Mr. Foley had gotten rid of him, another visitor came—Frank C. Padgham, who seemed to be a talent agent. I was called into the office while Mr. Foley dictated a long agreement between Padgham and two men named Carter Wright and Woodley Page. Mr. Foley instructed me to type the agreement and deliver it to a Wilshire address that night.

On my way to carry out his instructions I was almost run down by a car—and it didn't look like an accident, either. I was panic-stricken when I reached the house. It seemed completely deserted. Then, coming from upstairs, I heard a thumping noise. Investigating, I found Bruce Eaton, the radio and movie star, bound and gagged in a closet. I set him free, and under pretense of getting a drink, he slipped out of the house, leaving me alone. As I started to follow him, I picked up a safe-deposit key from the floor—and then, through an open door at the end of the hall, I saw a dead man slumped over a desk!

While I stood gaping, every light in the house went out, and I hurried downstairs. At the front door I met Mr. Padgham and told him what I'd seen. He went into the dark house, telling me to get in his car and wait for him. Instead, I went to a nearby drug store and called Bruce Eaton's agent, telling him to give Eaton a message from the young woman who removed his gag—to call me at the office the next day.

I returned to the house, to find Padgham and his car both gone, but Mr. Foley was there. I told him everything that had happened, except about Bruce Eaton and the key, and he advised me to go into the drug store and tell the clerk to notify the police of the mur-



"And I thought I could count on you for help!"

Should a beautiful secretary remain loyal to her boss or believe blindly in the man she loves? Miss Bell finds Cupid isn't the least dangerous foe in this thrilling serial of murder in filmland

Illustration by Mario Cooper

der. I did as he said, and returned to his car. All evening I'd kept tight hold of the brief case with the Padgham agreement in it. But now, when Mr. Foley asked me for it—the brief case was empty!

PART III

MORNING BROUGHT the newspapers and gave me the first really definite information I'd been able to obtain about what actually happened.

Police, it seemed, having been notified by a drug clerk that the body of a murdered man was in one of the more expensive homes in an exclusive Wilshire district, had sent a radio car to investigate.

The house turned out to be the property of Charles Temmler, a wealthy, retired contractor. The police found the front door of the house unlocked. A main light switch near the heater on the back porch had been thrown, plunging the entire house into darkness. Using flashlights, the police climbed the stairs to the second floor, where they found a dead man seated at a desk in what was evidently an upstairs study. From letters in the man's pockets and cards in his cardcase, the police tentatively identified the body as that of one Carter Wright, a man who had been employed by Mr. Temmler as chauffeur.

Death had been practically instantaneous, caused by a bullet fired at close range from a .38 caliber automatic.

In another upstairs bedroom, the police had found evidence which led them to believe a man had been tied and gagged. Two handkerchiefs, moist from saliva, and which had evidently been used as gags, had been found on the floor. A sheet had been jerked from a bed, torn into strips, and tied in square, business-like knots. Later on, apparently, this man had been liberated by some person who had cut through the strips of cloth with a sharp knife. There was no clue whatever as to the identity of either of these two persons. Police were testing everything on the property for fingerprints.

I was particularly interested in seeing myself as others saw me, for the clerk in the drug store had given a description of the woman who had reported the murder. This young woman was the subject of intensive and widespread search. I read the description with interest.

Dark chestnut hair, rich (*Continued on page* 81)

FACING the MUSIC

BY KEN ALDEN



■ Hal Kemp sits one out with his wife, Martha Stephenson; left, three important members of his orchestra—Mickey Bloom, Jack LeMaire and Saxie Dowell.

BENNY GOODMAN insists he is not breaking up his band. The star soloists who have left the king of swing to form their own bands were all recipients of Benny's good wishes . . . Cab Calloway and warbler June Richmond have parted company . . . Kay Kyser hits the west coast this summer . . . Charles Baum stays at New York's St. Regis throughout the summer . . . Red Nichols set to supplant Teddy Wilson at the Famous Door by May 1 . . . Eddy Duchin is now giving his "magic fingers of radio" a workout in Chicago's Palmer House with a MBS wire . . . They say Hal Kemp and Tony Martin were none too friendly offstage when the pair shared top billing at New York's Paramount . . . Orrin Tucker takes his "conversational music" to San Francisco by the time you read this . . . Elmo Tanner, Ted Weems' whistling soloist, and Eleanor Jones, a Birmingham school teacher, tied the knot . . .

As predicted here Tommy Dorsey gets the New York Hotel Pennsylvania roof berth this summer . . . Ben Bernie shifts to the Hotel Astor roof on July 3 for the World's Fair tourist trade . . . Helen O'Connell, 19-year-old singer, who got her first break



■ Andre Kostelanetz creates a new instrument, a "bass drum fiddle."

with Larry Funk's band, is now working for Jimmy Dorsey. Helen replaced Ella Mae Morse . . . Three bands rapidly rising in public favor are Charlie Barnett, Gray Gordon and Jan Savitt. Barnett has the looks and ability to worry Shaw. Gordon scored at New York's Hotel Edison and was elevated from Bluebird to Victor platters. This is the first time in history that the record company transferred a band from lower priced disks to higher priced ones . . . Jan Savitt came up from Philadelphia to Gotham and revealed an interesting style. Jan used to play fiddle for Toscanini . . . Artie Shaw will be featured in a Warner Brothers picture when he gets to the coast with the Bob Benchley show.

THE NEW HAL KEMP

THE slender, soft-eyed collegian who sprouted like a string bean over the heads of other North Carolina students as he spoke hopefully of leading a professional dance band, was a far cry from the sophisticated showman who now tops one of radio's favorite orchestras.

But both descriptions fit Hal Kemp. That is, the first one did fit before the "Time to Shine" CBS maestro passed through a multitude of experiences that eventually stamped him as one of America's great dance band figures.

The Mason & Dixon hayseed who developed through the years into a

(*Continued on page* 56)



Inside Radio

The New Radio Mirror Almanac

BY THE STUDIO SNOOPER

■ Presenting the listener's best friend—a complete network program directory, day-by-day reminders of highlights you don't want to miss, thumbnail biographies of interesting people, and the fascinating behind the scenes stories of seven programs!

PROGRAMS FROM APRIL 26 TO MAY 25

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Blue: **Peerless Trio**
			NBC-Red: **Organ Recital**
			8:30
			NBC-Blue: **Tone Pictures**
			NBC-Red: **Four Showmen**
			8:45
			NBC-Red: **Animal News**
			9:00
			CBS: **From the Organ Loft**
			NBC-Blue: **White Rabbit Line**
			NBC-Red: **Turn Back the Clock**
			9:15
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Tom Teriss**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Wings Over Jordan**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **Melody Moments**
			10:00
		9:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
		9:00	NBC-Blue: **String Quartet**
		9:00	NBC-Red: **Radio Pulpit**
			10:30
		9:30	NBC-Blue: **Russian Melodies**
		9:30	NBC-Red: **Music and Youth**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	NBC: **News**
			11:05
	9:05	10:05	NBC-Blue: **Alice Remsen**
			11:15
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Neighbor Nell**
			NBC-Red: **Chimney House**
	9:15	10:15	**11:30**
8:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES FAMILY**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Southernaires**
			12: Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: **RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Music for Moderns**
			12:30 P.M.
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Salt Lake City Tabernacle**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **University of Chicago Round Table**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **Church of the Air**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: **GREAT PLAYS**
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: **Ireene Wicker**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Americans All**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: **Magic Key of RCA**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: **Words Without Music**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Kidoodlers**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS: **N. Y. PHILHARMONIC** (**Ends Apr. 30**)
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Sunday Drivers**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: **Festival of Music**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **National Vespers**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Hendrick W. Van Loon**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Crawford Caravan**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **The World is Yours**
			5:00
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: **St. Louis Blues**
			5:30
	3:30	4:30	MBS: **The Shadow**
8:00	3:30	4:30	CBS: **BEN BERNIE**
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: **The Spelling Bee**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **SILVER THEATER**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Blue: **New Friends of Music**
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: **Catholic Hour**
			6:30
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **Gateway to Hollywood**
			7:00
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: **People's Platform**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **World's Fair Program**
7:30	5:00	6:00	NBC-Red: **JACK BENNY**
			7:30
	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Screen Guild**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Blue: **Radio Guild**
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC-Red: **Fitch Bandwagon**
			8:00
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Dance Hour**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Out of the West**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **DON AMECHE, EDGAR BERGEN**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **FORD SYMPHONY**
6:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **HOLLYWOOD PLAY-HOUSE**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Manhattan Merry-Go-Round**
			9:30
7:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **Walter Winchell**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **American Album of Familiar Music**
			9:45
7:15	7:45	8:45	NBC-Blue: **Irene Rich**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Robert Benchley** (ends May 14)
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Circle**
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS: **Goodwill Hour**
			10:30
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **H. V. Kaltenborn**
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Cheerio**
			11:00
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Dance Orchestra**
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC: **Dance Orchestra**

SUNDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone watch a Jell-O Show rehearsal.

Tune-In Bulletin for April 30, May 7, 14 and 21!

APRIL 30: Daylight Saving Time starts in New York—if your community stays on Standard Time, all your programs will come an hour earlier than before. . . . Three p.m., on CBS, the N. Y. Philharmonic's last program of the season. . . . On all networks, the N. Y. World's Fair opens. . . . Six p.m. on CBS, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., stars on the Silver Theater.

May 7: Nine p.m. on CBS, violinist Jascha Heifetz is on the Ford program.

May 14: Nine p.m. on CBS, the Greenfield Mixed Chorus sings on the Ford Hour. . . . Ten p.m., Robert Benchley and Artie Shaw broadcast their last show on CBS—moving to NBC on Tuesdays.

May 21: Six p.m. on CBS, great actress Helen Hayes stars in a Silver Theater play—this is the first instalment. . . . Six-thirty p.m., NBC, Eamon de Valera, prime minister of Ireland, speaks from the Chicago stadium. . . . Nine p.m., Kirsten Flagstad sings on the CBS Ford Hour.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Jell-O Show, on NBC's Red network from 7:00 to 7:30 Eastern Daylight Saving Time, with a rebroadcast for the West Coast at 7:30, Pacific Standard Time.

If you were Jack Benny, star of the Jell-O Show, you'd have to figure on rehearsing a full week for every thirty-minute program—that's what Jack does. He starts on Monday morning to prepare for next Sunday's show—a full-time job from October until early in July. That's how important radio is to Mr. Benny.

The week's procedure goes something like this. Jack collaborates with his two gag-writers, Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin, and the three are virtually inseparable until the script is in shape. In fact, Jack relies so much on the boys' comedy sense that his screen studio hires them to write additional dialogue for his Paramount pictures. When the script is ready, the regular cast—Mary Livingstone, Kenny Baker, Phil Harris and Don Wilson—get together with Jack to read it. A reading rehearsal means hours of work, because showman Jack insists that every word must be paced, timed and given just the right inflection. The microphone rehearsal doesn't take place until Sunday morning, at the studio, when producers Ted Hediger of NBC and Murray Boland of Young and Rubicam, Jell-O's advertising agency, time the program and make the necessary cuts.

Jack personally supervises every detail of the show, but he's particularly fussy over sound effects. They mean so much to his scripts that he always instructs the soundmen himself, and sometimes during a broadcast even waves his arm to cue the sounds in.

Sunday night, after the broadcast, is "date night" for Jack and Mrs. Jack, who is of course Mary Livingstone. Mary wears a neat tailored suit to rehearsals, but shows up at the actual broadcast in a more sophisticated costume, suitable for the gayety afterwards.

Before the program gets under way in NBC's Studio B in Hollywood Radio City, Jack comes out, cigar in mouth and fiddle in hand, and gives a curtain talk—joking, playing the violin, kidding celebrities in the audience, and introducing Mary's mother, who sits in the front row.

The voice that always says "Telegram for Mr. Benny" is that of Harry Baldwin, who also acts as Jack's secretary. Harry's the only secretary in Hollywood who has a contract—he's been with Jack 11 years. Blanche Stewart, the girl who does all the feminine parts except Mary's, is an old-time vaudeville trouper, and a great friend of Mary's.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

BOB GIBSON—vocalist on Ben Bernie's program, sponsored by Half and Half Tobacco, on CBS at 5:30 today—is a modern Horatio Alger hero—was a CBS page boy little more than a year ago—a CBS executive heard him singing in an empty radio theater, and gave him a chance on a sustaining program—he made good and now sings in the same theater he used to usher in—born in Newark, Bob worked as a telegraph messenger at night, an errand boy in the afternoons—although he's strictly a popular singer, he likes opera to listen to—hates crowds, noise, and the color green.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
			8:15
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			8:30
			NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade**
			8:45
			NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes**
			9:00
		8:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
		8:00	NBC: **News**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
			9:15
		8:15	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
			10:00
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Central City**
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
11:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		10:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over**
			1:30
	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:00
		4:00	NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy**
			5:15
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Sheriff Bob**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
		4:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
			5:45
		4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **News**
			6:15
4:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: **Howie Wing**
			6:30
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **Bob Trout**
			6:45
9:00	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Sophie Tucker**
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Orphans of Divorce**
			7:15
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
			7:30
6:30	8:30	6:30	CBS: **EDDIE CANTOR**
7:30	7:30	6:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
			8:00
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Cavalcade of America**
6:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **AL PEARCE**
			8:30
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **Howard and Shelton**
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Voice of Firestone**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **LUX THEATER**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Hour of Charm**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Morton Downey**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Guy Lombardo**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **True or False**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Contented Hour**

MONDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Director Cecil B. DeMille—assistant director Frank Woodruff.

Tune-In Bulletin for May 1, 8, 15 and 22!

MAY 1: It's May Day . . . and all the networks will have May Day Programs. . . . 10:30 p.m. on Mutual, a streamlined version of Gounod's opera, "Faust."

May 8: Remember that Amos 'n' Andy are on CBS tonight at 7:00.

May 15: Ten a.m., on all networks—the King and Queen of England arrive in Canada—something you shouldn't miss.

May 22: On NBC—the King's Plate Race, from Toronto, Canada, and the King and Queen will be there to watch it.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Lux Radio Theater, on CBS from 9:00 to 10:00, Eastern Daylight Time—repeatedly voted America's favorite dramatic air show.

The Lux Theater has been a weekly program, except for short vacations, ever since October 1, 1934, when it made its debut from New York. One year and three months later—January 1, 1936—it moved to Hollywood, and has come from there, under the direction of Cecil B. DeMille, ever since.

Practically every great personality of Hollywood has at one time or another broadcast for Lux from the stage of Columbia's Music Box Theater, on Hollywood Boulevard two blocks north of Columbia Square. It's a handsome theater of Spanish design, seating a thousand people.

Producing the Lux Theater is the biggest undertaking in the radio business, and more persons contribute to the program than to any other on the air, because it is built partly in New York and partly in Hollywood. Ideas and plans cross the country by telephone and telegraph every day in the week.

First, the play is selected, and producing rights are purchased—a job that sometimes involves long legal and business negotiations. Then writers George Wells and Sanford Barnett adapt the play to radio. This is no cinch either, because a play that runs two hours and forty minutes on the stage has to be reduced to 43 minutes on the air. The script is then read by DeMille, Frank Woodruff, and Danny Danker. Woodruff is DeMille's assistant director, and Danker represents the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. Danny Danker is a Hollywood institution, who knows the entire film colony so well he carries the unofficial title of "Mayor of Hollywood." He's the man who signs up the important stars. Probably no one else could wheedle, coax and bully so many famous people into signing on the dotted line. For a Lux guest-shot is fun, but it's also work—all Lux contracts call for a minimum of 25 hours of rehearsal, in order to insure those fine broadcasts.

There are usually about fifty people on the stage at a Lux broadcast—the stars, DeMille, the supporting cast, Lou Silvers' orchestra of 25 men, sound-effects men and technicians. Occasionally, as many as 73 persons are in the actual cast. Supporting players on Lux plays are veteran actors of stage, screen and radio, all of them competent themselves to play the leading roles in case of emergency. Some of them are Lurene Tuttle, Lou Merrill, Edward Marr, Frank Nelson, James Eagles, Sara Selby, Florence Lake and Margaret Brayton.

Besides the play itself, the Lux Theater each week presents guests of honor in interviews with Cecil B. DeMille. These interviews are written by Sandy Barnett.

The Lux Radio Theater is an international institution now. On March 16 DeMille formally opened the Lux Radio Theater of Australia by broadcasting greetings from Hollywood to Sydney, 8,080 miles away.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

TOM HOWARD—the crazy half of the comedy team of Howard and Shelton, stars of the Model Minstrels, sponsored by Model Tobacco, on CBS at 8:30 p.m.—is like Ned Sparks in that he never cracks a smile but delivers his comedy lines with a sad face—he and George Shelton, his partner, prepare their own scripts and never read from them during a broadcast—they get their programs together merely by starting an argument over some subject—almost any subject will do—Tom's a real hobbyist—has a huge collection of more than a thousand pipes in his home at Red Bank, N. J.

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
			8:15
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			8:45
			NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes**
			9:00
		8:00	NBC: **News**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
			9:15
		8:15	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
			10:00
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Central City**
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
1:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
9:45	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
11:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		10:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most out of Life**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
		11:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News**
			1:30
	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:00
		4:00	NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy**
			5:15
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Sheriff Bob**
	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
		4:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
			5:45
		4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **News**
			6:15
4:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: **Howie Wing**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
			7:15
6:30	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Jimmie Fidler**
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties**
			7:30
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **HELEN MENKEN**
			8:00
7:30	6:00	7:00	CBS: **BIG TOWN**
6:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **The Inside Story**
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Johnny Presents**
			8:30
8:00	6:30	7:30	CBS: **DICK POWELL**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **INFORMATION PLEASE**
	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **For Men Only**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **We, the People**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Melody and Madness**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Battle of the Sexes**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: **Benny Goodman**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **MARY AND BOB**
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **FIBBER McGEE**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Hal Kemp**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Cal Tinney**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Bob Hope**

TUESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Valiant Lady and suitors: Charles Carroll, Joan Blaine, Ray Johnson.

Tune-In Bulletin for May 2, 9, 16 and 23!

MAY 2: Two new programs—ten p.m. on CBS, Hal Kemp's band stars in Time to Shine, to continue all summer. . . . Ten-thirty p.m. on NBC-Red, Raleigh Cigarettes sponsor a new show.

May 9: On NBC—the Cotton Carnival from Memphis, Tennessee.

May 16: Watch this time change—tonight and from now on you hear Mary and Bob on NBC-Blue at 9:30, not 9.00.

May 23: Nine p.m. on NBC-Blue—Robert Benchley and Artie Shaw's music start their new series on this network.

ON THE AIR TODAY: Valiant Lady, starring Joan Blaine, sponsored by Wheaties, on NBC's Red network every day except Saturday and Sunday, from 2:30 to 2:45, Eastern Daylight Time.

In a box-like studio in New York's Radio City, far removed from the glamor and hullabaloo of the big night-time shows, a little group of people gather to rehearse and broadcast a fifteen-minute slice of a continued story—the story of Valiant Lady. This is radio as it used to be—no studio audience, no applause, nothing but bare walls and a microphone.

In Valiant Lady's case, there isn't even any music. Its theme song, Estrellita, selected by Joan Blaine herself, comes from far-away Chicago, where all the other programs on the General Mills Hour, of which Valiant Lady is a part, originate. Joan Blaine likes New York and specified when she signed her contract that her show must come from there.

Several of the actors on Valiant Lady are Chicago graduates. Joan herself; Charles Carroll, who plays Dr. Tubby Scott; Raymond Johnson as Paul Morrison; Judith Lowry as Stevie; and even Manny Segal, the sound-effects man, all used to work in Chicago radio. Johnson, a recent addition to the cast, was Joan's leading man several years ago, and she said then that if she ever got a program of her own, on which she could have a say as to story and supporting actors, she wanted him to play opposite her.

In the story of Valiant Lady (which is partly based on Joan Blaine's own life) Johnson and Charles Carroll are rivals for Joan's love; in the studio, at rehearsals, they adopt a joking attitude of rivalry, criticizing each other's performances, glaring at each other over the microphone, and so on. It's one of those private jokes radio actors love to carry on.

Valiant Lady's rehearsal begins at one o'clock, an hour and a half before broadcast time. The studio is on the third floor of Radio City, and outside, in the lobby, is the radio actor's unofficial club—a huge, luxurious lounge where actors who are working and actors who aren't gather to smoke and gossip.

The rehearsal is very quiet, with Joan and the others in the cast gathered around a table in one corner of the room. At two, they run through the script at the standing microphone, timing it. This mike is surrounded by tall screens to deaden the slight echo the walls of the studio make. At 2:29 you'll find Raymond Johnson squatting on the floor, his script spread out in front of him, mumbling a difficult passage to himself. At 2:30 the announcer, at a special mike in another corner of the studio, starts his commercial—and still nobody in the cast seems to be paying much attention. But when the announcer has finished, there they all are, standing at the mike, ready to speak the opening lines.

Joan, one of radio's most charming actresses, always comes to the broadcast beautifully dressed—in fact, she was recently named radio's best-dressed woman by the New York Fashion Academy.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

MILTON CROSS—The "Canada Dry Expert" on tonight's Information Please program, NBC-Blue at 8:30—has been a radio announcer ever since 1922, when broadcasting was just getting started—always with NBC—is quiet and calm, but big and husky too—likes classical music and is NBC's best operatic announcer—wouldn't trade his job of announcing for any other work in the world—has a good tenor singing voice—outside of the Metropolitan opera broadcasts, his favorite program is the Sunday-morning children's show, Coast to Coast on a Bus—he's married—was born in New York City in 1897.

(For Wednesday's Highlights, please turn page)

Four Famous Paris Dressmakers

sponsor the NEW CUTEX

Cameo and Cedarwood



Nails in the New Cutex CEDARWOOD



Schiaparelli

Florentine elegance by Schiaparelli—latticed pearl beading on saffron crepe. She suggests nails in romantic Cutex CEDARWOOD.





Alix **Alix spins a dream from miles of violet and pale-blue silk voile—says wear ethereal Cutex CAMEO with it.**



Lelong **Lelong's sophisticated afternoon frock in white and two new blues. He recommends chic mauvy nails in Cutex CEDARWOOD.**

Lanvin

Circular tunic frock in mauve-rose moiré from Lanvin. She suggests nails in feminine Cutex CAMEO.



THERE'S a romantic summer in the cards for you if the hand he holds is tipped with the new Cutex CAMEO or CEDARWOOD! Four great Paris dressmakers—Lanvin, Lelong, Schiaparelli and Alix—sponsor these two enchanting new Cutex nail shades to wear with their most romantic new creations.

Cutex CAMEO is fragile mauve-tinted rambler pink—summery as roses themselves. A pale, cool touch with your violets, blues, candy pinks . . . born to be worn with your delicate new pastels.

Cutex CEDARWOOD is a light rose touched with orchid. Wear it with all the new blues, purples, Paradise yellow, cyclamen, greens. Wear it in the sun or with your favorite evening fluffy-ruffles.

Be irresistible this summer in the lovely new Cutex shades sponsored by Lanvin, Lelong, Schiaparelli, Alix—Cutex CAMEO and Cutex CEDARWOOD! Ask to see *all* the smart new Cutex shades.

NORTHAM WARREN
New York, Montreal, London, Paris

OTHER EXCITING NEW CUTEX SHADES

ORCHID: Perfect with fuchsia, blue, pink, yellow, green.

HEATHER: For violet, wine, blue, gray, green, yellow.

CLOVER: For all the new colors except orange tones.

OLD ROSE: For blues, pinks, yellow, brown, black.

LAUREL: Smart with rose, blue, gray, mauve, pastels.

THISTLE: Perfect with gray, beige, brown, navy, green.

Ten times as many women use Cutex Polish as any other brand

. . . as shown by a recent national survey. A quarter-century of research for the most durable, longest wearing polish modern science can devise stands behind the new Cutex Salon Type Polish.

NEW CUTEX *Salon Type Polish*

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
			8:15
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			8:30
			NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade**
			8:45
			NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes**
			9:00
		8:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
			9:15
		8:15	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
			10:00
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Central City**
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **It happened in Hollywood**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
11:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		10:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Life Can Be Beautiful**
	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over**
			1:30
	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:00
		4:00	NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy**
			5:15
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Sheriff Bob**
	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
		4:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
			5:45
		4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **News**
			6:15
4:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: **Howie Wing**
			6:30
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **Bob Trout**
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders**
			6:45
9:00	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Sophie Tucker**
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
			7:15
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
			7:30
6:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Ask-It-Basket**
7:30	6:30	6:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
			8:00
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **Gang Busters**
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **ONE MAN'S FAMILY**
			8:30
7:30	6:30	7:30	CBS: **CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM**
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: **Hobby Lobby**
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: **Tommy Dorsey**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **TEXACO STAR THEATER**
8:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **TOWN HALL TONIGHT**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **99 Men and a Girl**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **KAY KYSER'S COLLEGE**
			10:30
	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Edgar A. Guest**

WEDNESDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



Fred Allen harangues Peter Van Steeden, Portland, Harry Von Zell.

Tune-In Bulletin for April 26, May 3, 10, 17 and 24!

APRIL 26: On all networks—The Crown Prince and Princess of Norway arrive in America for an extensive tour of the whole country.

May 3: Tonight on NBC-Blue—Bill Stern announces a prizefight from Madison Square Garden.

May 10: This afternoon on NBC—Clem McCarthy describes the Dixie Handicap horse race at Pimlico. . . . Al Donahue opens at the Rainbow Room in New York, featuring singer Paula Kelly—you'll hear him three times a week on NBC.

May 17: Larry Clinton and his orchestra, with Bea Wain, open at the Park Central Hotel in New York—hear them on NBC.

May 24: Brush up on your popular-song knowledge by listening to Kay Kyser's College on NBC-Red at 10:00.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Town Hall Tonight, starring Fred Allen, sponsored by Ipana and Sal Hepatica, on NBC's Red network from 9:00 to 10:00, Eastern Daylight Time, with a rebroadcast to the West Coast at 8:00, Pacific Standard Time.

There's nothing easy-going about this program. Each week it's the result of hours of work by many people, headaches, conferences, telephone calls, revisions, rewritings, rehearsals—and all-around sweating.

Fred Allen has two assistant writers, Herman Wolk and Arnold Auerbach. Some day he hopes to have four, so he won't have to write any of the script himself, but so far he hasn't been able to find that many who measure up to the Allen standards. Wolk and Auerbach talk to The Person You Never Expected to Meet and do the first draft of his air interview with Fred; and they write the first draft of the Mighty Allen Art sketch.

Thursday night, Fred takes what they've written and starts writing the rest of the show, filling in the Wolk-Auerbach contributions and rewriting them as he goes along. He works until some unholy hour Monday morning, doing it all in pencil, making very tiny printed letters. Sunday afternoon Portland Hoffa's sister, Lastone (yes, that's really her name), comes in and types what Fred has finished; Sunday night and Monday morning Portland, who is Mrs. Allen, finishes the typing job.

Monday afternoon the whole cast rehearses it twice, in a small NBC studio, at a microphone. Then Fred, his writers, the directors and production men, all get together and revise the script. After that everybody goes away and Fred rewrites the whole thing himself.

Changing and revising go on right up to broadcast time, and even past it—often the repeat broadcast at midnight contains lines that weren't in the first one.

The show originates in NBC's biggest New York studio, 8-H, which seats about 1400 people on folding chairs. Fred and the rest of the cast always go to a restaurant between first and second broadcasts, and Fred eats an omelet. After the second one he hangs around, signing autographs and talking until about two, then he and Portland go out for their only real meal of the day, and get home between four and five in the morning.

The Mighty Allen Art Players are Charlie Cantor, John Brown, Minerva Pious, and Aileen Douglas—the last two members of the company since it was first formed. Walter Tetley, Lionel Stander, and Jack Smart were Mighty Allen players until they went to Hollywood.

Fred will take his usual vacation this summer, but he won't go to Maine again. Too many people found out where he was last year, and he didn't get any rest. He won't tell anybody his destination this year.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

ADELE RONSON—who plays Elizabeth Perry in the dramatic serial, John's Other Wife, on NBC-Red at 10:15 this morning, sponsored by Bisodol—was born in New York City—moved to Tulsa, Oklahoma, when she was eleven, and took part in all the high school plays there—left for New York after graduating to study dramatics at Columbia University—was on the stage and also in the movies—came to radio in 1930—likes to collect rare editions of books and to knit sweaters—has reddish brown hair, brown eyes and an extra-special complexion—used to play Wilma Deering in the Buck Rogers serial.

(For Thursday's Highlights, please turn page)

Peeresses of the British Realm

FOLLOW TODAY'S EXTRA SKIN CARE



Titled U. S. Visitor—The Lady Ursula Stewart, sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury, has seen much of the United States. "I always use Pond's to cleanse and soften my skin."



Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mayo. Deeply interested in acting, **The Lady Betty Bourke** has studied 4 terms at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She believes in the new skin care with "skin-vitamin" in Pond's.

Britain's Titled Ladies

CREAM

EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"

INTO THEIR SKIN*



Often Sings at charity affairs—**The Lady Alexandra Haig,** daughter of the late Earl Haig, Britain's famous military figure. "Now that 'skin-vitamin' is in Pond's Cold Cream, I'm even more enthusiastic about using it."



Royalty Attended Her Wedding—The Lady Grenfell, snapped at Ascot. When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. "I use Pond's to help supply this 'skin-vitamin.'"



In Smart Society Journals, photographs of the charming **Lady Morris** often appear. "Pond's is famous for smoothing skin—adds **sparkle** and **glamour** to my make-up!"



In Britain, as in America, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the new skin care. **Vitamin A,** the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

*** Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
			8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
			8:15
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			8:45
			NBC-Red: **Radio Rubes**
			9:00
		8:00	NBC: **News**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
			9:15
		8:15	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
			10:00
12:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Central City**
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
1:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
9:45	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Mary Lee Taylor**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
11:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		10:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
		11:00	CBS: **Kate Smith Speaks**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News**
			1:30
	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Hymns of All Churches**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS: **Sonata Recital**
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: **Ted Malone**
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: **Sunbrite Smile Parade**
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:00
		4:00	NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy**
			5:15
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Sheriff Bob**
	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: **March of Games**
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
		4:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
			5:45
		4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **News**
			6:15
4:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: **Howie Wing**
			6:30
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **Bob Trout**
			6:45
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Easy Aces**
			7:15
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: **Mr. Keen**
	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: **Vocal Varieties**
			7:30
4:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: **Joe E. Brown**
			8:00
7:30	6:00	7:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH HOUR**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: **Parade of Progress**
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **RUDY VALLEE**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **MAJOR BOWES**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **GOOD NEWS OF 1939**
			9:30
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: **AMERICA'S TOWN MEETING**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Walter O'Keefe**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **KRAFT MUSIC HALL**

THURSDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ Bing polishes up a number while Bob Burns and Johnny Trotter look on.

Tune-In Bulletin for April 27, May 4, 11, 18 and 25!

APRIL 27: Ben Pollack and his band, swing pioneers, open tonight at the Culver City Club, near Hollywood, broadcasting over NBC.

May 4: Segar Ellis and his brilliant new Choir of Brass orchestra open at the Van Cleve Hotel in Dayton, Ohio—listen late at night on NBC. . . . Enric Madriguera's band opens at the Pierre Hotel in New York—CBS.

May 11: Four band openings: Emil Coleman and Xavier Cugat, both on the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf in New York, playing alternately—CBS. Abe Lyman at the Beverly Hills Country Club, in Newport, Kentucky—CBS. Ben Bernie at the Ritz Carlton Hotel in Boston—CBS.

May 18: Birthday greetings to three famous men: Raymond Paige, Meredith Willson and Ted Malone.

May 25: Tonight on NBC—the Max Baer-Lou Nova fight, coming from the Garden Bowl in Long Island City.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: The Kraft Music Hall, on NBC's Red network from 10:00 to 11:00 o'clock, Eastern Daylight Time—the most informal and easy-going show on the air.

Bing Crosby, star of the Kraft Music Hall, is Hollywood's most casual celebrity, and takes radio very much in his stride. Wearing slacks, a short-sleeved sport shirt (lately it's been of the Hawaiian variety), an old hat with a pheasant band, and comfortable zipper boots, and puffing his pipe, Bing shows up at the studio around noon on broadcast days. He usually has a racing form under his arm. After some kidding with John Scott Trotter, his heavyweight bandleader, and the orchestra boys, he plants himself on a high stool at the mike and rehearses—still puffing the pipe. He always has time to talk to the song-pluggers he allows into the rehearsal, which is another of the many reasons he's such a popular guy with everybody.

Bob Burns arrives about 2:45 and there's more visiting and kidding. Bob may talk like a hillbilly, but he doesn't look like one. He's better dressed than Bing—his clothes, though conservative, are very smartly tailored, and his ties, shirts and accessories all harmonize in color. He's also one of the few radio stars whose scripts are never checked before broadcasting by the network—Amos 'n' Andy and Lum and Abner are the only others.

Harry Lillis Crosby, Sr., Bing's dad, and his two brothers, Everett and Larry, who manage his business affairs, are also always on hand at rehearsal and broadcast.

Everybody takes the rehearsal casually except the producers, Ted Hediger of NBC and Bob Brewster of the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency. It's due to their expert direction that the completed product runs off so smoothly. The Bing has his own favorite NBC engineer, Murdo Mackenzie, who knows the crooner's tone qualities to a T. Carroll Carroll is the young writer responsible for the snappy dialogue—he also thought up Ken Carpenter's weekly bell-ringing routine.

People who take their opera stars seriously sometimes object to Bing's off-hand way of talking to them when they guest-star on his show—but the opera stars themselves usually love it; it makes them feel at home and breaks down the nervous tension they work under.

Bing's program comes from the same Studio B that Jack Benny uses. It seats only 320 people, and is filled every time it's used. Visitors often remark on its pleasant and tasteful color scheme, robin's-egg blue and deep red—but to the Bing it's just black and white. He's color blind.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

ANNE ELSTNER—who plays the title role in the NBC-Red serial, Stella Dallas, heard this afternoon at 4:15, sponsored by Milk of Magnesia Cream—was born at Lake Charles, La.—her mother was a musician, her father a poet—she took part in all her school plays, doing everything from Hamlet to old character women—filled her first professional engagement in New York doing solo dances and characterizations in costumes of her own design at a steel men's banquet—was with the Theater Guild for a while—is five feet, four and a half inches tall—likes to cook and putter around the house.

(For Friday's Highlights, please turn page)

Tommy's life is one big Success Story!

CHAPTER 1. THE FIRST YEAR: CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS



"Baby specialists approve of Clapp's," says Tommy Malek's mother. "Did you know that Clapp's is the *only* large company that makes nothing but baby foods? Clapp's has been making them longer, too—18 years.

"They've *always* worked with doctors. Each Clapp's food has a texture suggested by doctors to suit babies best. They surely suited Tommy!..."



"The way that baby grew! My neighbors couldn't get over it. There was one time when he tripled his weight in 5 months. Yet he was solid, too—strong as a baby bear.

"You knew to look at him that he was getting plenty of vitamins and minerals in his Clapp's Foods. And *appetite!*...his dish would be empty almost as soon as it was filled!"



17 VARIETIES

Every food requested and approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. The Clapp Company—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

CHAPTER 2. RUNABOUT YEARS: CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS



"Food dislikes? Not a one! Babies often do get the stubbornest notions when the time comes for coarser foods. But Tommy slid onto his new Clapp's Chopped Foods like a charm.

"No lumps or stems, you see—these foods are evenly cut, though coarse, just as doctors advise for toddlers. And since they had the same good flavors as Clapp's Strained Foods, they made the same big hit!"



"A big menu and well-planned—that's another reason why Tommy eats and grows so well on Clapp's. He has 11 kinds of Chopped Foods, including those hearty new Junior Dinners that combine meat, vegetables, and cereals.

"We're a family of Clapp's fans—now baby sister's getting Strained Foods. I tell other mothers, 'If you want your baby to have the best, it's worth while insisting on Clapp's!' "



11 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES.... CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
			8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
			8:15
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			9:00
		8:00	CBS: **Richard Maxwell**
		8:00	NBC: **News**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
			9:15
		8:15	CBS: **Manhattan Mother**
			9:30
		8:30	CBS: **Girl Interne**
		8:30	NBC-Red: **The Family Man**
			9:45
		8:45	CBS: **Bachelor's Children**
			10:00
12:00	8:00	8:00	CBS: **Pretty Kitty Kelly**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Story of the Month**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Central City**
			10:15
12:15	8:15	9:15	CBS: **Myrt and Marge**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Jane Arden**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **John's Other Wife**
			10:30
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Hilltop House**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Just Plain Bill**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	CBS: **Stepmother**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **Houseboat Hannah**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Woman in White**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **It Happened in Hollywood**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Mary Marlin**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: **David Harum**
			11:15
11:30	9:15	10:15	CBS: **Scattergood Baines**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: **Vic and Sade**
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: **Lorenzo Jones**
			11:30
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: **Big Sister**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Pepper Young's Family**
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: **Young Widder Brown**
			11:45
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: **Aunt Jenny's Stories**
		10:45	NBC-Blue: **Getting the Most Out of Life**
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: **Road of Life**
			12:00 Noon
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS: **Mary Margaret McBride**
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: **Carters of Elm Street**
			12:15 P.M.
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: **Her Honor, Nancy James**
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: **The O'Neills**
			12:30
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: **Romance of Helen Trent**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: **Farm and Home Hour**
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: **Time for Thought**
			12:45
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: **Our Gal Sunday**
			1:00
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: **The Goldbergs**
			1:15
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: **Life Can be Beautiful**
	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: **Goodyear Farm News**
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Red: **Let's Talk it Over**
			1:30
	11:30	12:30	CBS: **Road of Life**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: **Peables Takes Charge**
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: **Words and Music**
			1:45
	11:45	12:45	CBS: **This Day is Ours**
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: **Those Happy Gilmans**
			2:00
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS: **Doc Barclay's Daughters**
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: **Betty and Bob**
			2:15
1:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: **Dr. Susan**
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: **Arnold Grimm's Daughter**
			2:30
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: **Valiant Lady**
			2:45
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: **Betty Crocker**
			3:00
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: **Mary Marlin**
			3:15
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: **Ma Perkins**
			3:30
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: **Pepper Young's Family**
			3:45
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: **The Guiding Light**
			4:00
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: **Backstage Wife**
			4:15
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: **Stella Dallas**
			4:30
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: **Vic and Sade**
			4:45
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: **Girl Alone**
			5:00
		4:00	NBC-Red: **Dick Tracy**
			5:15
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC-Blue: **Sheriff Bob**
	3:15	4:15	NBC-Red: **Your Family and Mine**
			5:30
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: **Don Winslow**
		4:30	NBC-Red: **Jack Armstrong**
			5:45
		4:45	NBC-Red: **Little Orphan Annie**
			6:00
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: **News**
			6:15
4:15	4:15	5:15	CBS: **Howie Wing**
			6:30
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS: **Bob Trout**
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: **Gulden Serenaders**
			6:45
9:00	4:45	5:45	CBS: **Sophie Tucker**
		5:45	NBC-Blue: **Lowell Thomas**
			7:00
7:00	9:00	6:00	CBS: **Amos 'n' Andy**
	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: **Vocal Varieties**
			7:15
7:15	5:15	6:15	CBS: **Lum and Abner**
6:45	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: **Jimmie Fidler**
			7:30
7:30	6:30	6:30	MBS: **The Lone Ranger**
			8:00
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: **FIRST NIGHTER**
	6:00	7:00	MBS: **Guess Where**
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: **Cities Service Concert**
			8:30
7:30	6:30	730	CBS: **BURNS AND ALLEN**
			9:00
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: **CAMPBELL PLAYHOUSE**
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: **Plantation Party**
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: **Waltz Time**
			9:30
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: **Death Valley Days**
			10:00
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Grand Central Station**
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **Lady Esther Serenade**
			10:30
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: **Bob Ripley**

FRIDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ They keep Gracie dumb: Helm, Medbury, Bill Burns and George Burns.

Tune-In Bulletin for April 28, May 5, 12 and 19!

APRIL 28: Last chance to hear two CBS programs—The School of the Air, at 2:30, and The Mighty Show, at 5:45. Going off the air for the summer.

May 5: Birthday greetings to Freeman Gosden—Amos of Amos 'n' Andy—born in Richmond, Va., this day 1899.

May 12: Ten p.m. on NBC-Blue—lightweight champion Solly Krieger fights Billy Conn—with Bill Stern announcing.

May 19: Ten p.m. on NBC-Blue—another fight from Madison Square Garden, announced by Bill Stern.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Burns and Allen in the Chesterfield Show, on CBS from 8:30 to 9:00, Eastern Daylight Time, rebroadcast to the West Coast at 7:30 P.S.T.

Somebody once said that the consistent popularity of George Burns and Gracie Allen, year after year, is due to the fact that Gracie is every man's private idea of his own wife.

At any rate, it takes a lot of man-power to keep Gracie dumb. The weekly script is prepared by John P. Medbury, Harvey Helm, and William Burns, George's brother, working in collaboration with George himself. Gracie never sees the script until rehearsal-day, which is Thursday. An informal reading-through is held then in a small CBS studio, after which the afternoon is spent in rewriting. Ray Noble's band holds its first rehearsal Friday morning, six hours before the broadcast. He's one of the few bandleaders who actually makes all his own arrangements, and his band is so used to playing together that by the time it has gone through a number three times it has every trick of shading down pat.

A Friday-afternoon rehearsal looks like this: Ray Noble in the control room, listening to his band and checking meticulously every bit of instrumentation and shading; George and Gracie in a huddle with their dramatic cast about a table; Frank Parker in the wings, warming up on a French or Italian operatic aria, and then emerging on stage to sing something like "Jeepers Creepers." Paul Douglas, the announcer, who is an excellent copy reader and editor as well, stands at one side practicing his commercials and comedy lines.

Many comedy shows like to give "previews"—fake broadcasts the night before the actual broadcast, in order to get audience reactions. Burns and Allen don't subscribe to this fashion. They tried a preview a few weeks ago and dropped the idea at once—thought it robbed the show of spontaneity.

Half an hour before every broadcast there's an impromptu jam session backstage, to get people warmed up for the show. Cliff Arquette at the piano, Paul Douglas on a trumpet, Frank Parker at the drums, producer Bill Goodwin on a trombone, and George and Gracie tap-dancing—all this sends Ray Noble into the wings with his fingers in his ears.

When they started their present series George and Gracie found one riddle they couldn't solve. The first joke on the broadcast, no matter how good, always fell flat. Finally Bill Burns solved the mystery, by watching some women in the front row of the audience. They were so busy inspecting Gracie and taking in every detail of her very modish clothes they couldn't put their minds on the show. The problem was solved by having Gracie take her first bow without a comedy line, so the customers could look at her clothes and settle back to enjoy the comedy the second time she stepped up to the mike.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

LINDA LEE—Bob Ripley's beautiful vocalist on his new program, sponsored by Royal Crown Cola on CBS from 10:30 to 11:00 tonight—her real name is Hattie Richardson—she's twenty-five and a New Orleans belle—made her social debut in 1931—went to St. Louis on a vacation and sang at a private party—the manager of the Ambassador Theater heard her and offered her a one-week job—which she kept for four weeks—went on KMOX, CBS outlet in St. Louis—came to New York in 1935 and sang with Russ Morgan and Paul Whiteman—was with Ripley in 1937—is married to the Group Theater manager.

(For Saturday's Highlights, please turn page)

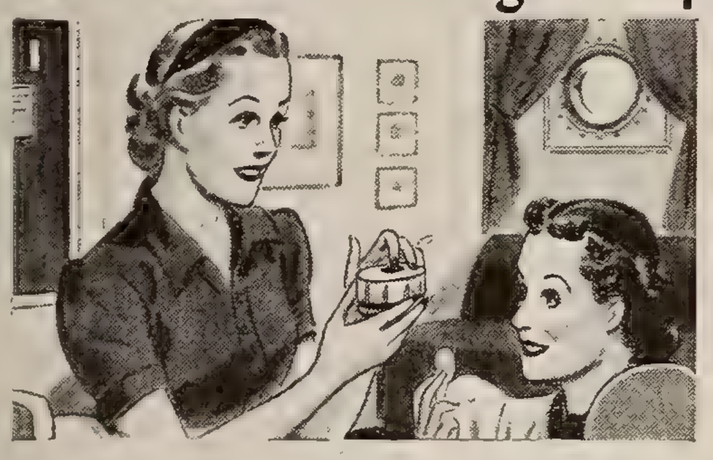
FOR BROWN-EYED GIRLS LIKE ETHEL MERMAN



A star of "STARS IN YOUR EYES"

There's *Glamour* in Marvelous Matched Makeup!

Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!



LOIS: Explain yourself, Judy! You say you chose this makeup by the color of your *eyes?*

JUDY: Yes! It's Marvelous Matched Makeup—the most flattering powder, rouge and lipstick I've ever used, Lois! It's amazing what a harmonized makeup can do for a girl!



LOIS: It's *perfect* on *you*, Judy! But *your* eyes are *brown!* What about *me*, with *blue* eyes?

JUDY: Whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—



LOIS: And they found *eye* color to be the guide to proper makeup shades, Judy?

JUDY: Lois, they found it's the *only* true guide! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes—*the color of your eyes!*



JUDY: And Marvelous Matched Makeup gives you so much *more* than becoming shades, Lois! Take the face powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!



JUDY: I'm *devoted* to Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick—and you will be, too! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly* —gives your lips lovely, *long-lasting* color!



JUDY: With Marvelous, you look as you *want* to look! You can get the Powder, Rouge and Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony*, use them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!
(65¢ in Canada)



MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

MF-639

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐

Please send sample Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous metal containers. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	Eastern Daylight Time
			8:00 A.M.
			NBC-Blue: **Cloutier's Orch.**
			NBC-Red: **Milt Herth Trio**
			8:15
			NBC-Blue: **Dick Leibert**
			NBC-Red: **Gene and Glenn**
			8:30
			NBC-Red: **Musical Tete-a-tete**
			8:45
			NBC-Blue: **Jack and Loretta**
			9:00
		8:00	NBC: **News**
			9:05
		8:05	NBC-Blue: **BREAKFAST CLUB**
		8:05	NBC-Red: **Texas Jim Robertson**
			9:15
		8:15	CBS: **Montana Slim**
		8:15	NBC-Red: **Saturday Morning Club**
			9:25
		8:25	CBS: **News**
			9:45
		8:45	NBC-Red: **Edward MacHugh**
			10:00
	8:00	9:00	CBS: **Hill Billy Champions**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: **Smilin' Ed McConnell**
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: **The Wise Man**
			10:15
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: **Amanda Snow**
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: **No School Today**
			10:30
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: **Swing Serenade**
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: **Florence Hale**
			10:45
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: **The Child Grows Up**
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: **Armchair Quartet**
			11:00
	9:00	10:00	CBS: **Symphony Concert**
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: **Music Internationale**
			11:30
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: **Our Barn**
			12:00 Noon
		11:00	CBS: **KATE SMITH SPEAKS**
	8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Blue: **Education Forum**
	8:00	10:00	11:00 NBC-Red: **Cloutier Orch.**
			12:30 P.M.
	8:30	10:30	11:30 CBS: **Let's Pretend**
	8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Blue: **Farm Bureau**
	8:30	10:30	11:30 NBC-Red: **Call to Youth**
			1:15
	9:15	11:15	12:15 NBC-Red: **Calling Stamp Collectors**
			1:30
	9:30	11:30	12:30 CBS: **Moods for Moderns**
	9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Blue: **Kinney Orch.**
	9:30	11:30	12:30 NBC-Red: **Campus Notes**
			2:00
	10:00	12:00	1:00 CBS: **Men Against Death**
	10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Blue: **Red Nichols Orch.**
	10:00	12:00	1:00 NBC-Red: **Matinee in Rhythm**
			2:30
	10:30	12:30	1:30 NBC-Red: **Music Styled for You**
			3:00
	11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Blue: **Its Up to You**
	11:00	1:00	2:00 NBC-Red: **Golden Melodies**
			3:30
	11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Blue: **Al Roth Orch.**
	11:30	1:30	2:30 NBC-Red: **KSTP Presents**
			4:00
	12:00	2:00	3:00 NBC-Blue: **Club Matinee**
			4:30
	12:30	2:30	3:30 NBC-Red: **Southwestern Stars**
			5:00
	1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Blue: **Erskine Hawkins Orch.**
	1:00	3:00	4:00 NBC-Red: **Paul Martin Orch.**
			5:15
	1:15	3:15	4:15 NBC-Red: **Youth Meets Government**
			5:30
	1:30	3:30	4:30 NBC-Red, **Cosmopolitan Rhythms**
			5:45
	1:45	3:45	4:45 CBS: **Adventures in Science**
			6:00
	2:00	4:00	5:00 CBS: **News**
	2:00	4:00	5:00 NBC-Red: **Kaltenmeyer Kindergarten**
			6:05
	2:05	4:05	5:05 CBS: **Dance Orchestra**
	2:05	4:05	5:05 NBC-Blue: **El Chico Revue**
			6:30
	2:30	4:30	5:30 CBS: **What Price America**
	2:30	4:30	5:30 NBC-Blue: **Renfrew of the Mounted**
			7:00
	3:00	5:00	6:00 NBC-Blue: **Message of Israel**
			7:30
	3:30	5:30	6:30 CBS: **Americans at Work**
		5:30	6:30 NBC-Blue: **Uncle Jim's Question Bee**
	3:30	5:30	6:30 NBC-Red: **Lives of Great Men**
			8:00
	7:30	6:00	7:00 CBS: **JOHNNY PRESENTS**
	4:00	6:00	7:00 NBC-Red: **Tommy Riggs**
			8:30
	8:00	6:30	7:30 CBS: **PROFESSOR QUIZ**
	4:30	6:30	7:30 NBC-Blue: **Brent House**
	8:00	6:30	7:30 NBC-Red: **Avalon Time**
			9:00
	5:00	7:00	8:00 CBS: **Phil Baker**
	7:00	7:00	8:00 NBC-Blue: **National Barn Dance**
		7:00	8:00 NBC-Red: **Vox Pop**
			9:30
	5:30	7:30	8:30 CBS: **Saturday Night Serenade**
	5:30	7:30	8:30 NBC-Red: **Hall of Fun**
			10:00
	6:00	8:00	9:00 CBS: **YOUR HIT PARADE**
	6:00	8:00	9:00 NBC-Red: **Arch Oboler's Plays**
			10:30
	6:30	8:30	9:30 NBC-Red: **Dance Music**

SATURDAY'S HIGHLIGHTS



■ This is how the Lucky Strike dance orchestra looks from the wings.

Tune-In Bulletin for April 29, May 6, 13 and 20!

APRIL 29—On all networks—the arrival of the U. S. Fleet in New York City—150 ships, which is a lot. You'll hear the description of the sight no matter what station you tune in. . . . Ten p.m. on CBS—Mark Warnow's last broadcast directing Your Hit Parade.

May 6: Six p.m. on CBS—listen to a description of the Kentucky Derby.

May 13: This afternoon on NBC—the Preakness Stakes horse race, with Clem McCarthy announcing.

May 20: This day twelve years ago Charles A. Lindbergh took off on his trans-Atlantic flight.

ON THE AIR TONIGHT: Your Hit Parade, sponsored by Lucky Strike Cigarettes, on CBS from 10:00 to 10:45, Eastern Daylight Time—a monument to one sponsor's sense of showmanship.

Most sponsors know how to manufacture and sell their products, but they don't know what entertains the public—which explains why some radio shows, subjected to too much sponsor-interference, are not as entertaining as they might be. George Washington Hill, president of the American Tobacco Company, not only knows how to make and sell cigarettes, but how to amuse listeners as well. Your Hit Parade is mostly his idea. It is also the only straight-musical program, except the Ford Symphony and "style bands" like Dorsey or Lombardo, with a popularity rate of more than 10 in the official survey. Your Hit Parade's rating is about 16 now, higher than it's ever been before—partly due to Lanny Ross' singing and partly to Mark Warnow's conducting.

Each week the Lucky Strike orchestra plays the ten most popular songs, graded according to their popularity. There's no fake about the way they're selected, either. About fifty people are kept on full-time jobs conducting the survey which indicates the nation's favorites in the song line. Information comes from three sources, coast to coast—from band leaders, who tell Lucky Strike what songs are most requested by dancers; from music stores, who report comparative sales of sheet music and recordings; and from networks and radio stations, who keep track of the number of times each piece is played on the air. All this information comes into the American Tobacco offices in New York, is quickly tabulated, and turned over to the director of the orchestra, who gets the music arranged and rehearses his band.

People watch the results of the Hit Parade, too. Many folks have regular Saturday-night Hit Parade parties in their own homes, and it's whispered that some of them regularly bet on the identity of the leading three songs. As an indication of how carefully listeners keep track of their favorites' places in the poll, if the announcer on the show makes a mistake and ascribes a number to fourth place last week, when it was really in third, hundreds of indignant letters come in.

Mark Warnow has been directing the Hit Parade for the last thirteen weeks, but will probably relinquish his baton to another maestro after April 29. No conductor has ever remained on the show more than thirteen successive weeks. Lanny Ross, singer Kay Lorraine, the Songsmiths Quartet, and the Raymond Scott Quintet are more or less permanent features, however. The Quintet, which plays sophisticated swing, is really a sextet, but Scott doesn't like the sound of that word. Its members are Scott on the piano, Dave Harris, tenor saxophone, Russ Case, trumpet Pete Pimuglio, clarinet, Lou Shoobe, bass viol, Johnny Williams, drums.



SAY HELLO TO . . .

RED SKELTON—comedian of Avalon Time, on NBC-Red at 8:30 tonight, sponsored by Avalon Cigarettes—is the son of a Hagenbeck-Wallace circus clown and was a tent-show performer himself—is a doughnut-dunker, which gave him the idea for the hilarious lecture on doughnut-dunking you heard him give in the movie of "Having Wonderful Time"—he played the part of the camp social director—and was cast for it without ever having a screen test—his real first name is Richard but he never uses it—he lives now in Cincinnati, where Avalon Time originates.

Should Roosevelt Seek a Third Term?

(*Continued from page 21*)

NO! BY RAYMOND MOLEY

intolerance of opposition, a conviction of personal rectitude that leads unerringly to the suppression of opposition. It imprisons the victim in the chill isolation of a self-created aura of intellectual infallibility.

I well realize that the friends of Mr. Roosevelt and those who believe in his reforms hold that his reforms will be endangered if their sponsor is not maintained in power to support them and continue them.

But this brings us to the question whether ideas, in order to live, must depend upon individual persons. If the ideas that friends of Mr. Roosevelt admire and cherish are good ideas, they can stand on their own two feet and live their own lives and pass from hand to hand in the long march to the future. But if they are so frail that they will die if their present exponent and preserver is removed, then they are not worth maintaining. And the sooner we test this fact the better for everyone.

AS TO the perfection of Roosevelt's program, I share my friends' apprehension, but apparently President Roosevelt does not share it, because he said in his message that his program was over. It is complete. If so, then why not let it stand? I believe in that program. I don't believe that the ideals are weak, because I spent three years of my life working for them. But I worked for the principles, I didn't work for a man, and I believe the principles will go on regardless of the man.

YES! BY ROY VICTOR PEEL

capriciously turned out of office, until they have had ample opportunity to perfect their programs.

The question now arises as to whether we should encourage President Franklin D. Roosevelt to seek a renomination from his party. It is my belief that we should.

I think that he has endowed the party with pride, strength, confidence and unity of a degree unparalleled in its history. He has infused into its ancient body a sense of bounden duty and high social obligation. But his work is as yet incomplete and the perilous state of world affairs, so much like that which confronted us at the end of Washington's first term, is so critical that only he can preserve the integrity of the party, and only he can be relied upon to maintain unimpaired the promise of the New Deal.

Only Franklin D. Roosevelt can interpret the ideals and principles which he has in speech and action enunciated on behalf of the Democratic Party. His most loyal associates lack either his gifts of magnetic appeal or his firm and comprehensive grasp of political realities. In other words, the party can have only one standard bearer who will honestly lead it in the paths that have been followed with its approval, and who will lead it to victory—and that is Franklin D. Roosevelt.

MARY GOT 3 MYSTERIOUS LETTERS —*WITH NO SIGNATURES!*

"The first made me furious!"



The neighborhood busybodies are saying plenty behind your back. I won't tell you my name, but take it from a friend, you'd better do something to get tattle-tale gray out of your clothes!

"The second made me fly into action!"



I've warned you—but the gossips still raging. Don't you know it's left-over dirt that makes your clothes look so dingy? Stop using lazy soaps! Change to Fels-Naptha like I did and see how its richer golden soap and lots of naptha put tattle-tale gray to flight!

"The third made me happy as a lark!"



Smart girl! I've seen you trotting out of the grocer's with Fels-Naptha Soap and you've certainly turned the tables by taking my advice. Your washes now look so gorgeously white, all the little busybodies on the block are cheering instead of jeering.

P.S. Nobody may take the trouble to warn you, but there's bound to be plenty of neighborhood gossip if *your* clothes are full of tattle-tale gray.

Why take a chance? Ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha Soap today and pin up the whitest, brightest washes that ever flapped in a breeze!

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.



We'll sense the difference—tonight—

THIS FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS

Men are unbelievably sensitive to FINE things—fine odors, fine clothes, fine influences—like yours!

So when you prink for tonight just shower yourself from head to foot with this exquisite lingering fragrance—Mavis Talcum. Just make him say, "Why! You're too wonderful for words!"

Go buy this famous red tin—today—in 25¢, 50¢, $1 and convenient 10¢ sizes.

MAVIS Talcum

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TALCUM

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



■ Joan Tompkins is Judy Wilbur on NBC's Your Family and Mine.

HAVE you ever listened to a program that completely held your interest from the beginning to the very end of the broadcast? Well, just such a program is Your Family and Mine, heard over the NBC-Red Network Monday through Friday at 5:15 P. M.

Joan Tompkins, whose picture we have chosen to print this month, plays Judy Wilbur on this serial . . . is twenty-one years old and is considered one of the youngest top-notch dramatic stars in radio. Joan has also been a success in the theater. Her first Broadway role, several seasons ago, was in "Fly Away Home" which played for one year. She followed this with playing one of the Bennett girls in the dramatization of Jane Austen's famous novel, "Pride and Prejudice." Following her success in these two plays, Joan was literally swamped with radio and screen offers. She chose radio because she prefers its "fluidity" as she describes it.

Miss Tompkins likes to crochet, has blonde hair, blue eyes, is five-feet-four and weighs 110 pounds.

* * *

J. M. W., Baltimore, Md.—Dr. Robbie Clark is played by Carleton Young in the popular serial Hilltop House . . . Joe Marlin is portrayed by Robert Griffin and Bunny Mitchell by Frances Carlon in The Story of Mary Marlin.

A Fan, Houston, Texas—The theme song of the Big Sister program is "Valse Bluette" by George F. Drigo . . . David Brewster is played by Alexander Kirkland on the Big Sister show and no fan club has been organized for Alice Frost.

Eva, East Weymouth, Mass.—We are not permitted to give out home addresses of stars. However, I would suggest you write to those you are interested in, care of the stations over which they broadcast.

M. D. W., Houston, Texas—Here's the short biography on Richard Maxwell you requested: He was born in Mansfield, Ohio, and started his career at the early age of two when he appeared as local church soloist. He sang in the choir when he was six and was quite thrilled when his salary was increased from five to twenty cents a week. Educated at Georgetown University, Kenyon College and the Ohio State University Aviation School, Maxwell made his professional debut in "Lady In Ermine." He was understudy to John Steel in both the second and third editions of the "Music Box Revue," and also appeared in the "Greenwich Village Follies." . . . first appeared on the radio in 1923. He likes to fish; plays golf and

tennis. Weighs 175 pounds, is five feet eleven inches tall, has brown hair and hazel eyes.

Mrs. J. S. Haller, Bassett, Nebr.—Mary Noble is played by Vivien Fridell and Larry Noble by Ken Griffin in the serial, Backstage Wife . . . Kitty Keene is portrayed by Frances Carlon and Charles Williams by Bill Bouchey in the program, Kitty Keene . . . Bill Davidson is Arthur Hughes and Nancy Donovan is Ruth Russell on the Just Plain Bill show.

FAN CLUB SECTION

In the April issue I mentioned I had no record of a **Horace Heidt** Fan Club and I've been deluged with letters from readers, since that issue went on sale, telling me there most certainly is a club for Horace, whose president is Mrs. Helen Hayes Hemphill, 201 West 105th Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Write to Mrs. Hemphill for details.

Anyone wishing to join the **Bert Parks** Fan Club should contact Eleanor Pryde, 1415 Genesee Street, Utica, New York.

Here's good news for all the **Gene Krupa** fans! A club has now been organized and Charlotte Bicking, president, 33 Downing Avenue, Downingtown, Penna., will be glad to hear from prospective members.

Kay Browning, president of a **Bing Crosby** Fan Club, is instituting a drive for new members. Her address is Camden, Mississippi.

Mary Wilson, 807 Eighth Street, West Park, McKeesport, Penna., is president of the **Kay Kyser** Fan Club of Pittsburgh. She'll welcome all new members, so why not drop her a line, all you Kay Kyser fans?

We have been requested by N. Davis Wilson of Treasure Gardens, Glen Ellyn, Illinois, to make the following announcement: "To the many Radio and Theater friends of our Honorary President, **Mr. Paul Page**, The North Star of the Air, and famous NBC baritone, we extend greetings and membership in our interesting innovation, The North Star Service Symphony.

The Bernarr Macfadden Foundation

conducts various non-profit enterprises: The Macfadden-Deauville Hotel at Miami Beach, Florida, one of the most beautiful resorts on the Florida Beach, recreation of all kinds provided, although a rigid system of Bernarr Macfadden methods of health building can be secured.

The Physical Culture Hotel, Dansville, New York, is open the year round with excellent accommodations at attractive prices for health building and recreation.

The Loomis Sanatorium at Liberty, New York, for the treatment of Tuberculosis has been taken over by the Foundation and Bernarr Macfadden's treatments, together with the latest and most scientific medical procedures, can be secured here for the treatment in all stages of this dreaded disease.

Castle Heights Military Academy at Lebanon, Tennessee, a man-building, fully accredited school preparatory for college, placed on the honor roll by designation of the War Department's governmental authorities, where character building is the most important part of education.

The Bernarr Macfadden School for boys and girls from four to eleven, at Briarcliff Manor, New York. Complete information furnished upon request.

...and Your "COME-CLOSER" SMILE won me!

..and IRIUM won me that "Come-closer" smile!



IRIUM PUTS A PLUS IN PEPSODENT POWDER

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● Help yourself . . . to a captivating "Come-Closer" Smile . . . start today the IRIUM WAY with Pepsodent Tooth Powder! Over 35 million sales prove that it *has what it takes!*

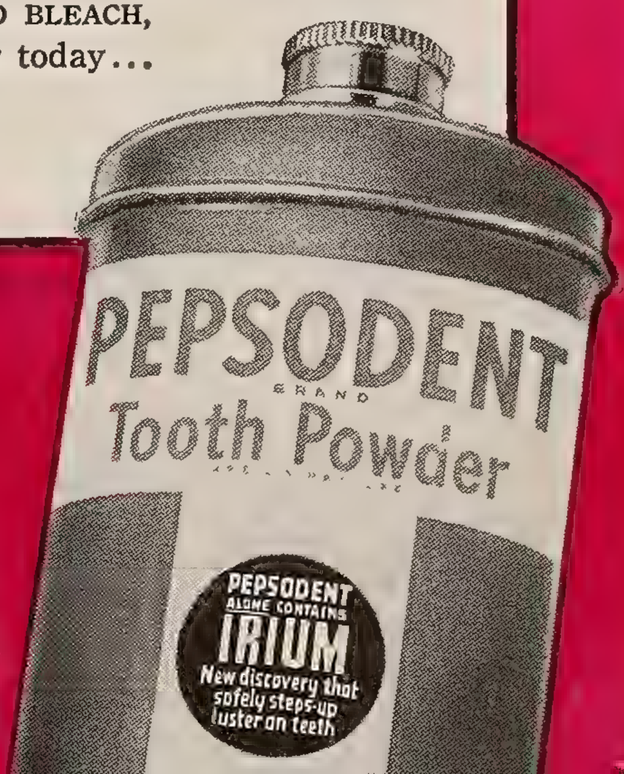
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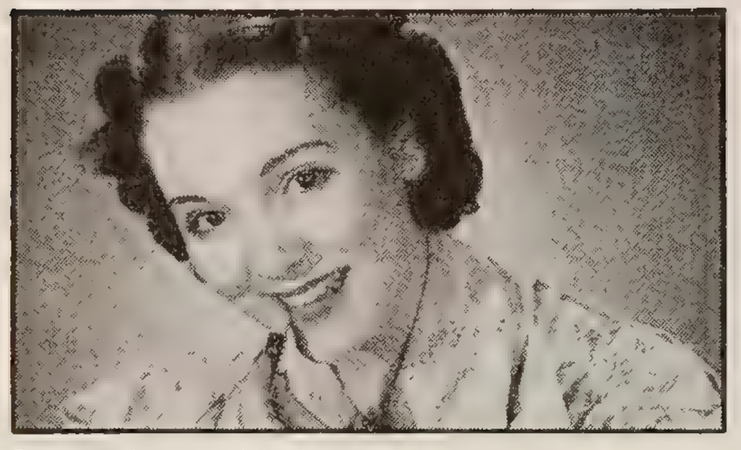
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Tangee Lipstick's "orange blossom magic" will give your lips sweet "*natural*" appeal...as it changes to *your very own shade* of adorable blush rose, and helps preserve velvet softness.



Tangee Rouge, Creme or Compact, echoes the lure of your lips...Tangee Powder clings without coating...to give you the fresh, lovely complexion that leads to a bridal veil!



Blonde, brunette or redhead...start your "Wedding March" today by using Tangee Make-Up ...for its sweet "young" flattery...and its *proved* popularity with men!

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Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

Be Popular! Check up on *your* charm with Tangee Charm Test, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.



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The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Peach ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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Facing the Music

(*Continued from page* 40)

sartorial rival to Lucius Beebe, a dance band maestro who bows his head to no one, and the husband of one of cafe society's choicest morsels, is an even more amazing case history than the one Shaw concocted for "Pygmalion."

Those of you who really don't know Hal Kemp, except to wave a cheery greeting to him as he smiles down from the bandstand, would never believe Hal was just a bright young lad with a lot of musical tricks from a town called Marion, Alabama. But his friends know. Take away the exquisitely tailored clothes, the $1,000,000 worth of charm, the luxurious suite he and his pretty wife Martha Stephenson occupy at the Waldorf-Astoria, and the real Hal Kemp still remains the kind of guy you'd like to call a friend. Down deep Hal hasn't changed a bit. Saxie Dowell, Porky Dankers and Jack Shirra, musicians who have been with Hal for years, call him friend. Otherwise you can bet your social security card that these faithful associates would never have stayed in harness so long.

That transformation is one of bandom's great stories, because with it goes the story of one of the first style bands.

Even before Hal was graduated from North Carolina University, he knew his career was music. Why he still recalled the nine-year-old kid who made $2 and passes for the family grinding a player-piano in the Bonita theater back in Marion.

So each year Hal would amaze the student body at school by producing a better dance band than the one he directed previously. But it was in Hal's senior year, 1925, that the real dance band came along. There was roley-poley Horace Kirby Dowell III, a self-taught saxophonist; Skinnay Ennis, the nervous drummer with the shaky voice; pianist John Scott Trotter, who pestered Hal about extravagant arrangements; Dave Wade, a young man with a horn; Harry Pine and Ben Williams, another saxophonist, devoted to the glories of Delta Tau Delta.

Fred Waring, a collegiate-trained maestro himself, heard the band one day when he was in Charlotte. What he heard called for action. Fred told Alex Holden, a bandbooking friend. Holden, a shrewd business man, spoke quickly, "Fred, the trend today is toward college bands. The public wants them clean and good looking. I'll get a load of this Kemp bunch and see what makes them tick."

Alex Holden is still manager of Hal Kemp's orchestra.

The band broke in professionally at Shea's Buffalo Hippodrome theater. Before Hal left school he made a typical Kempian gesture. He bequeathed his band dictatorship of the campus to a fast-talking college politician named Kay Kyser.

The march uphill began rapidly. Hal started to get the hay out of his blond hair by immediately purchasing a snappy tuxedo. Because the band in its early days was like a diamond in the rough, the sparkle attracted people. Other bands of the day were enmeshed in stock orchestrations. Holden soon spotted Kemp on a series of one-night stands, winding up in 1929 at New York's old Strand roof.

From New York, Hal and the boys sailed for Europe, soon knocked Londoners, including drum-playing David Windsor, the Prince of Wales, into their respective royal aisles, and returned to America in 1932. A year before Hal had married the regal-looking Margaret Elizabeth Slaughter, who had better looks and a longer family tree than Scarlett O'Hara. Two children were born: Sally, now six, and James, now three.

KINGS and BROTHERS

● The life story of George VI and Edward VIII, told by the world's master biographer, EMIL LUDWIG.

Here for the first time, the amazing human drama behind the English throne is told in full with sympathy and knowledge. These brothers held the sceptre of the world's greatest empire. They wore the richest crown in history. George VI and Edward VIII are not merely the symbol of royalty, they are human beings, sons of the same mother, attached by the ties of blood and memories. They are figures in a great play that Shakespeare would have written had he lived in our times.

No other modern biographer has ever equalled the dramatic skill of Emil Ludwig. When his story appears, the pages of that dramatic magazine will become a stage lighted with the glow of history. You will live through the drama as if you were a part of it. Watch for this, beginning in the May 20th issue of

LIBERTY, On Sale May 10th

However, it wasn't until Hal brought his band to Chicago's Blackhawk that the band's name meant something to passersby when they saw it flicker over marquees.

Weird, wonderful effects like staccato brass, which Hal calls "tucka-brass" — subtone clarinets, double-octave piano solos, and glissando saxophones, became smooth, expert trade-marks. Not all these embellishments clicked immediately. Many a night was spent, long after the dancers had departed, working on a new phrase, a new trick. Some ideas were carried over from the original college band. Others, after weeks of practice, were tossed mercilessly into a waste basket.

Staccato brass has a background written in simple, sixteenth notes as three trumpets phrase their notes bitingly. As the musicians cut these notes short, the nervous energy similar to a telegraph machine is produced. The idea to play this way came about when Skinnay Ennis substituted for the ailing Saxie one night at a college prom. Skinnay half-spoke, half-sang the lyrics, leaving large holes in the number which the exasperated musicians had to fill hurriedly. It wasn't until 1930, though, that Kemp perfected this style.

1935 found the band back in New York. Few remembered that it was the same band that ground out so amateurishly at the Strand roof and later at the Hotel Manger.

THE lanky conductor had the kids flocking in droves, but preferred to stay quietly in the background as Ennis, Bob Allen and Maxine Grey projected their personalities.

Radio commercials came along. Recordings were best-sellers. Things were going beautifully—too beautifully. In 1938 Kemp received a resounding body blow. He almost went down for the count, but came up smiling, southern accent intact, and enriched with something he never before possessed. The setback gave him a new outlook on life; a sharper, more matured personality.

Maxine Grey was badly banged up in a train wreck. Skinnay Ennis left to start his own band. Hal's home life struck a snag. The rumors along radio row mushroomed to stage whispers.

But the divorce came quietly and the suspense was soon over. Hal plunged himself into his work, tried to forget everything else, mapped out a vigorous road trip.

Everything worked smoothly until the boys in the band noticed that Hal was heading for one particular table in the latter part of the Hotel Astor engagement.

The occupant was 20-year-old Martha Stephenson and as pretty a picture that ever posed before El Morocco's zebra-stripes. But this girl was different. She didn't spoil any plans. As a matter of fact, she wanted to be a part of them. Her vivacious spirit instilled Hal with fresh hope. A strenuous tour was in the offing, but that didn't stop Martha and Hal. They were married on Friday, January 13, 1939, in Pittsburgh, between stage shows at the Stanley theater.

Out of all these whirling events blossomed the new Hal Kemp. Old-timers rubbed their eyes. Before Hal concentrated on the music rack. Today the new groom is a showman. Three years ago his southern drawl



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LORR Laboratories, Paterson, N. J.

held him back. Today he's a smooth-talking master of ceremonies. Plenty of radio work helped. The band now plays more comedy tunes. Audiences roar with delight when Hal shuffles merrily across the footlights, towers over four-foot-nine Judy Starr.

On college and one-night-stand dates, the crowd loves it when Hal shouts, "What do you kids want to hear?" The requests sweep across the floor. Hal isn't kidding. He has 500 tunes in the books, with a turnover of 200 new tunes a year, ably orchestrated by Hal Mooney. The backfiles contain 2,400 other selections.

The band is composed of 13 musicians, Hal, Bob Allen and Judy. Of the original six only two are left. Harry Pine left because he preferred the real estate business. Dave Wade dropped out in 1928 to join another band. John Scott Trotter is now Bing Crosby's maestro. Skinnay Ennis has his own band but is managed by Alex Holden.

Ben Williams and Saxie are still with Hal but others in the band are also considered veterans. Handsome Bob Allen who used to be a drugstore clerk until Ben Bernie discovered him, has been with Hal since 1933. Mickey Bloom, the Brooklyn trumpeter has worked with Hal on and off for eight years. Trombonist Eddie Kusby and trumpeter Clayton Cash both joined the outfit in 1933. Pee-Wee Jackie Shirra, the Scottish bass fiddler and husband of Judy Starr signed up in 1931. And loyal Harold "Porky" Dankers is just as bashful as he was the day he joined nine years ago.

When I saw the boys at New York's Paramount theater they were pretty tuckered out, doing five and six shows a day. Seven of the boys I encountered were sprawled out on cots. Saxie was sewing a button on his uniform. An enthusiastic jitterbug in the audience had ripped the old one off.

Working theaters and ballrooms is tiring work but the Kemp men laugh it off.

"Playing a hotel engagement is more restful," said one, "but the gold is on the road, so you don't mind the hours and rides."

You'll like the new Hal Kemp better. But for all his showmanship and smoothness, he blushed like that nine year old Marion, Alabama pianola player when he asked and GOT $5,000 to play a New Year's Eve dance party for Evalyn Walsh McLean, Washington society woman. Mrs. McLean wanted Kemp's band so badly for her blowout, I think she would have tossed in her famous Hope diamond to get him.

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet

I Cried For You; Let's Tie The Old Forget-Me-Not (Decca 2273A) Bing Crosby—A more mellow Crosby is discovered on this dandy double-header. "I Cried For You" is an old tune that has recently been revived with surprising success.

I Get Along Without You Very Well; Chopsticks (Brunswick 8308) Kay Kyser—Harry Babbitt gives this frothy tune a big-league rendition. Kyser gets tricky with those inevitable chopsticks.

You Got Me Crying Again; Heart of Stone (Victor 26165B) Hal Kemp. The staccato brass and glissando saxes ripple merrily across both sides of this elegant platter which bring back two traditional Kemp classics. Bob Allen replaces Skinnay Ennis on the vocals and you don't mind a bit.

Among Those Sailing; It Took A Million Years (Vocalion 4623) Enoch Light—The Hotel Taft tune titan returns to the records with a rhythmic pair of ditties.

Kinda Lonesome; Junior (Brunswick 8304) Dorothy Lamour. Those who like the sarong-for-your-supper soloist will find this a record-breaker. The tunes are from Dorothy's new "St. Louis Blues" picture.

This Is It; It's All Yours (Victor 26149A) Tommy Dorsey. This is the way to play a pair of show numbers. They are from the new musical hit, "Stars In Your Eyes." Jack Leonard does the vocals with the proper finesse.

Penny Serenade; Could Be (Victor 2160B) Sammy Kaye. Jimmy Brown hits the high ones on the Penny ballad. Neat balance on a pert platter.

Some Like It Swing

Art Shaw's "Album of Popular Music" (Bluebird) Five solid records in the Shaw manner of tunes that will live for a long time. A collector's item as Shaw swings "Carioca," "Bill," "Donkey Serenade," "Rosalie," "Lover, Come Back to Me," "Vilia," "The Man I Love," and other hits.

Blue Lou; The Blues (Victor 26144A) All-Star Band. *Metronome* magazine worked this one out, recruited such ace musicians as Goodman, Dorsey, Berigan, Teagarten, Miller, Mastrin, James, Rollini, Dunham, Zurke, Bauduc, Haggart, Spivak, Shertzer, to merge their talents. The tunes are nothing to write home about, but you'll want this record anyway.

Diga-Diga-Do Part I and II (Decca 2275) Bob Crosby. A field day for the Crosby crew. Dixieland style really goes to town.

Boogie Woogie Prayer Part I and II (Vocalion 4606) Three pianos harmonize in this latest swing style, led by its creator Meade Lux Lewis.

Honolulu; This Night (Bluebird B-10130-A) Van Alexander. A new band to keep tabs on. Fresh, lively and brimming over with syncopation on both sides of this waxing from the M-G-M Eleanor Powell picture.

Pick-A-Rib Part I and II (Victor 26166A) Benny Goodman Quintet. Seems to be the vogue right now to play the same tune on both sides of a record. Goodman wrote this crazy, lingering melody and dedicated it to his brother's barbecue bistro which is located on Swing Alley (Fifty-Second Street, N. Y.)

Ken Alden,
Facing the Music,
RADIO MIRROR,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

I want to know more about . . . . . He is my recommendation for "The Band of the Month."

NAME . . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . .

(Each month Ken Alden will write a feature piece on "the band of the month" telling all you want to know about the favorite maestros. Your vote will help determine his selection.)

At Last! Bergen's in Love!

(*Continued from page* 17)

on my part. You see, I won't light her cigarettes for her and she gets pretty heated, sometimes, on the subject of 'neglect.' But I always tell her, 'If a woman is strong enough to smoke nicotine, she is strong enough to light her own cigarettes."

"Is she pretty?" I asked him. (I hadn't seen her then, although I have since. She *is* pretty—quite.)

EDGAR considered. "Well, yes," he said, "but, thinking it over, I believe 'attractive' is a still better word. Personally, I don't go much for beautiful women, because it has been my experience that the raving beauty is usually so entertained and dated and made much over because of her beauty that this adulation often interferes with her life. She has no time to study or in other ways develop the facets of personality."

"But this is not true of Kay?" I suggested.

He smiled quietly. "No," he said. "She is attractive in many different ways."

Well, since I have met her, I think so, too. There is, for one thing, that interesting voice quality which Edgar noticed right off. When she speaks, even though her voice is low, you notice her. There is also that warm appeal of health, vitality and good spirits at once captivating and enduring.

She was born in Minot, North Dakota, but spent much of her life in Portland, Oregon. Although her father and mother were not professionals, both were musical, and she says she has been singing since she can remember. She got her first radio job through a dare made by a trio of girls with whom she was playing bridge one day. Listening, idly, to the radio while the game was going on, she remarked that she was going to get an audition "sometime."

"Dare you to call and ask for one right now," one of her friends said.

"All right, I'll do it." Suiting the action to the word, she went to the phone; got an important producer on the wire and talked him into hearing her. Spots on NBC's Signal Carnival, Tune Types and other program appearances in San Francisco, Hollywood, New York and Chicago were the result.

As for what she thinks of Edgar. She laughed when I asked her about that and wisecracked that it wouldn't be "maidenly" to declare her undying affection for Charlie McCarthy's father "right out in print." Besides, she added, "it was really Charlie that got me started. I've been a McCarthy fan since that first broadcast on Rudy Vallee's show in December, 1937. Not that he appreciates it, the Lothario. He never appreciates any woman's devotion."

Charlie, however, approves of the Bergen-St. Germain romance most heartily.

"For one thing, Bergen better get himself a steady girl while he still has some hair," he remarked to me that day I visited his "father's" office. "Nobody loves a shiny dome. Now look at *my* luxuriant locks!" he added complacently.

THEN you would give the two of them—Bergen and Miss St. Germain—your blessing?" I asked.

"Sure," he came back. "Put a little romance in Bergen's life and maybe he'll understand the problems of others. You know . . . maybe he'll see how it is that 'in the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to love!'"

"Meaning *your* fancy?" I inquired.

He winked knowingly. "Sure. Why just the other day Carole Lombard said to me, 'Charlie, I can't seem to get you out of my mind.' Moreover," he confided, "I think a lot of that girl, too. I sometimes think I love her as much as it is in me to love anyone. But Bergen is always objecting to my *affaires de coeur*. *He* has a heart of stone. He won't increase my allowance so I can spend any money on a girl—not that I *like* to spend on anyone. . . . Anyway, I hope he has fallen for Kay (I always call her Kay) good and hard. Then perhaps he will be more sympathetic toward my own yearnings——"

At this point, Charlie's father unceremoniously clapped him into his suitcase and conversation proceeded *sans* further McCarthian comment. But judging from what was said, Charlie's fond wish is not so far from fulfillment.





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"Dare I Marry?"

(*Continued from page* 31)

one unhappy person, are easily solved by two happy ones. I've seen it happen so often that I've stopped telling young people in love to be "practical." Life isn't made up of practical actions—it's something more than that. And love is the least practical thing in the world.

I sympathized with Frank and Judy—but I frankly haven't much compassion for another type of couple who often seek my advice. Jonathan and Mary came to my office two years ago, to tell me that their plans for marriage seemed to be on the rocks.

Both had jobs, in a large department store. But here was the rub. Mary, through brilliant executive ability, was rising fast in the store, while Jonathan seemed doomed to stay in the same position in which he had started three years before. He just lacked the vital spark that spelled the difference between success and mediocrity. And he had a shocking request to make of Mary.

"I want Mary to give up her job," he told me. "Otherwise our happiness will be jeopardized. It won't be long before she will be considering me a failure."

I LOOKED questioningly at Mary, thinking that if what Jonathan said were true, she had much better not marry him. She silenced that thought by bursting out:

"But I won't! It doesn't make any difference to me, if I make more than you. I'd love you just as much if you weren't making any money at all."

He shook his head, unable to see things that way. "That's what you think now, but marriage is built on the leadership of the man, not the woman. We just wouldn't be happy!"

I'd kept quiet while they set their problem before me. Now I said, as patiently as I could, "But, Jonathan, you're asking the impossible. Not that Mary wouldn't give up her job for you, if she really thought she ought to—but she knows that if she did so she'd really be wrecking your future happiness. You're not asking her just to give up her job—jobs mean little to a woman of Mary's mental capacity—but you're also asking her to give up her right to better your family finances. And even more important, you're asking her to give up her right to the full enjoyment of her mental and executive gifts. She has as much right to express herself, in work, as you have. The truth is, Jonathan, you're jealous."

He tried to deny it at first, but at last he broke down and admitted I had spoken the truth.

"Good," I said. "Now, you two love each other and you should get married. But no giving up jobs. Jonathan, you know you are jealous of Mary's ability, and that's the first step in ridding yourself of your jealousy. Once you can do that, you'll keep pace with her, simply because she'll stimulate you to greater endeavor. Remember, a happy man can do twice as much as an unhappy one, and do it better."

They took my advice and were married. They're happily married now, and what I predicted has come true. Jonathan is an executive in the same department store in which his wife is now an important official.

Similar to Jonathan are those men who announce firmly that if they can't support a wife, alone and unaided, they won't marry.

A recent survey by the Original Good Will Hour indicated that 43 per cent of our American women are ready and willing to help their husbands maintain a home by working at outside jobs. And why not? Since civilization's beginning the woman has been at the side of her man, working with him and for him. In earlier days, she did back-breaking labor in the home or in the field. She doesn't have to do that work any more, thanks to modern labor-saving devices most of which even the poorest of us can afford. It's only logical then that she should make her contribution to the family in another way—by going out and earning her share of expenses, if necessary.

Many couples try to reach an impossible financial goal before attempting marriage. My advice to them is to forget this ambition. They are wasting too many good years of their lives. Their courtship will become humdrum, and romance will fade and finally disappear!

BOB and Lucille came to me with such a problem. Both were employed, at inadequate salaries. However, they were each putting aside a very little money each week, toward the far-distant day when they could have a nest-egg of some size. They wanted me to tell them how large that nest-egg should be before they married.

Instead, I asked them another question: "And what will you do, if one of you is ill or something else equally important makes it necessary for you to spend what you've saved? Suppose you never get much of a nest-egg together? Suppose your salaries never are raised?"

The defeat in their eyes was my answer.

"Go on and get married," I said. "You have enough for your present needs. You can have a modest home, where careful budgeting will make both ends meet. Most of us never reach the financial goal for which we strive, so why sacrifice happiness for something you may never get?"

They saw the point, and like Frank and Judy were married and are living happily together at this very moment. Things aren't easy for them, financially. But they love each other, they're together, and that's what really counts.

The marriage drive is so powerful that it must overcome all economic barriers—and rightly so, because homes and families are the things upon which civilization is built. But if our civilization sets up obstacles in the way of the normal expression of the sex instinct, we must expect trouble. If we tell a boy and girl they can't and mustn't marry, we must not be surprised to find them coming together without marriage—or, even worse, becoming neurotic and depressed, useless both to themselves and to their communities.

And that's the reason I say to every couple in love: Be true to yourselves! Marry, and face life and its problems together. Two can't live as cheaply as one—but, on the other hand, two heads, and two loving hearts, are better than one!

WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN

KEN SOBLE, Canada's Amateur Man, started his fourth year on the air recently with his "Ken Soble's Amateurs," sponsored by Royal Canadian Tobacco Company . . . program is heard each and every Sunday at 12.30 noon. EST, over sixteen Ontario stations and CFCF, Montreal . . . broadcast from the 1200-seater Lansdowne Theater, Toronto. . . . Canadian Facts, Registered, for February 26, of this year, gave the show a Crossley rating for Canada of 37.82%, surpassed in the Dominion only by Bergen and McCarthy and Jack Benny . . . the *other* amateur show, headed by one Major Bowes, received a rating of 24.4% . . . so it's the Major who gets the gong this time.

On the recent anniversary broadcast, Ken Soble received ninety thousand requests for tickets to the 1200-seater! No wonder Royal Canadian Tobacco Company signed him for another fifty-two weeks without looking.

Ken Soble's Amateurs are drawn from all over Ontario and Quebec. "Tours for Talent" are conducted, with elimination contests in all centres, comprising 35 theaters . . . the winners are then brought to Toronto, expenses paid, where they compete for valuable prizes . . . finalists usually receive a week with pay on some of Ken's vodvil units. A few of his amateurs (and they're *strictly* amateur, without casting any aspersions) have made good professionally. Jean Hemand, six-year-old Montreal tap-dancer, recently made a short for Vitaphone at Long Island. Mildred Moray of Hamilton is singing with famed Luigi Romanelli and his orchestra at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto. Eddie (Angel) Allan and his accordion are now a daily feature of the popular CBS-MBS "Happy Gang".



Ken Soble, with arms raised, leads the applause for his amateurs on the Royal Canadian Tobacco show.

KEN is young. Only 27. He started in the radio game in his native Toronto ten years ago, after graduating from Jarvis Collegiate Institute. He was a radio time salesman and announcer. After ten years we find Ken is the following: president of Metropolitan Broadcasting Service, Limited, one of the largest radio advertising agencies in Canada; general manager of Soble's Artists' Bureau, supplying forty Canadian theaters with talent; managing director of CHML, Hamilton.

Ken has some pertinent observations on this amateur business. He has found from time to time that if an amateur steps up to the mike in audition and faints dead away that, without fail, the next two or three in line will likewise keel over. Now, when anyone faints, he calls off the audition for a while.

And finally, just to show how this amateur business gets 'em young, on the program's third anniversary broadcast, Ken Soble presented a charming young tap-dancer, who was *born the day of the first Ken Soble's Amateurs broadcast!*

Which is my cue to say: "Good listening!"

You'll never know

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There sat Jones—
my husband's richest
customer—bored stiff.
"Have some Beeman's?" said
I, after the coffee—and the miracle
happened! "My favorite flavor!" said
Jones, suddenly very cheerful.

"No meal's complete without Beeman's!" he declared. "That refreshing tang adds the touch of perfection! It's tonic to your taste! Delicious is the word! Thanks a million, dear hostess—for a perfect dinner—and a perfect after-dinner treat!"

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

This Happened to Me

(*Continued from page 37*)

acceptance to the California Ramblers. After the theater that night, the band I was with played a late dance date. I was just leaving the hall when I looked at my watch. Three o'clock—and I was dead tired. I'd wire the Ramblers in the morning.

Then a crazy thing happened. It sounds like something out of a gangster thriller. I was practically taken for a ride.

I stepped out of the doorway and found two familiar-looking gentlemen waiting for me. They were my friends from the Cleveland band—the one I'd decided not to join. They didn't waste much time in greetings: "Come on, Shaw, you're going with us."

We all piled in their car. The driver seemed to know where to go. We drove out by the Yale campus and parked behind the darkly silhouetted Yale bowl. One of them carried my saxophone case and I, pleading for an explanation, followed. The leader was the first one to speak:

ARTIE, we think you belong with this band. But we want to hear you play again. Will you?"

I unpacked my case. Leaning there against the concrete wall of the great empty stadium, I played "Blue Skies." Not so long before, the Bowl had sounded with school cheers and the thump of a booted pig-bladder. Now it was quiet with a huge silence. A saxophone solo of "Blue Skies" didn't make much of an impression on it.

But my companions listened carefully. They looked at each other and nodded. We got back into the car, and I promptly began to doze. The whole business seemed like a dream to me, anyway. Then the car went over a bump, and I happened to see that we were just passing the New Haven city limits.

"Hey, what's this?" I yelled.

"Don't get excited, Artie. We're going to New York. There's a contract there we want you to sign."

It was close to five then, and the sun was beginning to come up. I was too sleepy to argue. At something after six that morning I signed a contract and we drove back to New Haven. I can't take any credit for making *that* decision.

I've often wondered, since then, what my life would have been if my Cleveland friends hadn't been so high-handed, or if the band hadn't happened to play a late date that night, tiring me out so much that I literally couldn't do anything but let matters take their course. Almost certainly I'd never have met the girl who was later to become my wife—with unhappy results for both of us. But I might have met the girl I later married. Would I have formed my own band, eventually—or would I today still be playing for someone else?

It's all speculation—and, I guess, not particularly productive speculation, at that.

They were laying off the house-band in the theater at New Haven, where I was playing, and I'd already had my two weeks' notice before I joined the Cleveland outfit. I finished my job, got into my car, and drove off to Cleveland.

The band, playing then in a Chinese restaurant, belonged to Joe Cantor. It was a good little outfit. We had two brasses—a trombone and a trumpet—three saxes and a rhythm section. As soon as I joined them, I began arranging seriously. Up to then I had been writing out choruses for two or three part harmony—the stuff I picked up off of good records plus ideas of my own. But now I tried working out harmonies for a full band. It took me three weeks to write my first arrangement, one of "Wabash Blues"—and the result was terrible.

When the boys first tried playing my orchestration it sounded like a terrific clambake—which it was. That taught me the first lesson of arranging—restraint. I'd completely overdone my work. The next lesson came from listening to the boys going over and re-arranging that first woebegone effort. From then on I did at least one or two arrangements a week. I learned how to score, too. In addition, I began concentrating on the clarinet.

I'd begun to feel I was traveling the way I wanted to go when I got an offer from another Cleveland band—Austin Wylie's, then the top dance orchestra in the mid-west. Wylie was playing close to the great phonograph records of the time. What Bob Crosby is doing now, Austin was doing then. He offered to let me take charge of his band, and the opportunity was too good to turn down.

I WASN'T eighteen when I first started to work for Wylie, yet he let me do almost everything but conduct the band. (I even did that, at rehearsals.) Arranging, scoring, playing, conducting, kept me busy and gave me more good experience than any young musician had a right to hope for.

It was while I was with Wylie that another offer came my way, from Ben Pollack. He had a great band—it's already gone down in swing history. He came through Cleveland on a one-night stand, looking for a clarinetist, and said I could have the job. But I liked my own band, and turned the offer down. A good clarinetist, named Benny Goodman, joined the Pollack band instead.

It was 1928, and the Wylie band began broadcasting over WTAM. That was my first contact with the new entertainment device slated to be the greatest single factor in the music business—but at the time that didn't seem as important to me as a piece of good luck that came—well, I can truthfully say that it came right down out of the sky.

One day when I had about two hours with nothing to do I happened to see a story in the paper about the

Attention! Contestants in the SAMMY KAYE MUSICAL TREASURE HUNT—The winners of the cash prizes which were offered for helping Sammy Kaye finds words for his theme song, will be announced in the July RADIO MIRROR

National Air Races in Cleveland. It contained the announcement of an essay contest. "Write 250 words on 'How the Air Races Will Benefit Cleveland' and win a two week airplane trip to Hollywood—all expenses paid."

Well, I had time on my hands. So I wrote an essay. A few days later I got a notice informing me that my essay had won first prize.

I had always wanted to see Hollywood, anyhow.

AUSTIN gave me a leave of absence and young Shaw left for the Golden Coast. It was a swell two weeks. I didn't do much except rest and perform most of the standard tourist duties and watch a few bands work. But that holiday trip got me my next job.

One evening there was some sort of an affair staged by the air race people at the Roosevelt Hotel. Irving Aaronson, then one of the big-time orchestras, was playing there with his Commanders. They introduced me to him as the winner of the essay contest. When I began talking to him about sharps, flats, arrangements, he looked at me much as we in these days look at an "ickie." I explained that I was clarinetist-arranger for Austin Wylie. That changed his expression.

Changed it so much, in fact, that a few weeks after I was back in Cleveland· Aaronson, with his arranger, came into our restaurant and offered me a job with him. Two months later I left Wylie to join the Commanders in California.

I really wasn't with Aaronson very long—a month in California and another few months while we traveled across the continent and into New York. And New York got me. I was nineteen and here was a town I wanted to catch by the tail and throw around. I told Aaronson that when he went on tour again I'd stay behind.

I stayed behind, all right—but without a job. I couldn't work without a New York union card, and, as an out-of-towner, I had to wait three months to get one. When the card finally came through, I was broke again.

Luckily, I met Bix Beiderbecke, that great swing trumpeter, and we liked each other. Both of us were very short of cash, and both were looking for jobs, so we decided to room together. The spot we picked was the Forty-fourth Street Hotel—smack in the middle of Times Square.

Bix was in that in-between period where he had just left Paul Whiteman and was on the point of going back to him. The illness that was to kill him had already begun to make its mark.

Our joint finances got very low indeed, but it didn't seem to matter much. That's one thing about being a musician—you can usually figure that something will turn up.

Something did—three things, in rapid succession. First a place with Paul Specht, then one with Red Nichols, and then one with Freddie Rich at the Columbia Broadcasting System. This last job was something —secure, well-paid, with short hours. If I wanted to pick up extra money I could play free-lance jobs in other radio bands.

I had a lot of time on my hands, and decided to catch up on my education. After all, I'd been flunked out of school when I was fourteen. But Columbia University didn't want me, wouldn't have me, once it discovered that I didn't have a high school diploma. I was infuriated at what struck me as a stupid, hidebound system of education. A couple of years later I tried again, at New York University this time, and met the same blank wall. Finally I was forced back to my original conclusion—that formal education was a stupid thing. I hired tutors, and with their help and my own determination, taught myself what I wanted to know, without the guidance of learned professors and a benign university.

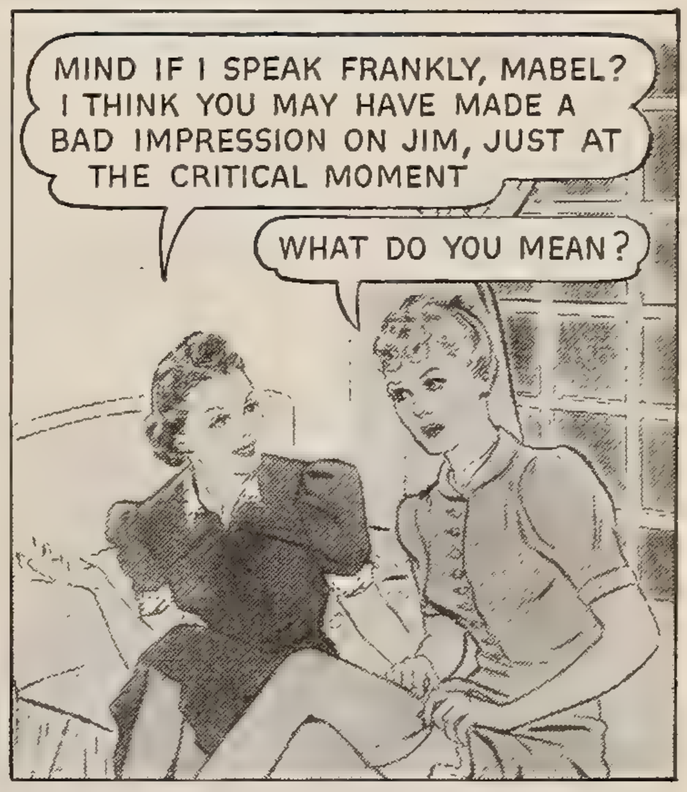
But I'm getting a little ahead of my story. After my tussle with the Columbia University authorities, everything went smoothly until January, 1931. Then a visitor from Ohio came to town. Years before, when I was still working for Joe Cantor, in Cleveland, I had met the daughter of a doctor practicing in a small Ohio town. We were close friends, and when she came to New York and we met again, we thought we were in love. I was twenty; she was a year or so younger. We were married.

IT WAS a mistake. A bad mistake. Luckily, it didn't take us long to discover it. Three months after our marriage we separated and arranged for a divorce.

I tried to settle back to work. It was hard at first. I'd been through an emotional upheaval, and it had left its mark. But music has always been the most important thing in my life, and now it came to my rescue. I worked hard and well—and with results. I played first saxophone and clarinet in different CBS orchestras,









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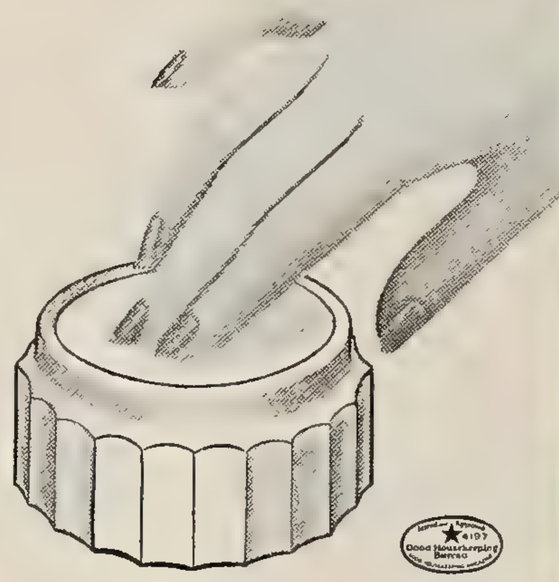
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accompanying such stars as Bing Crosby, Morton Downey, and the Mills Brothers, and before long was averaging $500 a week.

For a year and a half I went on, making money. Then, one morning, I pulled myself up with a jerk. I don't know exactly what happened—it was probably only the accumulation of a thousand thoughts and feelings. But I knew that music had become a business to me. It was a trade—no longer an art. It had stopped bringing me the unending enjoyment that had kept me going since I was fourteen. I had to stop it!

It was then 1933. I had saved $12,000. I decided I must get out of New York. Try to write, maybe. I'd always wanted to. But more important, no matter what else I did, I'd make an attempt to straighten myself out. Life had turned sour on me.

Out in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, ninety miles from New York, I bought a farm—an old house, far up in the hills, completely lacking every modern convenience.

Just before I left for the farm I married again. My second wife was a nurse. We loved each other then. There was no question about it. Together, we left for Bucks County.

I WAS there for a year. Not once did I touch my clarinet. I got all the music I needed by playing the piano. The rest of my time I spent trying to write a book and working. The work I did was pure manual labor—woodchopping, farm chores. Whenever money ran out, I'd get a job on the Pennsylvania road gangs and help make roads for three dollars a day. My only recreation was walking and thinking. I needed that last badly.

I read almost savagely from the large collection of books I had brought with me, lapping up every bit of knowledge I could get my hands on. But one evening I came across a technical term whose meaning I didn't know. I looked it up in the encyclopedia. I read the explanation twice—but couldn't make sense out of it. Then the realization came again that I didn't know enough. I tore up every word I'd written.

That was when I returned to New York and made my second assault on a university education—as fruitless an assault as the first. But it did accomplish one thing. It settled my mind and put me back to work.

I was happy. I didn't need much work to keep myself going, and I found enough when I was hired for two commercial radio programs. I made enough to live on, and had plenty of free time—all of which I spent at home, reading, writing, studying. My wife remained on the farm, for our relationship had changed. We understood, respected, and were fond of each other; but that element which had first drawn us together was gone. I had changed too much in that year on the farm—not for bad or for good, necessarily, but I was different from the person she'd married. Separation was the only logical step. We both wanted our freedom and got it.

May, three years ago, saw the beginning of a new life for me. It was then that the Swing Concert was held at Manhattan's Imperial Theater. Every name band in the country was to be there—Goodman, Casa Loma. Crosby, Dorsey. Joe Helbock, then

owner of the Onyx Club, asked me to appear. I had no band but I agreed

That Swing Concert was the beginning of my success, really. I had a few friends who were classical musicians. Once or twice a month I'd get together with four of them who had formed a string quartette as a hobby, and I'd play the clarinet against their strings. We used the works of Brahms and Mozart. When I signed up for the Swing Concert I asked them if they'd like to work with me. After they consented, I began work on a composition I called "Interlude in B Flat."

THE night we stepped on the Imperial stage reminded me of the evening when I woke with such skin-tightening fright on the rowboat and heard Johnny Cavallaro's band playing without me. I couldn't understand how we'd had the nerve to go in there, following fourteen and fifteen piece crews which had been blasting the roof off. But there we were—four nice soft string instruments, a guitar, a bass, a drum, and a clarinet, playing an original composition called "Interlude in B Flat"!

I know we were stunned when we heard the prolonged applause. And I was more surprised and flattered than I'd ever been when, a few minutes later, George Gershwin came backstage. I don't think I'll ever forget what he said to me: "That was the first original contribution to jazz music in the last fifteen years."

Next morning I began getting calls from bookers and agents, all offering the new "band" jobs—and the moon. We decided to go slowly, though, and it was August before we opened in the Hotel Lexington.

At the Lexington, with two violins, a 'cello, a viola, clarinet, two trumpets, trombone, tenor sax, drums, guitar, piano and string bass, we stayed six months, and when we left the official judges called us a flop. One cause more than any other was responsible: nobody knew what we were doing.

The band broke up, but I was completely sold on being a bandleader by this time, and I formed a new one. No instrumental tricks this time—just the legitimate fourteen pieces and my own clarinet. We started on a road tour to break the band in, hitting every kind of spot imaginable. Mining camps, farm communities, college towns. It was the toughest work I had ever done.

But that training welded us into a unit. Gruelling as it was, it was the making of Artie Shaw's orchestra. Those few musicians who didn't belong, left. Most of them stuck. They stuck because they had complete faith in the idea behind the orchestra.

I think we reached the up-trail in Boston, at the State Ballroom. The State is no swanky spot. Neither is it a dime-a-dance joint. But a dinner-jacket and a champagne cocktail would feel completely out of place there. Yet, after a week or so, we began to notice a difference in the dancers. From Cambridge, Harvard boys and their dates began to drift in. Week-end nights were collegiate affairs. Then broadcast wires were installed and we had a national network a couple of nights a week. And by fall we were ready for New York.

You know the rest of the story. In October, we came to New York and opened at the Hotel Lincoln. The reaction was what we had hoped and prayed for. The final touch came in November when we were signed for the Sunday night Old Gold program with Robert Benchley. We had arrived. Arrived not so much financially as professionally. We're no longer limited. The result of the experiment at the Hotel Lexington in 1936 had naturally made me hesitate before trying anything new. Yet I feel now we are in a position to do those things we want to do. For instance:

An ordinary dance number is limited to about three minutes. But several of the numbers we play are, I feel, more than dance tunes. A group of them can make a miniature swing concert—each taking from seven minutes up to play. That sort of thing had never been heard on the average sustaining dance broadcast. When we reached New York, we decided to try it. Judging from listener response, the idea was successful.

It may now even be possible to revive the string section idea. That's what having "arrived" means, I think. That's part of the peculiar psychology attached to success. My ideas may be no better now than they were two or three years ago, but my professional standing is better. It makes it possible to experiment successfully.

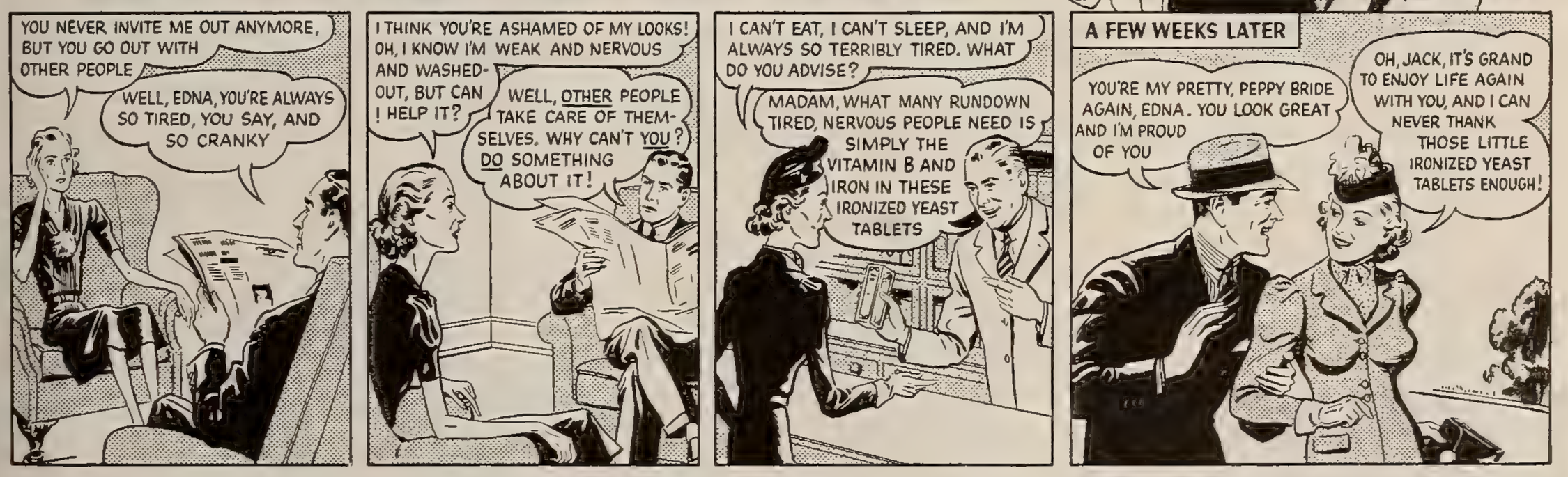
My feeling has always been that any American contribution to a world's music will come from "jazz" or "swing." Most music being played today is no further advanced than the work of Armstrong and Hines in the twenties. It's my job and the job of other conscientious and sincere musicians to carry it beyond that point.

THE END.

MY HUSBAND ALMOST LEFT ME_

I WAS SO SKINNY, TIRED AND CRANKY





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IMPORTANT
Beware of substitutes



Pretty Kitty Kelly

(*Continued from page 20*)

beginning of a revelation, silenced forever, by death.

"It's evident that Mrs. Megram was murdered so that she couldn't tell Kitty who she really is," the Inspector was saying. But she scarcely heard what he said. For with a little cry of "Michael!" she had burst into bitter sobs.

* * *

IT was good to get home to the apartment on 31st Street at last. Good to find Bunny curling her brunette mop over a gas jet, and whistling "Flat Foot Floogie," as she got ready to go out.

"I've got a date with Slim—at an Italian joint in the village. Ravioli up to here!" Bunny burst out gaily, but stopped short at the sight of Kitty's face.

"What's the matter, Kit? Nothing come of your confab with the Inspector?"

"No."

"Aw, gee, kid, that's too bad. And I had a hunch you were on the right trail at last." Bunny heaved a sympathetic sigh. "Well—sit down, and rest your dogs for a while. I'll get you some crackers and milk—"

"Thanks, Bunny—but sure and I don't feel like eating at all."

No. Tonight she wanted only to crawl into the little brass bed in the tiny bedroom she shared with Bunny. She wanted to forget all of the events of the day—Mrs. Megram's cold face in the morgue, the Inspector's questions—but especially that moment this evening, when she had invited Michael back to her apartment for dinner.

They had been riding downtown in the taxi, and she had noticed, even in the dusky twilight, the little look of embarrassment that came over his face.

"I'm sorry, Kitty. But I—I can't make it tonight. I have an engagement."

"With Isabel Andrews?" The stupid question had slipped out jealously before she knew it. And under a passing street light, she had seen his eyes evade her.

"Not—not exactly. It's with her grandfather. He's—he's made a proposition. Wants to set me up in a law-office, do some legal work for him. He's trying to put over some kind of important deal. It looks like my big chance at last. . . ."

"But Michael—I thought you were happy working in the District Attorney's office—"

She had hesitated for a moment, hating to sound so unenthusiastic, but remembering Mr. Andrews—white-haired, pompous, with the flashing manners, the smoothness of a born gambler. He and Michael would never get along.

But Michael had picked her up on it.

"There's no future there. Jog along for years on a small salary, waiting for an advancement. This Andrews thing is big. I'll have my own office, my own secretary, make my own decisions. . . ." He turned to her suddenly, struck perhaps by her silence, perhaps by his own conscience.

"What's the matter, Kit? Say—you're not jealous of Isabel Andrews! You know she doesn't mean a thing to me. I'm just having dinner with her and old A. J. for *our* sake—that's all."

"Of—of course, Michael—" She had tried to smile, tried to share his enthusiasm. But that laughter last night, that suppressed giggle on the train, had persisted in her mind. She had said goodbye to him, and come back to the apartment, with a heavy heart.

Michael! He had been her shield against the world for six long months. What would become of her, if he failed her now?

Bunny came back into the room, bearing a glass of milk.

"I was just talking to Yonson, the janitor, and he told me something that may interest you. It seems that while we were away Mrs. Megram was here to see you—and a funny looking big guy named Dr. Orbo—"

She listened listlessly, sipping the milk. Mrs. Megram. A funny looking man named Dr. Orbo. Clues. More futile, foolish clues. Perhaps tomorrow, when she was not so tired, she would be able to start the puzzle all over again. But tonight she could think only of one thing. Michael. Michael sitting down at a candle-lit table, smiling into Isabel Andrews' brown, compelling eyes.

Suddenly her reveries were shattered by the sharp sound of a buzzer. Slim, she thought to herself. Bunny's Slim, calling for his date. Then a familiar voice sounded in her ears, and she turned to stare up at six feet two of blond masculinity.

"Grant Thursday!"

He grinned at her obvious surprise.

OH, say now, I can't tell from that tone whether I'm welcome or not. It isn't glacial, and yet there's no warmth in it. After all—when I've trailed you all the way from Switzerland and New Hampshire—at least say you're not sorry to see me—!"

"Of course I'm not sorry. I'm—I'm glad!"

"That's better!" He was all attention, all eagerness to please. And in spite of herself, she could not help feeling a warmth at his nearness. He *was* handsome—not Michael's rough-hewn strong kind of handsomeness—but in a kind of careless, devil-may-care way that swept all opposition, all doubts before him. And his debonair style of speech, his gay laugh were very infectious.

She began to feel less miserable, less alone.

"Have dinner with me, Kitty—and make me the happiest man in New York" he cried, his gray eyes hungrily upon her, belying his foolish words. She drew back for a moment, a little frightened by his eagerness, remembering the strange circumstances under which they had met. Then once more, like a sharp stab of pain, the thought of Michael returned. Michael's face, smiling over a lace tablecloth at Isabel Andrews.

She pushed back her red-gold curls with a carefree gesture, and smiled into Grant Thursday's eyes.

"Why not?" she said softly. "Why not—?"

* * *

They went to the smartest restaurant in town. A French place, soft-

carpeted, old world, save for its shining, chromium bar. The head-waiter, a smiling Frenchman with a little waxed mustache, knew Grant at once. He bowed low, and led them to a table near the wall, snapping his fingers at the other waiters round about.

"Vite! Pour mademoiselle et monsieur—le mieux!"

IT WAS not until the thrilling little flurry of excitement had died down, that she looked up, and saw them standing at the bar, just beyond Grant's shoulder.

Michael—and—Isabel!

He was dressed in dinner clothes, his black hair sleek and shining. She had never seen him look so distinguished, so tall. And even in her hurt, her heart cried out to him with longing. She wanted to go to him, beg him to explain.

But he was raising his glass to Isabel, swaying a little.

"Grant!" She leaped to her feet, pushing back her chair. "I—I want to go home!"

"But, Kitty, my dear—we haven't even begun . . !"

"It doesn't matter! Please—Grant—I—" Her mind searched frantically for an excuse. Anything. Illness. A telephone call. Something she had forgotten.

All the people in the place were turning to look at her. And still she could find no words of explanation. Then at last the inevitable came. Michael turned and stared at her too.

"Kitty!"

She could feel his eyes upon her, Isabel too, turning to stare with supercilious, raised eyebrows. But she could think of nothing to do. So this was where they had gone. Not to A. J. Andrews' house at all. But out, on a secret rendezvous, together. While she could remain, forgotten and alone.

Michael left the bar, and came toward her. He was pale and shaky. She could see him weaving his way around the white tables, steadying himself on the backs of the chairs. He came and stood before her, and his voice was thick, uncertain.

"I'm—shorry, Kitty. Shorry. Please. Let me 'splain. 'Splain everything. Ishabel—she'll 'splain too. Please, Kitty. No. Don't go. Old Andrewsh—not home. Not home at all. Sit down, Kit. Pleash—'splain. Please—please—"

His lips trailed off in a string of meaningless words. He tried to grasp her arm, push her into a chair. But Grant stepped forward, and with one swift gesture, had jerked him away. Sick at heart, she saw his eyes, clouded and blue, staring at her with a puzzled look. Then she could stand it no longer.

"Please, Grant—take me home. Let's get out of here!"

"I've a good mind to sock him one before I go!" Grant hesitated. But she caught his arm, and urged him toward the door. Hurrying into her wrap, she saw Isabel Andrews sauntering slowly from the bar, and bending over Michael's slumped figure. Then she and Grant were in the dark taxi, and she was crying like a child against his shoulder.

* * *

They talked that night—Bunny and Slim, Grant and herself—far into the dawn. There was no real point, Grant said, in being sorry about Michael. After all, he insisted, she had only known Michael six months—in this new period of her life. He was a passing phase of her present existence. But there was still a vast, important life behind her—a life of mystery and darkness, that yet remained unknown.

She must concentrate on finding out about that life, he said. Find the place that Mrs. Megram's letter had said was "rightfully hers." It was foolish to go on, being plain Kitty Kelly, denying herself things that might be just around the corner. Things like travel, wealth, beautiful clothes, gay friends. But, he insisted, she must go about finding herself scientifically. This silly policeman stuff, these vague "clues" she had been following, were useless. She must go to a good psychiatrist, have him explore the recesses of her mind.

MICHAEL took Kitty to a doctor once," Bunny murmured. "He was a psychiatrist. But she never went back. Dr. Weyman—that was his name."

Grant raised his eyebrows.

"Good Lord Weyman's the best psychiatrist in New York! And you've never gone back! Kitty, darling—but you must!"

"He—he didn't seem to help me!" She sat on the sofa in the paling light of dawn, staring at her lap. What did it matter—a new life? No matter what it was, she did not want it, without Michael at her side.

"But, of course not, my dear. No psychiatrist can help a patient in one treatment. It's a long business—"

Gently, insistently, his debonair



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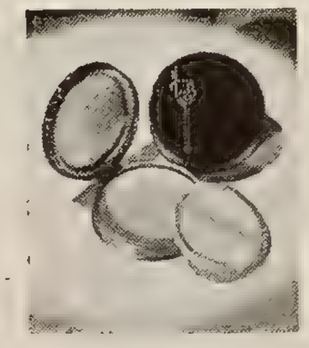
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manner gone, Grant persuaded her, as the gray morning crept across the sky. They all persuaded her—even Slim, whose hard-boiled reporter manner had disappeared out of sheer sympathy with her plight. She must go to Dr. Weyman tomorrow—begin her search for happiness anew.

And dully, she nodded her head, promised that she would go. But all the time, her heart was thinking. I'll give him one more chance. If he calls me up today, I won't go. I'll forgive him. I'll forget all about the old life, be contented with this one. We'll be married.

At six o'clock, Grant and Slim finally went home, and she and Bunny crept into bed for a few hours sleep. But she tossed back and forth beneath the blankets, waiting. Seven o'clock. Eight o'clock. Nine. She and Bunny were up and dressed, powdering their noses. By now, he should be home. Perhaps, if she called his housekeeper. Secretly, while Bunny was in the next room, she dialed the number.

"Mrs. Murger. This is Kitty Kelly. Is—Is Mr. Conway there?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Kelly, but he hasn't yet come home. . ."

TEN o'clock. And now she was pirouetting before the customers in Marks Fifth Avenue, in a French import with a silly little spring hat upon her red curls. Eleven o'clock. Twelve.

At twelve, she whispered an excuse to the buyer, and hurried out of the store, through the hurrying noon-day crowds toward the canyons of Park Avenue. Her face was set and determined. In ten minutes, she was sitting in Dr. Weyman's spacious office, waiting while his starched secretary whisked through the door.

"Will you come in, Miss Kelly?"

Dr. Weyman, a pleasant, middle-aged man, dressed in a plain, dark suit, greeted her with a handshake and a brisk, appraising smile.

"Oh yes, I remember you well, Miss Kelly. A most unusual case. In fact, I still have the card I made for you last year. Miss Schilling—" He buzzed a button on the mahogany desk. "Please bring in Miss Kelly's record—"

He bent over the square of cardboard, with its minute symbols and figures, as impersonally as though he were studying a cross-word puzzle, instead of a human being. But she was glad of his scientific detachment. One kind word, one note of sympathy, she thought, would have made her scream.

"Hm." He looked up at her, scrutinizing her closely. "Memory any better now?"

"No better, doctor."

"You can't remember anything that happened farther than a year back?"

"Not a thing."

"Hm." He paused, looking at the card once more. Then suddenly, a light dawned in his face, and he laid it back on the desk, with a low exclamation.

"Great Scott" he cried. "Why didn't I think of that before?" His professional reserve melted into boyish excitement. "Miss Kelly—this is most fortunate! It so happens that this week the International Institute of Psychiatrists is meeting here in New York. We have specialists in town from everywhere. And right in my laboratory here is a man who knows more about amnesia than anyone else in the world. His name is Dr. Orbo."

Dr. Orbo! But she had heard that name somewhere before. What? She tried to think, as Dr. Weyman's secretary came and went, and the seconds ticked off, and finally, footsteps, heavy and plodding came slowly down the hall.

Then the door opened, and she knew. A strange looking man, saturnine, with piercing eyes. Heavy, apelike shoulders. A peering expression. Dr. Orbo. The man Bunny had mentioned last night. The mysterious man who had come to see her.

"Dr. Orbo—this is Miss Kitty Kelly." Dr. Weyman said, introducing her. The massive head turned, the blinking eyes stared at her. Then, a strange look came over that weird face.

"But—I have met Miss Kelly before!" Dr. Orbo said slowly. His voice was low, with a kind of humming quality. He turned to Dr. Weyman.

"Quick!" he said. "Get me that copy of the British Medical Journal. The one with my article. Give it to me. Look. On page 723. The 15th experiment. The subject:- Miss K. Listen:- On January 15th I performed an experiment in artificial amnesia on a young woman. She was in good health, submitted easily. . . But it does not matter. You have read the experiment through. What matters is that Miss K of that experiment is this Miss Kelly I see before me!"

"Dr. Orbo!" Dr. Weyman scarcely breathed. "But is it possible? What a coincidence!"

ASK your patient to uncover her left shoulder. You will find the marks of my needles, my injections. . ."

Dr. Weyman came forward professionally. "Certainly. How *very* interesting. Now, Miss Kelly—if you will permit me?"

But Kitty drew herself away, and ran forward with a suffocated cry toward that weird figure.

"Doctor Orbo!" she cried. "Who am I?" Tell me who I really am?"

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JULY RADIO MIRROR

Surrender

(*Continued from page 14*)

coming— But of course they had to come; I couldn't very well stay if they didn't.

Then the telephone rang, with a husky, muted buzz.

Brad answered it—and as I listened I knew exactly what he would say. All the time, without wanting to, I'd expected something like this. It had all been too perfect.

HE HUNG up and returned to the fireside, his face grave. "That was Ray Tucker," he said. "Awfully apologetic, and all that, but they can't come after all. Edna's sick—they kept hoping all afternoon she'd be better so they could come, but finally they had to give up and decide to stay home."

"Oh—" I said weakly, my disappointment showing itself all too clearly in my voice.

"I'm terribly sorry, Nicky. If only I'd asked somebody else — another couple besides—"

"I'm sorry too," I said, trying to smile. "I—I guess I'll have to go back to town now."

"Yes, I suppose so." He stood there a moment, staring into the fire. "Well, that's that. Tell you what—there's no sense in wasting Mrs. Geraghty's good dinner. We'll eat, and then start out for New York."

He rang for Mrs. Geraghty, and soon we were sitting at a table which had been laid at the other end of the room. The dinner was delicious, but something had gone wrong — very much wrong. I didn't want to go back to New York. I hated the thought of the hot, stifling city. But I knew I couldn't stay here. It wasn't so much that I didn't trust Brad, as that I didn't entirely trust myself. Was I in love with him?—I didn't know. Jerry seemed very far away from this beautiful room, and very different from the sophisticated man at the other side of the table.

We lingered over dinner, each of us reluctant to meet the moment when we must start back. At last I could delay no longer. I got up and wandered over to the fireplace, warming my hands, which were suddenly cold and stiff. Brad followed. He was standing beside me—and just as before, I was aware of a tension in the air. But this time I was unable to move. I felt languorous, almost hypnotized by the flickering flames on the hearth, by the spell of the moment.

Then Brad's arms were around me, his breath on my cheek. I felt the blood throbbing in my temples. Instinctively my hands crept to his shoulders, and for one second of forgetfulness I gave myself to his embrace. For though Jerry had warned me against Brad, he hadn't thought to warn me against myself!

"Don't go back tonight," I heard him murmur. "Stay here—there's no reason you shouldn't—"

I came back to myself with a start. Still with his arms around me, I leaned back so I could see his face and search it with my eyes. "The week-end party—that's the little detail still to be arranged." Jerry's words came back to me. And so far, everything had happened the way he had suggested it would. I was terribly attracted to Brad—the moment that had just passed was proof of that. But how much could I trust him? The absence of the Tuckers, the lonely mountain lodge, Brad's plea for me to stay—all these were so pat. Had he arranged everything, and was surrender to him thinly disguised as accident, the price of my big opportunity on the Atlas Hour?

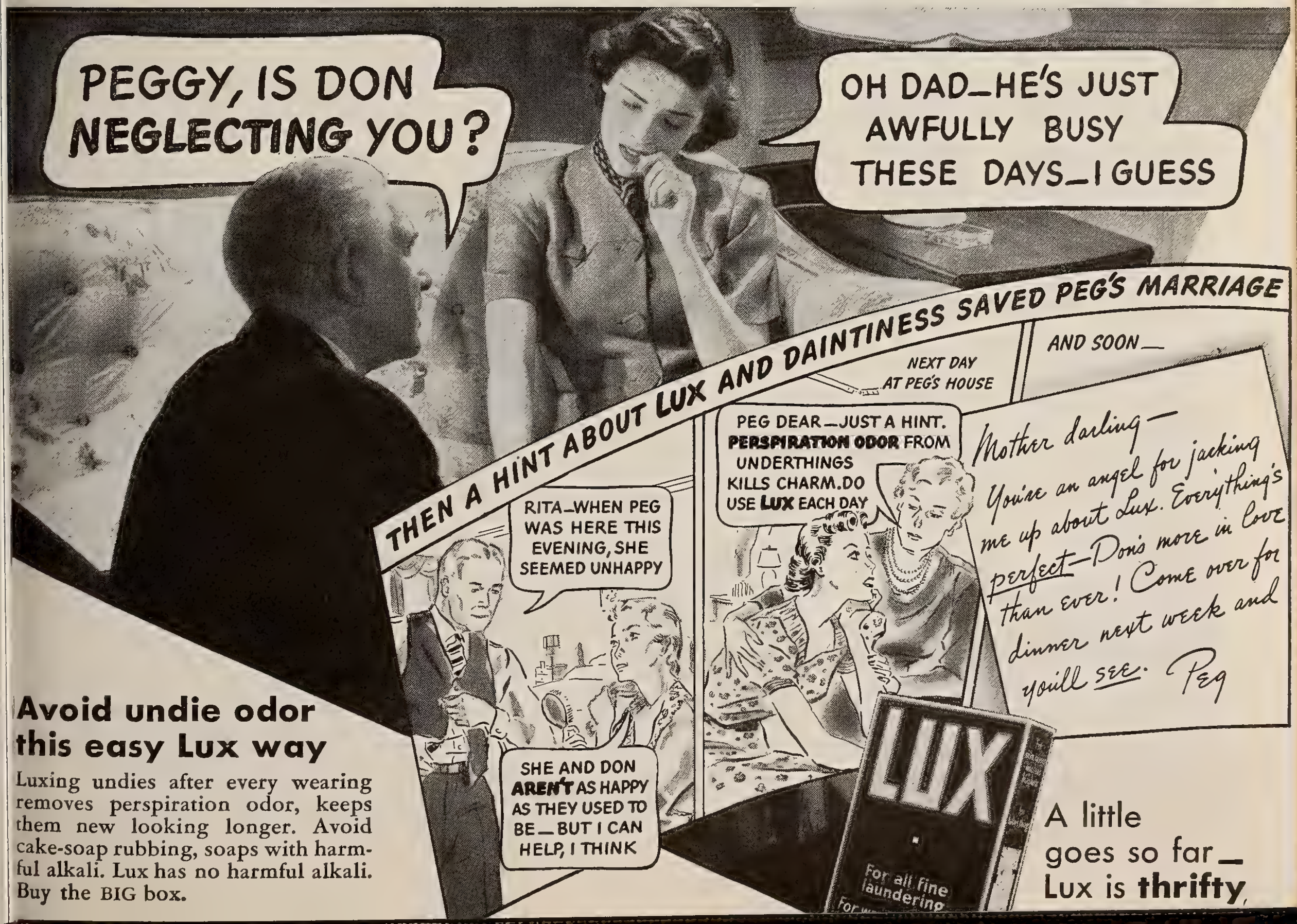
Well, perhaps so. But if it was, it was too great a price to pay.

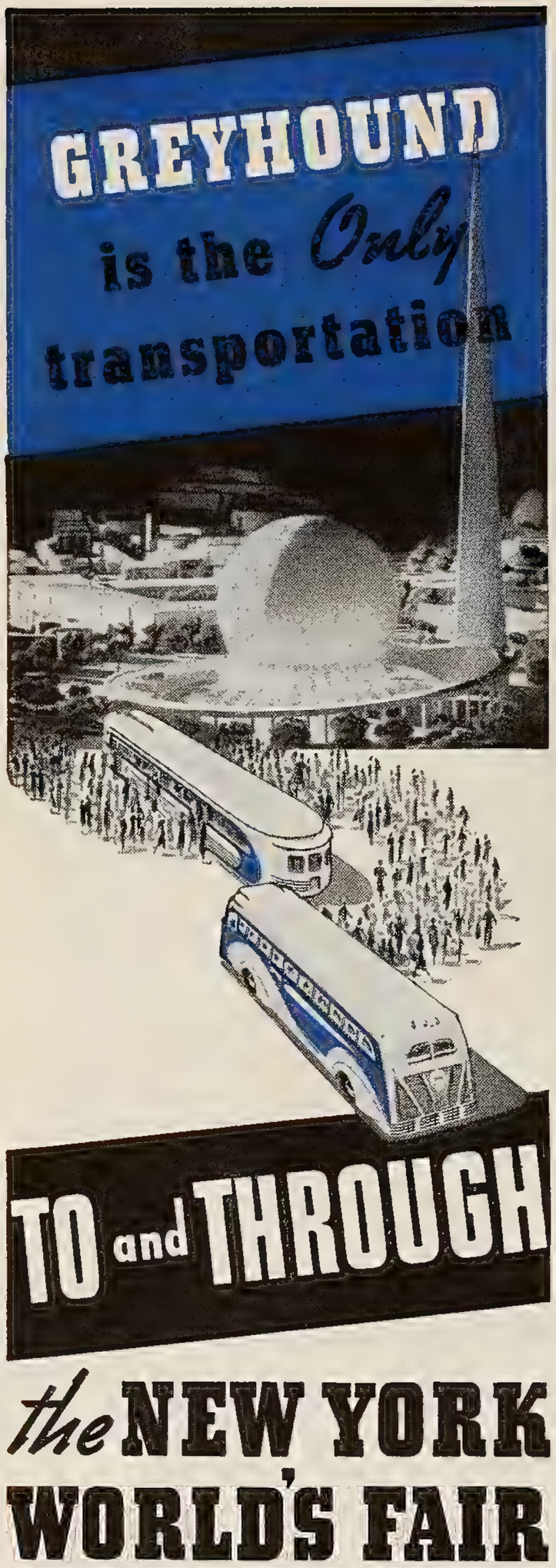
In little more than a second, all these thoughts had raced through my mind. Now I twisted in his grasp. "Please, Brad—you mustn't—"

He tried to hold me; in sudden panic, as I felt the force of his personality numbing my will, I tore myself loose and stood, panting with the exertion, on the other side of the fireplace.

"I'm sorry," he said curtly, and I realized he had misunderstood my vehemence—had thought I was repelled by him, instead of attracted so violently that I didn't dare remain near him.

NO, YOU don't understand," I said quickly—and then stopped. How could I explain; how could I tell him? "It's—it's just that I'm a girl who wants you to give her a job. If I let you—make love to me—I'd have the feeling that I was—buying the job that way."





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I saw the muscles of his jaw tighten. "But why should you think that?"

"Oh—I don't know—" I faltered—and then I realized I must know the truth. "Brad—did you plan all this? Did you ever invite the Tuckers up here at all?"

"What a wonderful reputation I must have," he said quietly. "No, Nicky, I did not plan it. I did invite the Tuckers, and that was Ray Tucker on the phone just now. But I'll tell you the truth. I was *glad* when I found out they weren't coming. I wanted us to be alone together. And I suppose—yes, somehow I have to tell you this—I suppose that I realized, and was using, the power my position as producer of the radio show gave me over you."

He turned away, fumbling for a cigarette in the box on the coffee table.

He broke the silence that followed: "I just want to tell you this—nothing that's happened makes the least difference about your job. I won't pretend that I haven't—well, mixed business and pleasure before now, but I never had any intention of doing that in your case. If you'd slapped my face—and perhaps I deserved it—I'd still have given you the contract. Because you've got a voice, and I want that voice on the show. Besides, I knew you weren't that kind of a girl. . . . And now I guess you'd like to start back to town."

I LAUGHED shakily. His utter frankness had thrown me once more off my guard, and I believed everything he had said. It no longer seemed terribly important that I get back to town, although I knew I must. "I suppose so," I said, "but I hate to think of you driving all that way and spoiling your week-end, just for me. Can't you put me on a train?"

"Of course not," he said, smiling. "It's my fault you have to go back. The least I can do is drive you there."

All at once, the atmosphere had cleared. We were friends again.

"Wait a minute," he said, as I turned toward the stairs. "I just thought—there's a swell little inn about five miles from here. What would you think about staying all night there? We could run down there now, as a matter of fact, and have a few dances before I leave you. And in the morning I'll drive down and bring you back in time for breakfast."

I hesitated. Truthfully, I didn't want to go home, and the prospect he held out was too alluring to refuse.

"All right," I said.

He held out his hand. "And we're friends?"

"Of course."

And we were, very good friends the rest of that evening and all the sun-drenched, wonderful day that followed. He stayed at the inn until about eleven, and we danced to the music of the small orchestra. Then he left me, and I slept for eight hours of oblivion in the cozy bedroom that was almost as pleasant as the one at the lodge. He was back, in the morning, to drive me up to the lodge for breakfast.

Not until late Sunday night, when we'd driven back to New York and the cream-colored roadster drew up in front of my rooming house, did either of us mention the scene after dinner.

"I've had a wonderful time," I said, holding out my hand to say good-by. "Really."

"In spite of last night?"

"I—I'm sorry about last night, too," I stammered. "Sorry I accused you of planning it all, I mean."

He had been smiling, but the smile faded from his face. "You needn't be," he said in a low voice. "As I told you, I'm capable of it—but not with a girl like you."

While I was trying to think of an answer, he straightened up and gave my hand a little pat. "Shall I see you at the office tomorrow? I'll have all the papers ready to sign. And maybe we can arrange that meeting with Ray Tucker then."

I said goodby to him at the door, watched him drive off down the street, and then went into the gloomy little hallway. It was almost midnight, and everyone should have been asleep, but I was surprised to see a light burning in the parlor. The next thing I knew, Jerry was standing in the doorway between the parlor and the hall, looking at me.

"Jerry!" I said in pleased astonishment, all the wonderful story of the week-end leaping to my lips. I wanted to tell him that everything was all right, that I had the job sewed up, that my big chance had come at last.

"What happened?" he asked hoarsely. The light was behind him, and I couldn't see his face, but his voice was strained and unnatural.

"Why, I—" I began.

"Were the Tuckers there?" He fired the question at me like shot from a gun.

"No—that is, they were supposed to be, but something happened and they couldn't—"

"Was anyone up there—besides you and Staley?"

The reaction from spending a perfect day, then coming home to this scene, was too much for me. "Stop talking to me like a district attorney!" I snapped. "If you must know, there *wasn't* anyone else there!"

"Well?" he snapped viciously.

WELL . . . nothing. Just that I sign my contract tomorrow. I spent last night in an inn, five miles from the lodge—but I don't expect you to believe that."

"You're right I don't believe it—knowing Staley!"

I felt tears springing to my eyes. His previous warnings, before I'd gone to the lodge, had been bad enough. But this assumption that I'd yielded to Brad, simply for the sake of a job, was so cruel that for a moment I could hardly speak.

"I wish you'd go away," I said, trying to keep from choking over the onrushing sobs. "I've told you the truth and if you won't believe it I don't want to talk to you any more."

He hesitated—then he seized his hat and brushed past me, out of the house.

I cried myself to sleep that night. Possibly I was tired and overwrought—perhaps too many emotions had been poured into me during the twenty-four hours I'd just lived through. I didn't love Jerry—I knew that now, although there had been times in the past when love had not seemed so far away for us. But even without love, it is a terrible wrench to find that your friend has left your side, exchanged his sympathy and understanding for hardness and cruelty.

I'd thought that success had no price—but now I saw that it had. I'd made sure of my big chance on the

air, but I'd lost a friendship that I valued.

I was thankful, during the next two weeks, that I was so busy. Not even Jerry's coldness could take the thrill out of the knowledge that at last I was going places. Contracts to sign, rehearsals to attend, new songs to learn, pictures to be taken, new people to meet, new clothes to be bought—all this while I was still doing my old program, from which I would not be free until the two weeks were up. I saw Brad every day, and Jerry on the three days a week when I broadcast. On the first day, I hoped fervently that he'd say something, ask my pardon. I was ready and eager, if he would make the first move, to forget the things he'd said. But he remained stiff and aloof.

Then, one night, he came to the broadcast white-faced and unsteady. He stumbled over the words of his announcement, while I listened to him in agony. It wasn't possible that I'd done this thing to him! In all our association, I'd never known him to take more than one drink—and here he was, so intoxicated he scarcely knew what he was doing. I put my hand on his arm, trying to steady him as he stood at the mike, but he turned on me with a look I can never forget, and shook me off. I sang very badly that night.

AT MY next broadcast, Jerry was missing. They had fired him.

I was frantic. It was only four days before my opening program on the Atlas Hour—but suddenly nothing seemed to matter except Jerry. Whatever his faults, I saw now, he had loved me enough to break up entirely when he thought I had given myself to another man. For the first time, I had a glimpse into his strange, repressed mind—so quiet and calm, usually, on the outside, so high-strung within. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't let him drift irresponsibly into poverty and degradation. I had to find him and somehow bring him to his senses.

He wasn't at his home. None of the people at the studio knew where he might be. I couldn't imagine where to locate him. And already I was due at Brad's office to go over some songs.

Unable to think of anything more to do, I got in a taxi and rode uptown to keep my appointment, hoping that I would be able to concentrate sufficiently to get through the evening's rehearsal. But Brad's keen eyes met me as I entered his office, and he knew at once something was wrong. Halfway through the first number, he stopped me.

"Come on, Nicky," he said. "What's the matter? I listened to your program tonight, and you sounded like the substitute soprano at a tank-town picnic. And now you can't even read music."

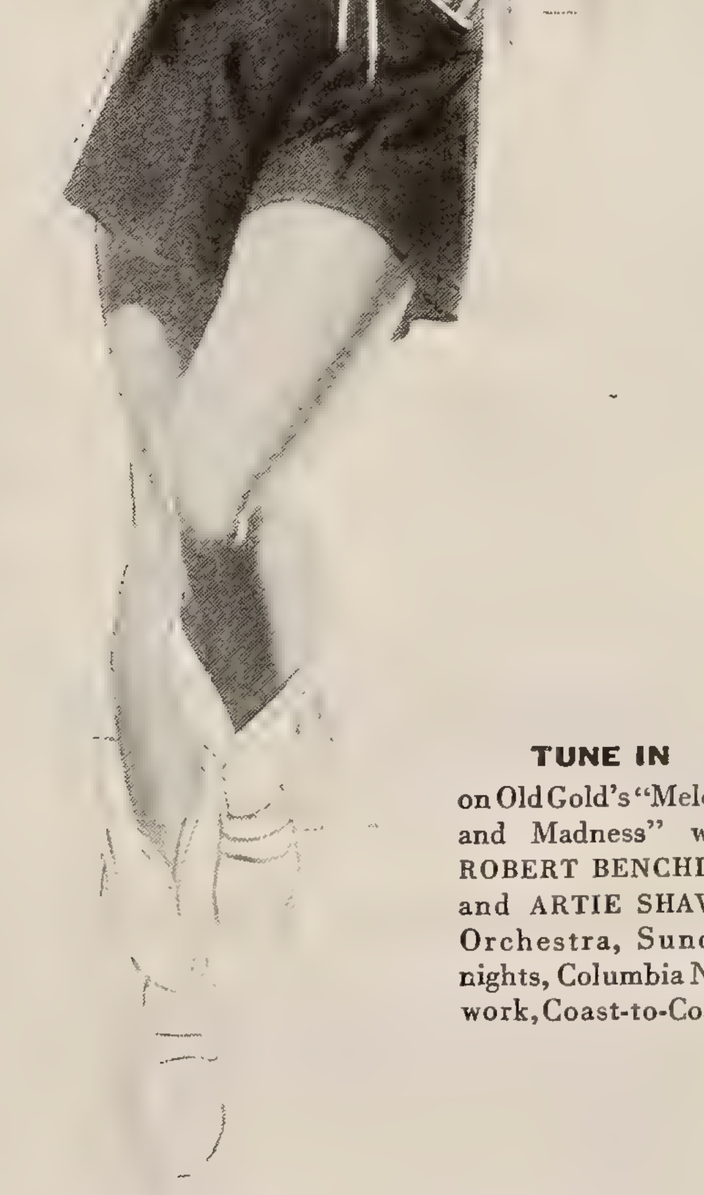
I broke down then, and told him the whole story—about my long friendship with Jerry, our conversation on the night before the week-end trip, our meeting on my return and what had happened since.

While I talked, Brad had sat at the piano, drawing strange lines and crosses on the margin of a musical score.

"I can't bear to have him think what he does about me," I finished. "He's ruining himself, and it's all my fault. I should have *made* him believe me!"

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"If a man ruins himself, it's usually his own fault," Brad said wearily. "All right, Nicky, I think I can probably find him for you. I know him slightly, as a matter of fact. So you run along home and stop worrying."

I didn't hear from Brad the rest of that night, nor until noon the next day. Then he called me up. "I've got your Jerry in my apartment," he said. "I think you'd better come up and see him."

"Is he—"

"Oh, he's all right. Just a little ashamed of himself."

I went right up to Brad's apartment on Central Park, and found both men waiting for me. Jerry was wearing a dressing gown that was so much too big for him I knew it must be Brad's. He looked tired and ill.

Brad excused himself as soon as I came in, and left us alone. For a moment there was silence. I don't think either of us knew what to say. Jerry spoke first.

"I'VE made a fool of myself, Nicky," he said humbly. "I'm sorry. Staley brought me home with him last night—I don't even know where he found me—and this morning he told me what really happened up at the lodge. I—well, all I can say is I'm sorry, and I said that before."

"I'm sorry too," I told him.

He seized my hand and began to talk very fast. "It was only because I loved you so much, Nicky. I couldn't tell you that before—I couldn't seem to find the words, or the right time and place. But I—I just went crazy when you told me you were going up to the lodge with Staley. I couldn't get you out of my mind that Saturday and Sunday — thinking about you, wondering what you were doing. I was crazy jealous. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes. I understand."

"And you forgive me?"

"Of course I forgive you."

His tired face lit up, and he pressed my hand harder between his own. "Nicky—darling—if I don't say it now I'll never dare to—won't you marry me?"

I shook my head. "No, Jerry."

His brows drew down over eyes that were suddenly darkly glowing with anger. "You're in love with Staley!" It was an accusation.

"Jealous again, Jerry?" I said gently. "If I am in love with Brad, that's my business. The point is, I don't love you. I'm tremendously fond of you, and I always will be. But I don't love you. I don't think I ever will now."

"Isn't there anything I can do—"

"You can't manufacture love, Jerry. I think I was on the verge of loving you, once, but you weren't willing to trust me. Now I guess there's nothing much either of us can do about it."

He got up and stood there a minute, looking forlorn and uncomfortable in his too-large dressing gown. "I'll send Brad in to see you," he said, and left the room.

A moment later Brad came in. His eyes sought mine questioningly.

"Nicky!" he demanded. "I've got to know. Do you love Jerry?"

"No."

"Thank heavens! I was afraid, for a while—"

I stood up, holding out a hand as if I could ward off the words I knew were on his lips.

"You know just about every bad thing there is to know about me, Nicky," he said earnestly. "You know I've played around—I've done as I liked, always. Maybe I'm that kind of a guy. But just the same—I'm asking you to marry me."

The longing to say yes struggled in my heart with the old fear of him. This man who always got what he wanted—could a real marriage be built, with him? Might there be a day when what he wanted—wasn't me?

HE SAW me hesitate, and rushed on: "It was a game I tried to play with you, that night at the lodge, but I'm not playing games any more. And last night, when I thought you were in love with somebody else, I knew I'd have to tell you soon—"

But I wasn't listening. My thoughts had flown back to the day, two weeks before, when he had stood beside me at the window in his lodge. Then I'd felt that he was consciously exerting all his power upon me, mentally willing me to surrender to him. Now all that was gone. This wasn't the Brad Staley I had known then. He was utterly different. In love and humility, he was surrendering to me.

I laid my hand on his arm. "Stop it, Brad," I said, smiling. "Of course I'll marry you."



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25 Years With Eddie

(*Continued from page* 15)

time, to people like my parents, the good substantial folk, an actor was a bum. They simply couldn't understand what I saw in Eddie. They thought I was crazy.

But he always made me laugh. And with his sense of humor there was mixed a priceless touch of pathos, the heritage of a clown. Eddie has a sensitivity and a feeling and a love for humanity that amounts to a religion. I can truthfully say that in all our years together I have never heard him utter one unkind word about anybody.

I think that big-hearted, human side of him developed during those early days when he learned, first hand, the meaning of struggle.

He knew my parents did not approve of him. Yet his actor blood ran too deep for anyone to change the course. Valiantly he tried to make good and impress my family.

I SHALL never forget when he got himself a job as singing waiter in a Coney Island café. He told me he was the manager of the place. So I, wanting to show my relatives that Eddie was really turning out to be somebody, took them all to the café. Eddie, seeing us enter, must have died a million mental deaths. But he was quick-witted enough to face any predicament. He merely tossed his apron aside and, throughout the evening, *acted* the part, transferring his orders to the other employees *and* the owner.

It took a comparatively short while for him to show my folks, because as soon as Eddie worked for Gus Edwards, he started making money. After he traveled with the Edwards act he sent me part of his salary to save for him. The day that salary reached one hundred dollars a week he asked me to marry him.

At this time Eddie landed an engagement in London. He planned taking me to Europe for our honeymoon.

My parents gave their consent. One hundred dollars a week plus a European honeymoon meant success, even if a man's business was in the theater.

So in 1914 we sailed, second class, on the Aquitania.

I've always been proud of what Eddie said about that trip: "It's all right to travel second class, when you travel with a first-class wife."

During the trip I faced reality, for Eddie's act, due to his partner, didn't work out so well, and we nearly went hungry. Now we laugh whenever we remember the day we counted pennies before venturing tea in an English restaurant. Spying a huge tray of French pastry, with a price tag on it, a price equivalent to our dime, Eddie gobbled six pieces, figuring that if he stuffed himself he could go without dinner, and ten cents seemed so cheap for all that cake. It was his mistake. When he paid the check he discovered the sign meant ten cents—apiece!

I could not help recalling that incident last summer, when, again, we were in England, only now my Eddie, who had known so well the meaning of want, worked, night after night, with all the concentrated power of his talents, energy and emotions, to collect money for refugees. And the boy, who once was obliged to eat pastry in



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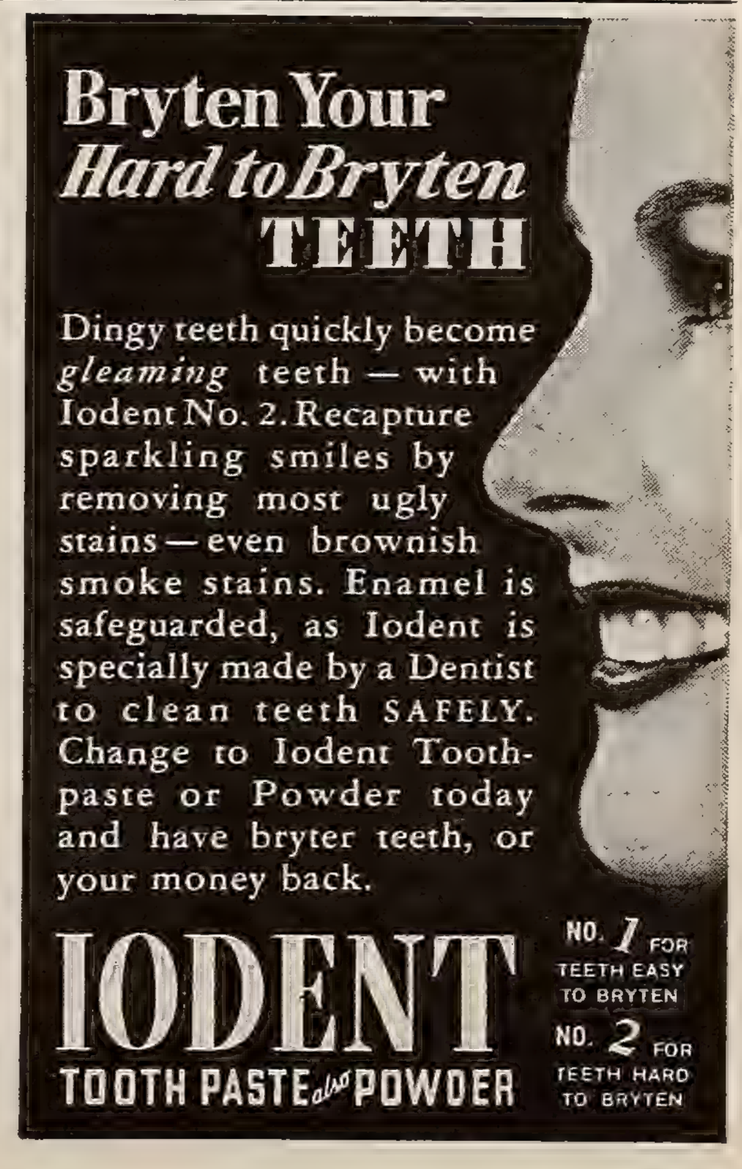
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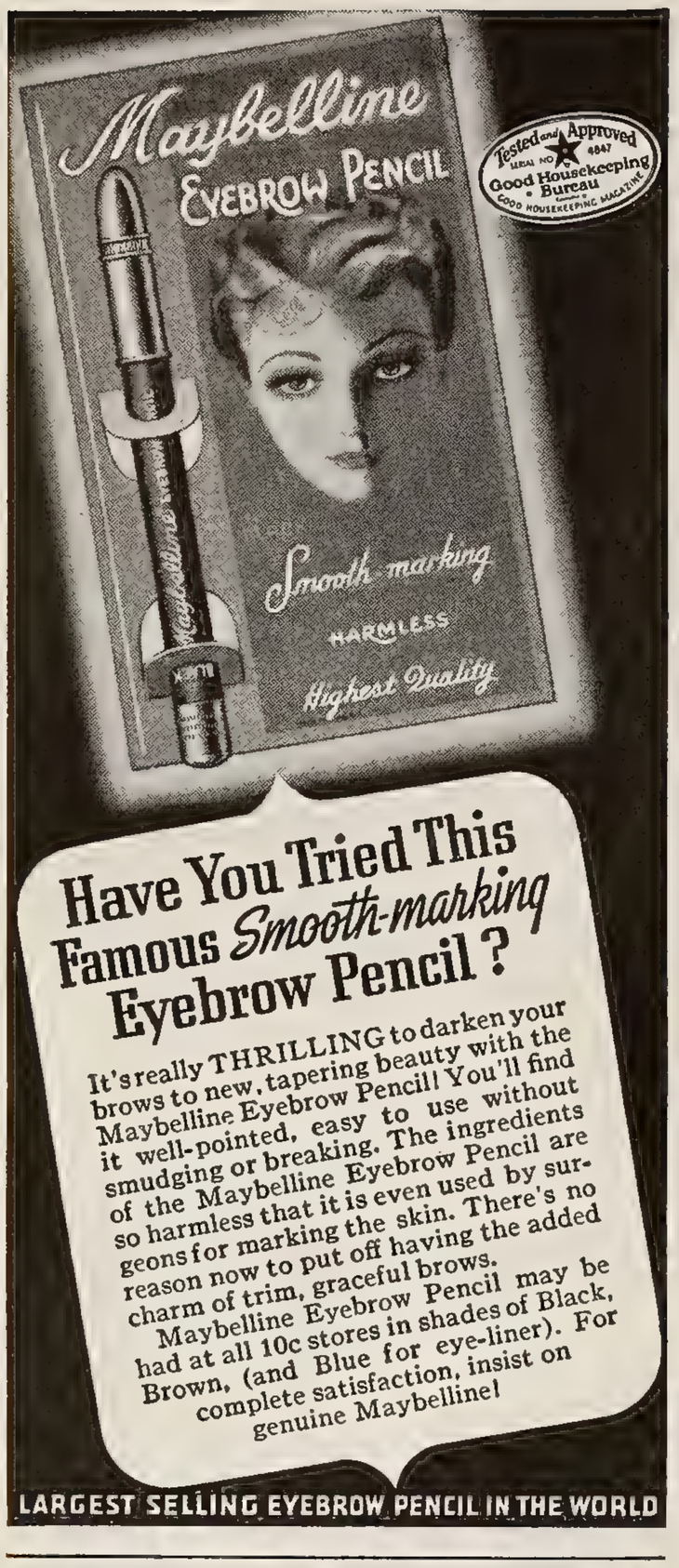


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order to fill himself, had become a man, who, within three weeks, collected a sum equal to five hundred and fifty thousand American dollars.

I thought of the incident again when we visited Ambassador Joseph Kennedy and his wife. The couples preceding us were announced, all imposing names, Lord and Lady This, the Duke and Duchess of That. When our turn came, imagine my embarrassment—Eddie whispered to the footman, who immediately bellowed, "Eddie and Ida!"

Ambassador and Mrs. Kennedy rushed forward to greet us and I suddenly realized what my given name has grown to mean. Eddie talks so much about Ida that it had achieved an identity of its own, an identity of which I was totally unconscious until that moment, and one other, drove it home to me.

The other occurred at a charity gathering when I was introduced to President Roosevelt's mother as "Mrs. Cantor," and she simply said, "So *you're* Ida."

BECAUSE this surprised me, my girls laugh, and say I'm naïve. But I have tried to stay out of the limelight. I never go backstage. I keep away from theatrical gossip. Before opening nights, when Eddie is nervous and jittery, I see that he takes a comfortable hotel suite so he can be alone and attain at least a measure of calmness. And I trained the children to be quiet.

The nervous disposition of Eddie's, so typical of the artist, affects his entire system. I am afraid it has made him into something of a hypochondriac. He is apt to go on diet spurts and then the whole family must go right with him. When our daughter Marilyn was quite little and we visited my relatives, she marveled, exclaiming over and over again, "What good food they have." At that time our branch, led by Eddie, was subsisting on sauerkraut juice!

However, I am jumping ahead. Returning from our honeymoon, we moved into a small apartment in the Bronx. I did the cooking. Eddie says this is what gave him the incentive to become a star. He says he knew he had to make enough money to be able to afford a cook because he never could have lived on my culinary efforts! He jokes like that, always. But it was twenty years ago that he first publicly told a joke about me. It happened by accident.

He went away for the week-end and I carelessly forgot to pack the long woolen drawers he loved to wear. Luck was against me, the weather turning very cold. Consequently, for two days and nights, Eddie shivered in a poorly heated country house. On Monday, when he got back to New York, I didn't see him, as I was spending the day with some friends from out-of-town. That evening, anxious to meet him, I went to the theater and sat out front. Eddie claims he senses when I'm in the audience and that, by my laugh, he can tell just where I'm sitting. So it was after I had laughed that I saw him stop short, walk straight to the footlights and calmly ask the audience what they thought of a woman who neglected to pack her husband's woolen drawers when zero meets his knees!

The audience loved this. They literally howled. The woolen drawers routine went right into the show, and from then on, Eddie made jokes about his family and the little incidents that are part of our everyday life. In fact, he says we'll never be divorced because I've been such a good act!

Frankly, I play up to his sense of humor. When Marilyn was born, Eddie happened to be on the road with "The Midnight Rounders." I wired him, "Another girl, excuse it, please!"

Eddie believes in disciplining by jokes. When Edna bought a sweepstakes ticket, Eddie, who hates gambling, never scolded. Instead, he cooked up a scheme, with a New York friend of his, to have her sent a telegram announcing she had won. Edna, all excitement, ran out and bought new clothes and presents for herself, her sisters and each of the servants. The final joke was really on Eddie, because her gifts were charged to his accounts. However, he let everyone keep their presents. We had a good laugh. And Edna was cured of any gambling tendencies.

Only once during our entire married life have I seen Eddie unable to wisecrack. That was in 1929 when the stock market took his life earnings. For three desperate weeks our house seemed hopeless, silent, barren, unnatural. Then one night, Eddie woke me, demanding I listen to a new joke. Until dawn we stayed up, while he dictated gag after gag. By the next evening he had written "Caught Short," which sold over two hundred thousand copies, starting him on his way toward recouping a fortune. But none of that mattered to me. I was content in the knowledge that Eddie was himself again. He had thought of a joke.

As a man he is difficult to describe. I have already written about his great heart. As to his mind, well, he never forgets a name or a face; he reads practically every magazine published, every story, every article, and what is more, he remembers them.

As a father, in spite of joking about that son, his love for his daughters is beautiful to watch. Always, he has been considerate, always careful never to play favorites, never to hurt anyone's feelings.

WE DID disagree over their education. Eddie won, but he is a graceful winner. I wanted all my girls to go to college. Eddie felt that, unless they wanted to study, this was foolish. So each daughter chooses her career.

When Janet, our youngest, was born, Eddie's hopes were so strong for a boy that he had planned to name him Michael, after his father. He compromised by giving Janet the middle name—of Hope.

If asked what he wished for them he would say that he wants each to find a nice husband, make a good wife—and be happy.

He teases me for feeling blue because, up until now, our house has been too small for such a large, growing family, and only last year we built a new one, with a bedroom for each daughter. Then Natalie and Edna were married. And I see two empty rooms. Mother-like, I sigh at the passing of time, and the growing up of our babies. But Eddie winks. He says never mind, because maybe there'll be a grandson—called Eddie Cantor.

And I laugh, as I always laugh at his jokes. Because that, of course, is the most important rule for a wife—to be an appreciative audience.



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Why Make Those Marriage Mistakes?

(*Continued from page* 23)

do us part," meant just that as we repeated it to one another.

You see, ours was not what Hollywood calls a "week-end" marriage. We had talked about it for a long time, and, as I told you, hurdled all the "ifs" and "maybes" before we took the final step.

I met David a long time ago—before my first marriage, as a matter of fact. He was a staff arranger at NBC in Chicago. I was a singer with a band. Both of us were looking for broader horizons. David was composing. His original modern pieces were being played every week, on the Roy Shields program, over NBC in Chicago. Although he was young and unknown, one of his numbers, a tone poem, "Shadows," was played at a concert in Grant Park. He had had Hollywood offers, but was considering them only because he felt more money would give him more freedom, more time for creative work. I, too, was Hollywood bound. My agents had booked me for a run in a night club there. If I clicked, they told me, I might get a movie chance.

Even then, when each of us was deeply engrossed in his own work, David and I were aware of one another. I remember when "Little Jackie" Heller introduced us. "This boy," I thought, "is really *nice*."

WE MET again in Hollywood. David was to do some of my arrangements for "The Big Broadcast of 1938." No one else has worked with me since. It was David who convinced me that I needn't be just a "comedy" singer.

"You have a real voice," he told me. "Use it. Sing it straight—*then* swing it. They'll like you in a new mood."

He worked out unusual harmonies for me, showed me that I had range, tone quality I'd never used. I've been singing steadily better since I've worked with David, and the credit is entirely his.

His composing, in which I have only an interested spectator's part, is done when I am at work elsewhere. He is working now on a rhapsody, "Ensenada Escapade." He plays part of it for me when we are alone together in the evenings. I think it is destined to be a great modern work.

I suppose we're like the postman on his day off, but much of our play time, too, is devoted to music. We have a wonderful radio-phonograph, and a library of records . . . we both love the moderns, Debussy, Stravinsky, De Falla. We plan whole concert programs in advance, then sit in front of the open fire and listen.

We spend most of our free time at home. I have occasional vacations from the studio, but we can't leave town because of David's work and my weekly radio broadcast. We go to occasional concerts, work on our music, and take long walks.

You see, we are still so much in love that it is more fun to be alone. Not only that, but too many good times, at parties and night clubs, is one of those mistakes I made before and don't intend to make again. Don't you make it either, whether yours is a career marriage or not. Have your

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, two great Hollywood stars. Happily married, have two children. Joan Blondell is said to originate this very fashionable hair-do. Her dress is black and green with jacket effect.



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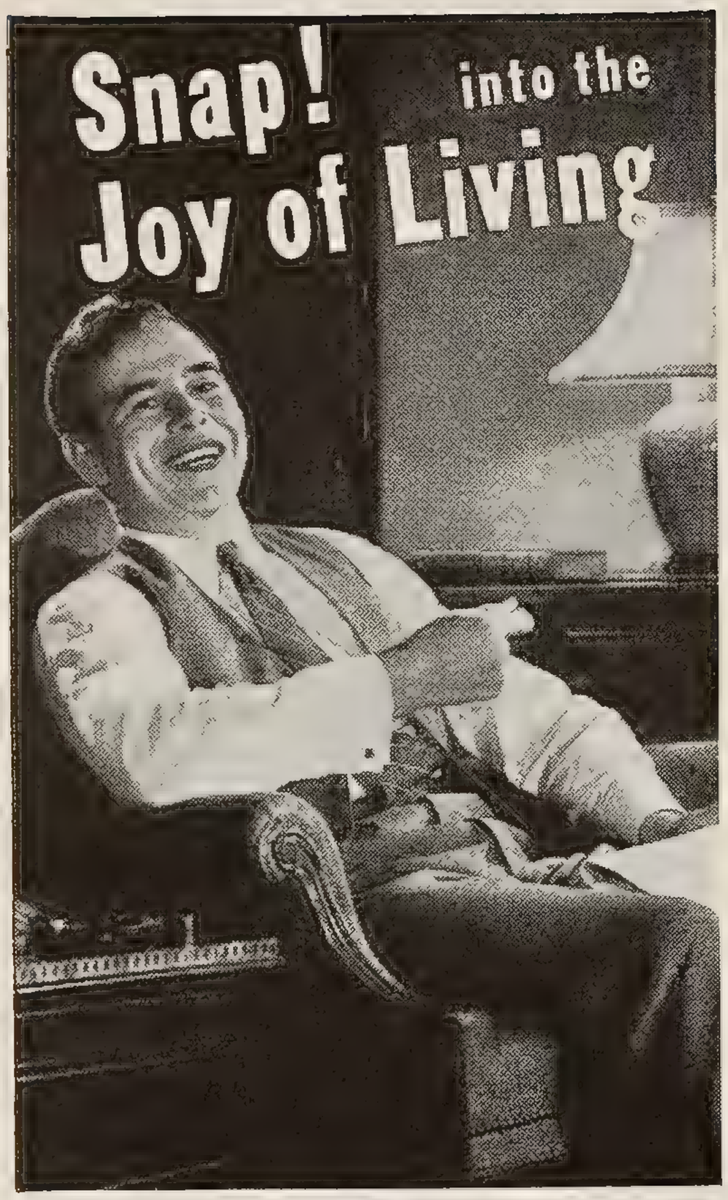
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"night out" once a week or so, and enjoy it to the utmost. Then it becomes a luxury, a special occasion. Parties and night clubs are like chocolate cake—wonderful now and then, but apt to cause indigestion if taken as a steady diet.

Always remember that love can't do without the simple, quiet hours together, and that no marriage can really prosper if a couple insists upon keeping up the rate of gayety that was so much fun during courtship.

We live alone. My family is in Hollywood, and so is David's. We see a lot of them. They come for dinner—we go to see them. But we know we must keep our home for ourselves. Mother and my step-father have the big, hilltop house I lived in before David and I were married. My brother, who is starting out on a career of his own, has his own apartment. So does my father. David's mother and father live quite close to us—they have been so kind to me, and I love them both—but they all feel that we must have our chance at life without the handicap of too many onlookers.

PRIVACY is essential if you are to make a marriage—any marriage—work.

My secretary works at the studio. David doesn't have to be bothered, ever, with business correspondence, or fan mail, interviews, or photograph appointments. Nor am I ever bothered with the smaller details of his business. The maid has instructions never to call us to the telephone for a business conversation when we have planned to spend an evening together. If the phone is too persistent, we have discovered a wonderfully effective way to shut it off without pulling the phone out of the wall, or even getting the phone company into a dither over line trouble by leaving the receiver off the hook. Just dial the first two digits of any phone number . . . your line is busy the rest of the evening. Only don't tell the phone company I mentioned it.

The phone is a nuisance, sometimes, but newspapers can be worse. When we were first married, we often fumed an entire day away because some columnist had "rumored" that "Martha Raye and David Rose are calling it a day" or some such blast. One newspaper man saw David having supper alone at the Brown Derby. I was working at the studio, it was the maid's night out. David thought it would be simpler to drop in at the Derby for dinner than to raid the icebox. So he said we had "pffftt!"

It's easy enough to shrug your shoulders at these items, to discuss phoning the erring reporter and then to agree to "skip it." But no matter how many times you "skip it," a new rumor always gets under the skin. If we could only talk back!

We've solved that problem, too, just like the telephone. We read magazines—we have to find out somehow what's going on in the world—and have cancelled all our newspaper subscriptions. The gossip hounds can make up whatever they like now: we're blissfully unaware of any of it.

There are other "problems," much thornier, really, which bother us much less. On the subject of finances, we have no disagreements. We worked out a budget plan before we were married, and so far have had no trouble with it.

David pays half of the household expenses, I pay half. He buys his clothes, I buy mine. Ditto for our automobiles, etc. We don't go in for much swank—have a simple house, two servants, each his own car. If I make a little more money than he does—it comes out even in the end because I have more personal obligations. A gal doesn't know how many relatives and old friends she has until she becomes a movie star—nor does she realize how much Uncle Sam depends upon her to keep Congress in session. But why worry? We live very well, we put a little money in the bank, and there are no arguments. The financial hurdle is easier in a career marriage, I think, than when just one partner is bringing home the pay-check.

We discourage "drop-in" guests. We love to have people at the house, but because our daily schedules are unpredictable in advance, we prefer to invite our families, and our friends, to visit us on specified occasions. The rare, unexpected evenings at home are greater blessings when we can spend them together, without interruptions.

I USED to have the idea that a bride should conduct a sort of perpetual open house. Most brides, proud of their new homes and their new husbands, probably feel that way too. But it's a mistake—another mistake. Have your friends when you're prepared for them, and when you can really enjoy their presence and devote all your thoughts to them—not when you've come home all tired out and looking forward to a quiet evening listening to the radio or just sitting and talking.

We have a few close friends. We see them as often as we can. But if I am in the midst of a picture, and David is up to his ears in work, we just hang the "Do Not Disturb" sign on the front door. At times like that, free time is too precious to share with others.

There's very little more to tell. We're working very hard, and living very happily, and we hope "for ever after." (You've no idea how hard it is to write with your fingers crossed.)

What Do You Want to Say?

(*Continued from page 3*)

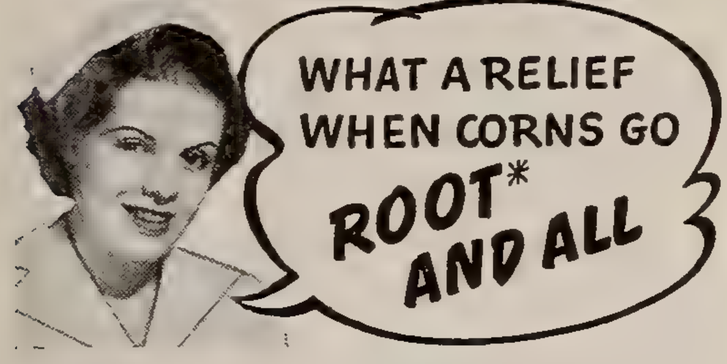
we laugh at a dummy, rather than at other people's religion or the shape of their noses. LILIAN MILOWSKY,
New York, N. Y.

THIRD PRIZE
THE REAL ACTORS VERSUS THE REEL ACTORS

I hope that Tyrone Power's recent removal from the radio by his motion picture bosses is the start of a general exodus of movie actors from the air.

Personally, I am a bit weary of hearing such a galaxy of movie stars as we now have on our programs. It seems to me that the majority of these actors use this medium to publicize and advertise themselves and their current pictures. They laud their pictures and praise their fellow-actors to

"UNCORK" YOUR CORN
THIS EASY WAY



CORNS are caused by pressure and friction. They go deep into your toe—press against sensitive nerves, often cause intense pain.

Don't suffer needlessly when it's so easy to remove corns. Just put a scientific Blue-Jay pad neatly over the corn. It relieves pain quickly by removing pressure. The special Blue-Jay medicated formula on the pad acts on the corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. You have glorious relief. Then simply by avoiding pressure and friction which caused your corns you can prevent their coming back!

If you suffer from corns follow the example of millions and get quick relief this easy way. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today—only 25¢ for 6.

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BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

"IS BABY TEETHING?"

Teething is a natural baby problem. Mothers need not worry when they have the right guidance. For only 10c, you can have the answers to "Teething Problems" in the U. S. Government's 138-page baby book of knowledge, "Infant Care", prepared by five of America's leading child specialists.

SEND 10c. (Wrap Coins Securely)

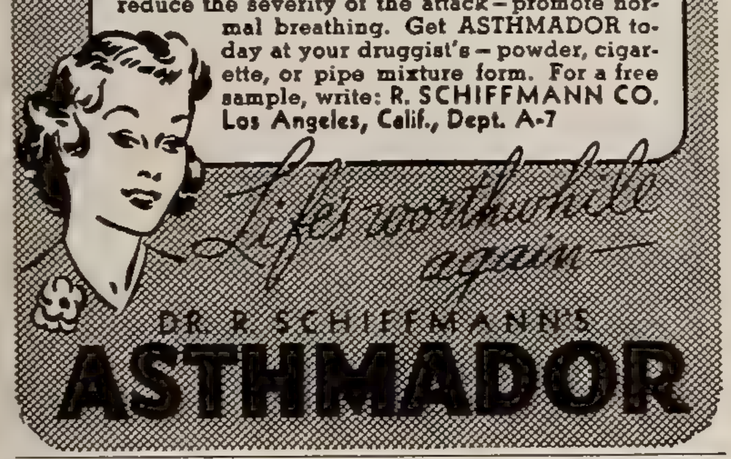
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RADIO MIRROR

205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

WHAT WOULDN'T YOU GIVE to live a more normal life—unaffected by asthmatic attacks? You can live more happily, more comfortably—in spite of your affliction—if you have Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR handy. Its aromatic fumes reduce the severity of the attack—promote normal breathing. Get ASTHMADOR today at your druggist's—powder, cigarette, or pipe mixture form. For a free sample, write: R. SCHIFFMANN CO. Los Angeles, Calif., Dept. A-7





YOUR CHOICE of MAN'S curved, shockproof, or LADY'S 1939 jeweled wrist watch with every ring ordered **NOW** and **paid for within one year** on our new easy two $2 payment plan! (total only $4). The watch comes to you as a **GIFT** . . . It does not cost you one cent extra! Wear 10 days on approval! Mail postcard NOW! **Send No Money** with Order.

WE TRUST YOU. We ship AT ONCE. No references needed. No red tape . . . Your order shipped SAME DAY RETURN MAIL.



Simulated diamonds set in Lifetime Sterling Silver Decorated in Rich 1/30, 14K Gold.

Gold Standard Watch Co. Dept. K-386 Newton, Mass.

high-heaven. This doesn't make good entertainment.

The radio needs something new, and I'm of the opinion that using more of the abundant talent it has in its own field, is the answer.

There are REEL actors and there are REAL actors. Let's keep them in their places!

MRS. M. WILLIAMSON,
Memphis, Tenn.

FOURTH PRIZE
AM I BURNED UP!

So, swing belongs with the riff-raff? Well, what's it doing on the radio?

Never yet have I turned on the radio when swing music was all that met my ears.

Everyone has his favorite form of radio entertainment. If you don't like swing, don't listen to it! Tune in on your beloved classics, serials, drama and comedy, and let us enjoy our swing.

Has everyone completely forgotten that there is still a younger generation, with its own ideas? Well, our idea is to dance, laugh, be gay and swing it!

Orchids to the jitterbugs and a toast to swing!

RUTH GOLDTHWAITE,
Allegany, New York

FIFTH PRIZE
THERE'S ALWAYS AN ALTERNATIVE

I bemoan the missing of Bette Davis' "Alter Ego" broadcast. I'll bet it was a "hummer"—if I know my Bette Davis.

At least I have the consolation of not missing the story itself—thanks to RADIO MIRROR.

"Her Other Self" was just the sort of story I enjoy most, something out of the ordinary, not kiss and live happily forever after.

When one gets through reading a gripping story like that, it makes one pause—maybe there is something in this mystical Joan-Carmen matter!

Who knows? Can us poor mortals say yes or no?

TOMOTHY F. DONOVAN,
Lewiston, Maine

SIXTH PRIZE
IS SHE A SOUR PUSS?

Hello there! Just how do you feel about the new program "The Circle?" Somehow I just haven't felt as though I were a member of it as yet. For the money invested, results are weak. Anyway, I haven't gone out to buy cornflakes in payment for my pleasure.

Does anyone agree with me or is my "puss sour?" MRS. L. V. S.,
Monroe, Wis.

SEVENTH PRIZE
THAT "SWING" IS HERE AGAIN!

I've read complaints in your column about the swinging of classics but not a word against the swinging of Negro Spirituals.

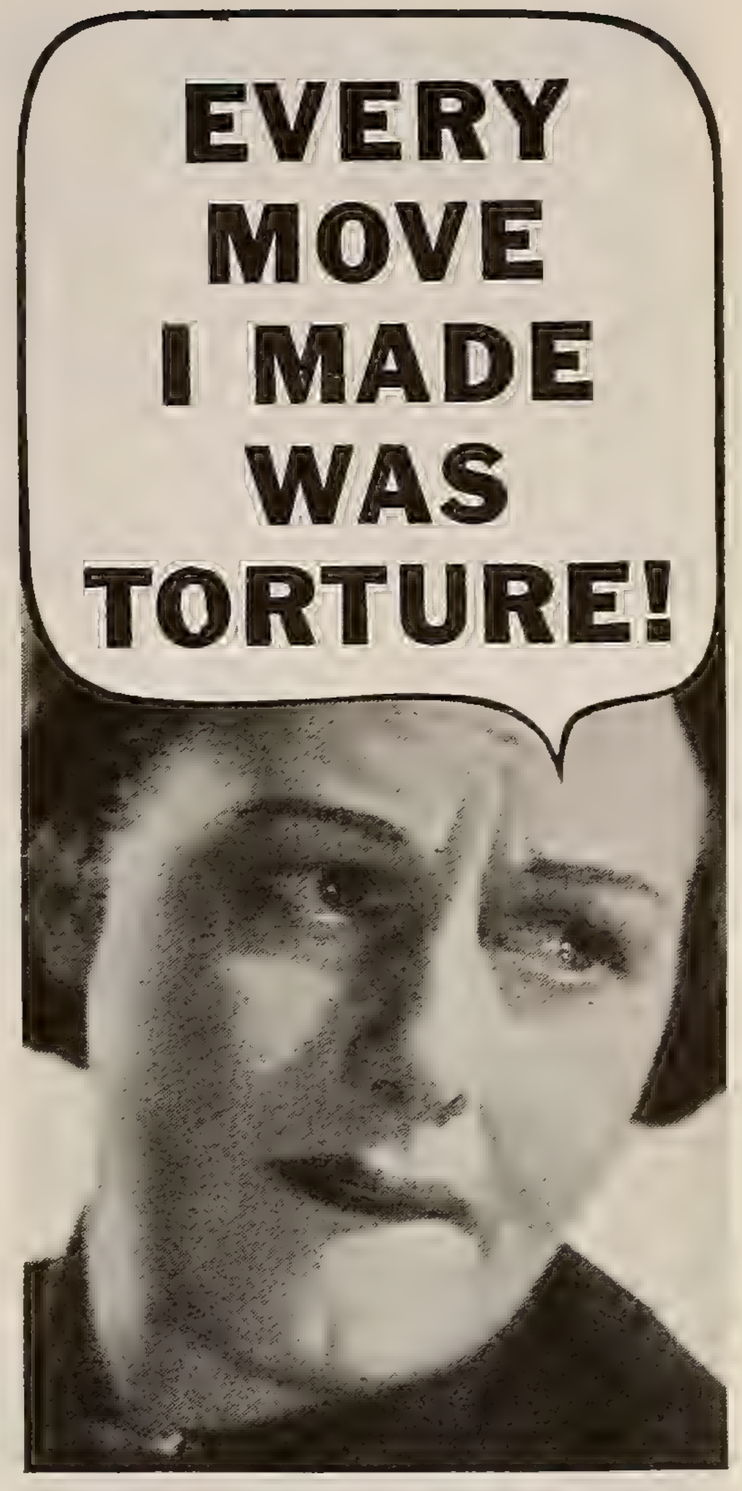
These songs are sacred and it makes my blood boil when I hear an orchestra beating out "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and other spirituals.

And now they've gone to the Bible for material to write swing songs. This seems like mockery to me.

I like the right kind of swing music but I believe in placing God and all things sacred on the highest level.

MRS. MARGARET POWELL,
McDonald, Pa.

EVERY MOVE I MADE WAS TORTURE!



I Couldn't Stand, Sit or Walk In Comfort!

Pity the person who suffers from Piles—even simple Piles! He or she really knows what suffering is!

Simple Piles are a real affliction. Their pain is torturous, their itching maddening and embarrassing.

More than a torment, simple Piles are a drain on your health. They tax nerves and strength and make you look and feel years older than you are. Almost every person who has Piles—even simple Piles—shows it on his or her face.

TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment.

Pazo is a real preparation for the alleviation of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is the only thing that ever gave them any relief from the distress of simple Piles.

SEVERAL EFFECTS

Pazo does a good job for several reasons. First, it *soothes* simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it *lubricates* the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easy. Third, it tends to *shrink* or *reduce* the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo!

Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum makes application neat, easy and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

TRY IT FREE!

Give Pazo a trial and see the relief it affords in many cases of simple Piles. Get Pazo at any drug store or write for a free trial tube. A liberal trial tube will be sent you postpaid and free upon request.

Just mail the coupon or a postcard today.

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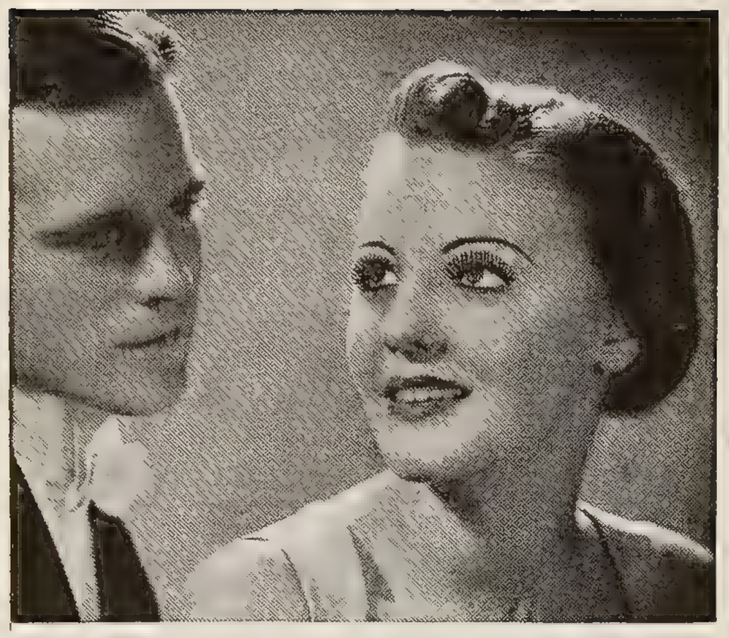
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For Romantic Eyes

get WINX mascara!

Eyes of mystery and allure ... eyes that look larger, brighter...*yours* with WINX! This *finer* mascara *clings* closely, makes lashes seem *naturally* longer...dark and silky. Be sure to ask for WINX mascara ... *today!*



Scientific laboratory tests prove WINX mascara is amazingly *fine in texture.*

Approved by Good Housekeeping. Get WINX Mascara, Eye Shadow, and Eyebrow Pencil at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

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THE FINER QUALITY MASCARA

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NOW! *Beautiful* **NAILS**

AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

So natural they even have *half-moons.*

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.



NU-NAILS *ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS*

4042 W. Lake St., Dept. 16-F, Chicago

Is your skin at the "CRITICAL AGE"?



Sometime between 20 and 40 a woman's skin starts to look old. Then—more than any other time—you need Ambrosia's gentle, stimulating help.

Ambrosia promotes skin health by cleaning thoroughly yet safely. Contains no grease, no clogging wax, no drying alkali. Helps fight blackheads. Will not clog, stretch or enlarge the pores. For a glamour-smooth skin, start using Ambrosia today. At drug, dept. and 10-cent stores.

For generous trial size send 10c to AMBROSIA, Dept. R-6, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

AMBRŌSIA

THE PORE-DEEP LIQUID CLEANSER

That's My Baby!

(*Continued from page* 36)

But Marge spoke too late. Johnny had already "started" something. There was a little "pop" as Cokey's fist met Johnny's chin, and then a soft thud as Johnny hit the floor. Once more Cokey looked as if he would cry.

"I didn't want to do it. He made me."

Ace sat up. "I'll move over and make room for Johnny."

"Johnny . . . oh dear," Jane exclaimed. "Look at him, he's so quiet."

"That's a pleasant change." Ace got up painfully. "Did I go down like that?"

"Just about," Marge replied, returning with another glass of water.

Johnny came around slowly, and after a few moments he regained his composure and jumped up. "Say, we're rich!"

"Rich? . . . What . . .?"

"Why it's a natural. I'm his manager, I tell you. I earned it just now. What a fighter he'd make!"

"Wait a minute," Ace demanded, "I did a little earning myself before you came in here. If anybody's going to be his manager . . ."

"What a right!" Johnny exclaimed again. "I'm cutting myself in, do you understand?"

"He's mine!" Ace shouted, "I'm his *father!*"

"Okay," Johnny conceded, "we'll be partners, you and me. We've got a gold mine here."

IT'S strange what rapid changes can be made in the Ace household without anyone noticing that a change was even contemplated. By the end of the week, Cokey and his fistic career had become a vital cornerstone in the Ace family existence. Jane was sitting over in a corner after dinner, sewing a pair of trunks for Cokey to fight in. She was singing too.

"Rock-a-bye baby, in the tree top, when the wind blows . . ."

"Jane, will you stop that unearthly noise?"

"When the wind blows . . ." Jane, not having heard Ace's request, looked up questioningly. "When the wind blows he'll be awfully cold in just these trunks. Do you think I should make him a bathrobe too?"

"Oh, I don't care. Only hurry with those trunks. You want to have them ready for his first fight."

Monday night at the Coliseum found everyone in Cokey's dressing room except Marge, who was holding seats at the ringside. Johnny was giving instructions, and jabbering excitedly about fighting for the championship, and all the money they would make. Ace wasn't carried away by championship dreams, but since he had bet fifty dollars on the fight, he was excited about the easy money he was going to make.

"Now Cokey," Johnny continued instructing, "remember to watch out for this fellow's right. I hear it's dynamite, and if he ever hits you on the button with that . . ."

"Huh?" Jane asked.

"I said, if he gets hit on the button, he'll be knocked out."

"He will?"

"Oh Johnny," Ace said, "don't waste time talking to her. I'm nervous enough as it is is. What's the name of this palooka we're fighting, anyway?"

"Kid Jones," Johnny answered. "By the way, let's take a look at him. He's in the next dressing room."

As the door closed behind them, Jane went over to Cokey. "Did you hear what they said?"

"Huh?"

"Oh, I made a big mistake, but thank heavens it isn't too late. Here, let me fix you."

"Hey," Cokey protested, "what'cha doing?"

"There," Jane straightened up. "Now it's fixed."

A few minutes later Ace and Johnny returned. "All right, Cokey," Johnny exclaimed, "we're on."

Jane jumped up. "Okay, I'll give the pep talk."

"Jane, this isn't a movie."

"Well, it's a fight, and you have to talk real peppy to them to make them want to win. And I know how. Now Cokey, you want to be sure to win and remember we're all for you and you're all of us. And don't take no for an answer."

"And don't take. . . . Isn't that awful?" Ace demanded.

"Yeah. Come on, Cokey." Johnny took Cokey by the arm and they started up the ramps toward the stadium.

BUT at the entrance, Jane suddenly stopped. "Oh, dear, I forgot my purse. Its on the chair in the dressing room."

She started back toward Cokey's dressing room, but of course she got the wrong number at first, and was nearly embarrassed to tears. But after a few minor delays, she recovered her purse and started back.

At the entrance she bumped into Ace and Johnny, coming back! Cokey was being carried between them.

"But . . . what happened?"

"One punch" Ace bellowed. "The shortest fight in history."

"Yeah," Johnny moaned, "there went our chance at the title, and everything. Cokey didn't even put up his hands. Just walked out and let the guy hit him on the button."

"He did not," Jane retorted as they dragged Cokey back into the dressing room and laid him out on a table. Ace grunted.

"Oh Jane, be quiet. You weren't even there."

"It was over before I could get back."

"I can't understand it," Ace turned back to Johnny. He kept fooling with his trunks, and took it right on the button."

"He did not!" Jane exclaimed. "I took the button off there."

"Will you stop interrupting while . . . what button?"

"The button I sewed on his pants to keep them up. I ripped it off when you said, if he got hit on the button . . ."

"You tore off the button that . . ."

"So that's why he couldn't raise his hands!" Johnny exclaimed, "His pants would have fallen down."

Ace sat down heavily. "If this isn't the most ridiculous thing I ever heard . . ."

(Yes, but when Ace made that crack, he undoubtedly didn't know about the present adventures the "Easy Aces" are now having on the air. Be sure to tune in every Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday over the Blue Network of NBC.)

BABY COMING?



See your doctor regularly. Ask him about breast-shape Hygeia Nipples and wide-mouth Hygeia Bottles. Valve inside nipple aids in preventing collapse. Tab helps to keep nipple germ-free. Smooth, rounded inner surface and wide mouth make cleaning bottle easy.

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BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN

HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

PSORIASIS That dreadful skin disease many suffer with for years thinking their trouble to be **ECZEMA** and treating without results.
Send for this VALUABLE INFORMATION at once. Free.
DR. D. R. PARSONS
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Hair OFF
Face Lips Chin Arms Legs

Happy! I had ugly hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many different products . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 10-B. Chicago.

Let* Nadinola *help you
Clear Your Skin
of freckles, ugly surface pimples-Enjoy new beauty



Nadinola Cream quickly starts you toward a fresher, smoother, softer, more alluring complexion—the kind that men admire and women envy. That's because, unlike most creams, Nadinola speeds up the natural process of exfoliation. Its gentle action helps to clear and whiten dark, dull, rough skin—to fade away freckles, loosen blackheads, clear up surface pimples and other externally caused blemishes. Used and praised for 40 years by thousands of women. Only 50c at your drug or toilet counter. Satisfactory results guaranteed or your money back. Get famous, quick-acting Nadinola Cream today!

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Or, if you prefer, write about the product advertised. Have you had any experience with it, favorable or unfavorable . . . tell us that. You can praise or criticize, it makes no difference as long as you believe it helpful, as long as it will help the advertiser to write a better advertisement or make a better product.

Leaf through the pages now, examine our advertisements carefully and then write us a letter in your own words. Fancy composition not important. The Macfadden Women's Group* will pay $2.00 for each contribution accepted.

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Latin Lover on the Air

(*Continued from page 33*)

—before even the honors that it might bring. And second, he is sensitive and considerate about the people he works with.

I noticed this again when he rushed into the rehearsal studio and grabbed a script to get to work. He went around to every small radio bit player and greeted each separately, taking each one's hand and chatting a moment. A small thing, that, but revealing. Most Hollywood stars I know would have ignored them.

In a way, it was this very consideration, this latin courtesy that gave Boyer his first big break in Hollywood.

Four years ago he was packed and ready to hop the train from Hollywood, with his steamship tickets to France in his wallet when a telephone call came to him from New York. A man he didn't know named Walter Wanger said he'd appreciate it if Boyer would stay over in Hollywood until he arrived, as he was rushing out to talk to him.

AT that point Charles Boyer didn't want to talk to anybody about anything connected with Hollywood. He had just ended his third heartbreaking try at American pictures and it had been anything but a charm.

The first time he had been imported for French versions at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which studio promptly stopped making French versions when Boyer arrived. The second time his MGM career consisted of playing Jean Harlow's chauffeur in "Red Headed Woman"—a tiny silent bit—and Boyer the most dramatic actor in France! The third time had just ended disastrously with a picture called "Caravan" at Fox studios, and the less said about it the better. After that, he had ripped up his Fox contract and sworn off Hollywood for keeps.

But a man was crossing the continent just to see him—and—well, he couldn't be rude. So he changed his reservations. Meanwhile Walter Wanger, the producer, had taken in a ship's movie *en voyage* from Europe to New York. The picture was a French one, "La Bataille", and the star was Charles Boyer. Wanger, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne and a few other passengers who should have known, agreed he was terrific. Hence Wanger's wire—and hence, too, "Private Worlds" and Boyer's Hollywood "discovery" a little later. It pays to be courteous and considerate.

The thing that still baffles the old radio hands around NBC is how Charles Boyer caught on to his job so quickly.

Besides one or two guest spots with Louella Parsons on the old Hollywood Hotel, Charles Boyer had never breathed his fiery charm into the business end of a mike until Tyrone Power left the Woodbury show last year on vacation. He didn't know a cue from a station break.

But when he left the air after his pinch-hitting, anxious ladies swamped him with letters. The collective wails explained that a catastrophe had befallen American womanhood which could be righted only by Charles Boyer's radio return.

So when Darryl Zanuck eased Tyrone Power off the air in the recent

New! Different!
PARK & TILFORD
Perfumed Deodorant

EASY TO USE
NOT GREASY
NOT MESSY
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Body Odors Disappear
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Amazing!—this new Park & Tilford *Perfumed* Deodorant. It not only prevents body odors—it does even *more*. A delightful perfume fragrance remains! Protects you for a full day—and it's safe even after shaving. 25¢ size at any dept. store, 10¢ size at ten-cent stores. Try this different, *double-acting* deodorant *today!*

PARK & TILFORD, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City
Fine Perfumes for Half a Century

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Size 8 x 10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any *part* of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

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SEND NO MONEY Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 47c plus postage—or send 49c with order and we pay postage. **Big 16x20-inch enlargement** sent C. O. D. 78c plus postage or send 80c and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

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NO DULL, DRAB HAIR
after using this amazing
4 PURPOSE RINSE

In one, simple, quick operation, Lovalon the 4 purpose rinse, does all these 4 important things to your hair. **1.** Gives lustrous highlights. **2.** Rinses away shampoo film. **3.** Tints the hair as it rinses. **4.** Helps keep hair neatly in place. Lovalon does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try it. You will be amazed at the results.



5 rinses 25¢ at drug and department stores.
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LOVALON
the 4 purpose vegetable Hair Rinse



NO WOMAN CAN BE GLAMOROUS

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lesions. Are such lesions standing between you and social or business success? Then give Siroil a chance. It tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and are located on the outer layer of the skin. Should these psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of Siroil will help keep them under control. Applied externally, Siroil does not stain clothing or bed linen—nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Offered to you on a strict two weeks satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

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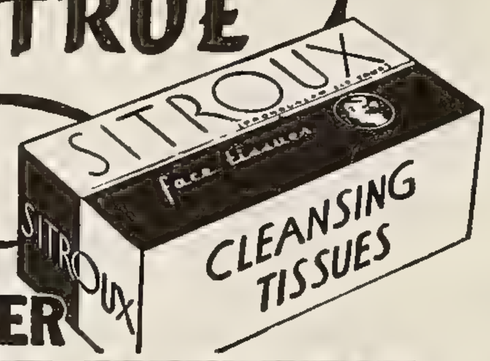
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AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER DEPARTMENT STORES

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Great Radio Purge of picture personalities, Woodbury's, naturally, offered the spot to Charles, and he accepted.

It doesn't take any gift of second sight to realize at once that the Woodbury Hollywood Playhouse is all Charles Boyer's show. First of all, he chooses the script material. "I spend four hours every day reading material," he told me. If you don't think that's a job—try it some time—especially when you're making a picture at the same time. It means you read at breakfast, at lunch and after dinner too.

He supervises writing the script. He picks every member of the cast. Around NBC they chuckle at the exacting way he picks his supporting players—as if they were actually to appear on the stage.

Just the other week the Woodbury script called for a little, bent old man—a minor part. Now, of course, some of the best old men's voices on the air are played by youngsters in their twenties. As far as radio goes, what's in a face? It's the voice that counts.

BUT Boyer couldn't see it that way. He interviewed a string of hopeful players until finally he found a little bent, gray headed old actor with just the right senile quaver in his voice! Only then was he happy.

His own enthusiasm for seeing his radio job as a real acting assignment makes him put on by far the best personal show of any dramatic air star. Boyer, in fact, had a hard time remembering he's playing to the mike instead of the large studio audience that gathers to hear his shows. Sometimes he forgets and almost upsets his shows, such as the other night when he was supposed to choke a villain. Boyer got so worked up he reached across and grabbed the actor by the neck, as the mike stand teetered dangerously and the audience roared. Another time he beat savagely on one of his actor's ribs, almost drowning out the dialogue. Boyer's own excuse is that acting enthusiasm "projects" over the air, even if you can't see it—and a lot of people say he's right about that. In other words, you can feel a smile or a frown in a voice, if it's the real article.

If genius is the capacity for taking infinite pains as Thomas Carlyle is supposed to have said, Boyer is already a radio genius. As his cast grouped around him in a semicircle to rehearse his script, he governed every tempo and changed the inflections of almost every speech. His big eyes darted around the circle to every voice as it spoke, appraising or critical. He was familiar with every word in his script.

He shuttled constantly between the stage and the glassed-in control booth to consult with producers Dave Elton and Jay Clarke. Even the sound effects concerned him. He dropped everything twice to go through a series of experiments with the sound man, trying to get just the right volume to a water splash!

Boyer's coat was off by now, his tie dangling. Cigarettes littered the floor, for Boyer is a chain smoker. (He's trying to give up cigarettes now, though, since a doctor told him it would hurt his radio voice.)

After the fifth rehearsal his red lips parted. "Ah," he said happily, "that's more like it!" The rest of the cast was limp. But Boyer paced to and fro nervously. "Let's do it again," he pleaded.

Boyer's accent is his greatest personal bugaboo. Oddly enough, and he realizes it to some extent, it is also a large part of his terrific charm. There is nothing more devastating to American womanhood than a latin accent, especially one like Boyer's that reeks with romance.

After one of his first guest star radio appearances, Charles Boyer received a letter from a woman listener. "I can't understand half what you say, Toots," she wrote, "but that's okay with me. Just keep talking and I'll listen!"

Boyer can laugh at things like that but they bother him just the same. "I was scared to death when I started this program," he told me. His greatest fear, he said, was of sounding like a musical comedy Frenchman, a "zis and zat guy." He records his rehearsals every Thursday and takes them home with him to go over with his cute blonde, English wife, Pat Paterson. Together they iron out the Anglo-Saxon tongue twisters that might make him sound funny on the air.

He's eager and impatient every second he's near a microphone. There's little time for the gags that all radio people are so fond of, but when they do creep in, he never fails to catch on quickly and usually manages to supply a topper.

He plays a violin slightly—in a squeaky and somewhat corny manner, and sometimes at rehearsals to relax himself he grabs a fiddle from some member of the orchestra and saws away, to the consternation of everyone within earshot.

TO trick him one night, his writer typed into his script the line, "I will now play 'The Bee'." At the first reading, Boyer came to the line, read it with a slight frown of surprise and then walked rapidly to the orchestra. Borrowing a violin with mock gravity he stepped to the microphone with a flourish and played "The Bee"! It was pretty awful, but it actually was "The Bee." Nobody had any idea he knew Jack Benny's favorite melody, least of all the chagrined prankster.

Champagne is Boyer's favorite drink, and when he's in the mood he can consume a quart of it at a sitting. After his debut program gagsters again ganged up on him. They invited him to a champagne supper—only the champagne, served in impressive gold sealed bottles, was gingerale.

Boyer drank without blinking an eye and complimented his hosts extravagantly on the excellence of the vintage. Then he asked the privilege of buying everyone a drink, saying he wanted to select the whiskey personally. He whispered to the waiter and soon the highballs arrived. The special whiskey was black tea!

As usual, Charles Boyer sails for his beloved Paris this summer, where he can absorb all the real vintage champagne he wants—and even more violent feminine worship than Hollywood can hand him.

Despite these two potent attractions, he's cutting his trip shorter this year than ever before. He'll be back in two months to start work on the fall Woodbury Hollywood Playhouse. Pictures never pulled him back that soon.

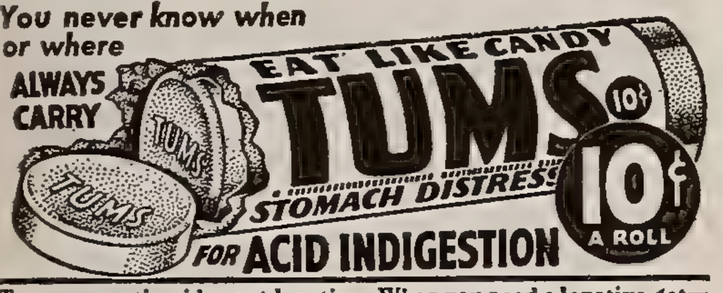
"But radio," said Charles Boyer, "ah—that is different!"

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The Case of the Hollywood Scandal

(*Continued from page 39*)

warm brown eyes, very full red lips, a smooth satiny complexion, average height, approximately one hundred and sixteen pounds, possessing a superb figure, and naturally graceful in her actions. She disclosed even, regular teeth when she smiled, was probably about twenty-four, and according to the clerk, might be in pictures, because of her beauty—although he was quite certain he'd never seen her face on the screen.

After reading that, I was inclined to forgive his smirks. He'd evidently been completely hypnotized. He hadn't been able to describe a single article of clothing I was wearing—only to give a glowing, but nevertheless general and vague description.

I had breakfast and went to the office, opening the door with the key Mr. Foley had given me. There was a pile of mail under the door, and, because Mr. Foley had given me no instructions about opening mail, I stacked it in a neat pile on his desk.

While I worked, I kept thinking of the events of the night before. Had Bruce Eaton taken that agreement? Had Mr. Padgham opened my brief case under cover of the darkness in the corridor? There had been an interval, while he was groping for the light switch.

I OPENED the drawer to take out my shorthand book. I couldn't find it. Hastily, I searched every drawer in the desk. My book was gone!

The door opened, and Mr. Padgham entered the office. He was flustered and pretty much excited.

"Where's Foley?" he asked.

"Mr. Foley hasn't come in yet," I told him.

He came across the room to stand in front of my desk. "What happened to *you* last night?"

"What happened to you?" I countered. "I waited in the automobile, expecting you'd be right down."

"You weren't there when I got back."

"Well," I told him, "I was only gone for a minute. I had no idea you'd run away and leave me."

"I didn't run away and leave you," he sad. "*You* ran away and left *me*."

I took refuge behind a secretarial mask. "I'm sorry," I said, with impersonal politeness.

He studied me with his selfish, glittering, deep-set little eyes.

"Have you," he asked, "read the morning papers?"

"Yes."

"You understand, then, what it was you saw last night?"

"Certainly."

"You haven't—well, I gather from the description given by the drug clerk that *you* were the one who notified the police."

I smiled serenely up at him. "Why, of course, I notified the police, Mr. Padgham. Isn't that the proper thing to do when one stumbles upon the body of a murdered man?"

"It may be proper, but—but, well, is it advisable?"

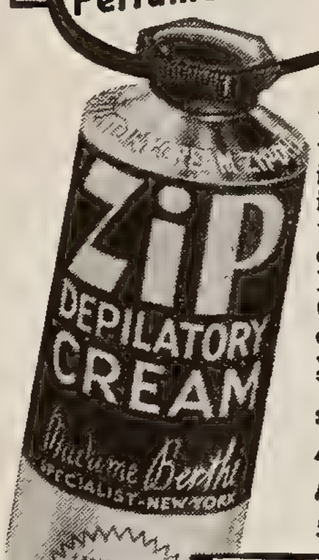
"I thought it was," I said.

"I'm not certain that Mr. Foley will like it."

"We'll leave that matter entirely up to Mr. Foley," I said.

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He leaned impressively forward until his cheeks were so close I could smell the odor of shaving lotion. "You'd better be pretty careful not to offend me, Miss Bell," he said. "You understand that I *could* tell the police who instructed the drug clerk to put in that call."

"Why, certainly," I said, making my eyes large and round with simulated hurt innocence. "Aren't you going to? I am. I'll tell them I ran down to the drugstore to telephone, while you went into the house to—"

He straightened as though I'd jabbed him with a pin. The color left his cheeks momentarily, then returned darker than ever. "Miss Bell," he said, "under no circumstances are you ever to tell a living soul that I was in that house."

"Under those circumstances," I said, "it's up to you to keep the police from finding out *I* was the one who talked with the drug clerk."

He cleared his throat and returned to his pompous manner.

"Of course," he said, "there are times when a—er—ah—prevarication is sometimes not entirely unwise."

"You mean *lie* to the *police?*" I asked, keeping my eyes big.

He was about to say something more when Mr. Foley came in.

Mr. Foley nodded to me and, I thought, from the look on his face, that finding Mr. Padgham there irritated him. He said, "Come in, Padgham. Please see that I'm not disturbed, Miss Bell."

I saw that he wasn't interrupted, to the extent of stalling off two telephone calls and a person who looked like a salesman.

The telephone rang and, as I picked up the receiver a masculine voice asked, "Is this the office of Mr. William C. Foley, the attorney?"

I launched into my speech. "I am very sorry, but Mr. Foley isn't available. If you'll leave your number, I'll have him call . . ."

"I don't want Foley," the voice said. "I want his secretary."

"Oh," I said inanely.

"Are you she?"

"Yes."

"Hold the line, please."

I felt suddenly weak. I had to prop my elbow on the desk to hold the receiver to my ear. There was no need to tell me who it was. I knew.

I could hear the rustle of motion at the other end of the line as the receiver changed hands. A masculine voice which I'd have recognized anywhere—I'd heard it often enough on the air—said, "I am trying to get in touch with a young woman who left a message for me. I am *very* anxious indeed to talk with her."

I tried sparring for time. "Do you know her name?" I inquired.

His voice became sharply authoritative. "A young woman," he said, "telephoned one of the principal Hollywood agencies last night about leaving a message for a gentleman whose name she mentioned. She stated the party could get in touch with her through you."

"Yes," I said, "I understand. I know the party."

"That's better," he told me. "I'll be at the Royal Hawaiian Café in Hollywood at twelve-thirty. Please ask this young woman if she'd care to have lunch with me . . ."

"Oh, but that's way out in Hollywood!" I exclaimed. "This party works. You'd have to come in to Los Angeles to see her."

"All right," he said. "I'll drive past any corner you name at any time you mention."

"Make it Fifth and Spring," I said, "at ten minutes past twelve. I'll—she'll be on the northwest corner."

"All right," he said. "Now remember this. I'll recognize her. If this is on the up and up, it's all right. If it isn't, there's going to be trouble."

"There won't be any trouble," I said.

"Very well,' he said crisply, "now please take a message for this party. Tell her it is absolutely imperative that she say nothing whatever to anyone about anything which happened, and if she found any of my property, she's to keep it until she can return it to me in person. Can you get that message to her?"

"Yes."

He had no more than hung up when Mr. Foley pressed my buzzer.

I grabbed a new shorthand book and entered the office. Mr. Padgham had gone. The boss motioned me to a seat. "How do you feel?" he asked.

"Fine," I said.

Abruptly, he said, "Don't trust Padgham."

I kept quiet.

"I wanted to see you," he went on, "before you'd talked with him. How long had he been here before I arrived?"

"About ten minutes."

"What did you tell him? Anything?"

"Mr. Padgham," I said, "of course realized that I must have been the one who telephoned for the police."

"Did you tell him it was at my suggestion?"

"No."

"Did you tell him that you had met me out there?"

"No."

"Did you accuse him of taking those agreements from your brief case?"

"No. I don't think he did. I thought so at first, but now I don't—well, I don't think he would have done it."

"Why?"

"Because the person who took them must have been someone who wanted to know what was in them. Mr. Padgham already knew."

A look of relief came over his face. "Thank heavens, you have sense," he said. "What *did* you tell him?"

"As I explained to you, when I left Mr. Padgham's automobile, I went down to the drug store. He assumed this morning that I'd gone to telephone the police."

Mr. Foley stared thoughtfully at the carpet for a second or two, then said, "Don't ever trust yourself to the mercy of a grandstander."

"Is Mr. Padgham a grandstander?" I asked.

"A grandstander and a four-flusher. That type of man always thinks of himself first, foremost and always. He'll sacrifice anyone in a pinch. You have noticed the way he talks?"

"Yes," I said. "He usually hesitates in the middle of a sentence, and then comes out with a big word which he seems to roll over his tongue with all the satisfaction of a mother cat purring over her kittens' bath."

Mr. Foley threw back his head and laughed. "I'm going to remember that. That's priceless!"

"Is that," I asked, "what you wanted me to notice about his conversation?"

"Yes," he said. "The sincere, straightforward man of action usually chooses short, crisp words. He never uses a long word when he can express

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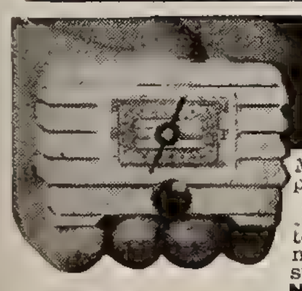
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himself with a shorter word. Padgham talks along until he gets near the middle of the sentence, and then pauses to find the most impressive word he can think of. Mind you, he already has the thought of the sentence, already has it clothed in everyday words, but he hesitates so he can substitute some longer word which will sound more impressive. And when he pronounces it, he slows down the tempo of his diction slightly, so as to make the word seem longer than it really is.

"Don't ever let him get anything on you. If the going gets rough, he'll toss you out to the wolves."

"If it's not being presumptuous," I asked, "did Mr. Padgham explain anything to you about this contract?"

"He did," Mr. Foley said dryly, "and I have come to distrust his explanation."

Abruptly I asked, "Do you always get your secretaries at that same employment agency?"

"Yes. Why?"

"And pick them in the same way?"

"Yes. Why?"

"It occurred to me," I said, "that someone has been particularly interested in finding out the terms of that agreement. The accident which crippled your secretary was deliberate—as the detective pointed out. Someone tried the same trick on me last night. Fortunately, I escaped. I think Miss Blair was in the car. And she certainly thought she was going to be your new secretary. If you had employed her instead of me—well, you can see how simple it would have been for her to have taken your dictation, then telephoned her accomplice . . ."

BUT what's in that agreement," he interrupted, "that the whole world couldn't see?"

"I don't know," I told him, "but I do know it's something. Last night, someone stole the agreement. This morning, my shorthand book with the notes is missing from my desk."

He stared at me, and was just starting to say something when the door from the reception room opened, and a fleshy woman in the late forties came sailing into the room, talking before she'd crossed the threshold.

"I'm looking for Mr. Foley, the lawyer," she said.

Mr. Foley gravely inclined his head and indicated a chair. "I am Mr. Foley," he said.

"And I'm Mrs. Charles Temmler. You know, it was in my house the body of Carter Wright was found by the police last night."

Mr. Foley's eyes indicated that I was to remain and listen. "Yes, Mrs. Temmler," he said.

"Carter Wright had been employed by my husband as the chauffeur and discharged for dishonesty," she said, dropping into the proffered chair.

"Indeed," Mr. Foley said, inviting her to go on; and go on she did in a big way.

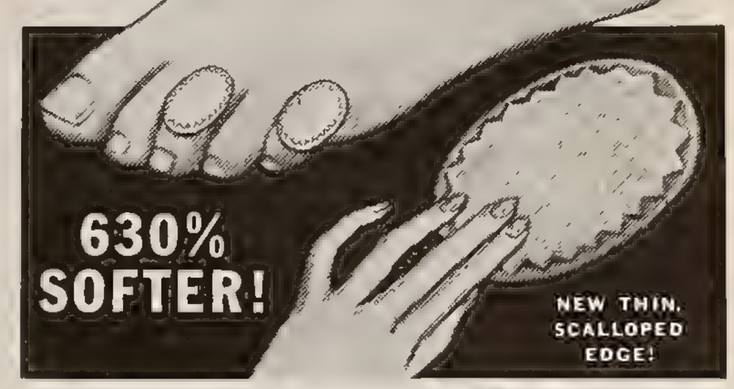
"My husband," she said, "had some very important papers, and for reasons best known to himself placed them in a safety deposit box in a rural bank. Carter Wright stole the key to that safety deposit box, and had it with him at the time he was murdered. I want to avoid any publicity, but that key is *my* property and I want you to get it for me."

"Why," asked Mr. Foley, "did you come to me?"

(*Continued on page* 85)

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"IS MY FACE RED!"



Claire Trevor, star of the CBS dramatic serial, Big Town.

Walter Wanger

By DR. GRACE GREGORY

■ Don't start your summer vacation before you've educated yourself to the intelligent way of sun-tanning!

JUNE is at hand, with joyous prospects of vacations and weekends. Summer is outdoor playtime. The modern girl is an outdoor girl, a good companion in all the sports the summer offers—motoring, boating, fishing, swimming, tennis, badminton, and all the rest. But a word in your ear, lady: what are you planning to do about sunburn?

Of course we are no longer so foolish as to blister ourselves into a physician's care the very first day out. But many a girl who stops short of painful blistering nevertheless does her complexion year-round harm by sunburn carelessness.

The radio stars know better than that. Lovely Claire Trevor, star of the dramatic series, Big Town, sponsored by Rinso, over CBS on Tuesdays at 8:00 p. m., condemns sunburn carelessness in no uncertain terms. "I think it is just plain silly to ignore the danger of sunburn," says she. "Even if you never go to the beaches, the reflected glare from city pavements is enough to damage an unguarded complexion. And what about that unsightly burned triangle on your collar bones and chest that marks the neckline of your summer dresses and blouses? It certainly is unbecoming with evening gowns."

Claire is one of the most consistently charming of radio's and movies' favorites. Her lovely complexion is evidence of intelligent care.

Sunburn, even in mild form, definitely coarsens the skin. The woman who wishes to keep her allure all year round and for many years should unconditionally resolve she will not sunburn. Nowadays that is not a hard resolution to keep. All you need is a good assortment of sunburn preparations in your beauty kit.

These come under two headings: preparations which prevent sunburn, and preparations which have a healing and curative effect. While it is true that all good creams and lotions and powder bases which keep the skin from drying, do, in a measure, lesson the tendency to sunburn, there are now lotions and creams to be had especially devised to filter out most of the rays which cause burning.

But the curative preparations are necessary, too. Perhaps you protect your face, and then play a few sets of tennis in shorts. Or perhaps you spend a long blissful day on a boat, in a glare from sky and sea which nothing can withstand. Quick, Henry, the healing cream or lotion or salve!

Which you will need depends upon all sorts of considerations. First, the tried and true burn remedy that comes in a handy tube. Sunburn, remember, is a real burn, just as much as what you get when you touch a hot stove. Then, there is another remedy with a long history back of it—a healing balm. Just a drop goes a long way. And how comforting it is! Or, if you prefer, there is an exquisitely cooling and healing greaseless cream that gives instant relief.

AND DON'T FORGET—

AS the summer days come, do not forget the usual cold creams and other creams which you are accustomed to use. A good cleansing cream, followed by soap and water, removes make up and dust. Quite a battle rages between those who use soap and water alone and those who use cleansing cream alone. I vote for both.

The night creams and foundation creams keep the skin supple. Oddly enough, they are a corrective for both the too-dry and the too-oily condition. Choose the ones best suited to you. There are many on the market, put out by cosmetic firms of established reputation, whose very name is a guarantee of the purity and reliability of their products.

(*Continued from page* 83)

"Because," she said, "I happened to know that before Carter Wright was discharged, he'd been in correspondence with a man by the name of Padgham, and Mr. Padgham sent Carter Wright a telegram in which he said he would employ you to draw up an agreement, that you are one of the best and most conscientious attorneys in the country. I just happened to remember your name, and not knowing any lawyers whom I could trust, I came to you."

"Most flattering," Mr. Foley agreed, "but suppose Mr. Padgham's business with Carter Wright should have had something to do with that safety deposit box—mind you, I'm not saying that it does because I don't know—but I'm merely outlining the possibilities. You can readily see that, as an attorney, I would be placed in an impossible position."

"Oh, but that key has nothing to do with Mr. Padgham's business!" Mrs. Temmler exclaimed.

"Do you know the nature of Carter Wright's business with Mr. Padgham?"

"Oh, yes. It had something to do with acting. Carter got to thinking he was an actor. He was a very excellent chauffeur until he started in training with a theatrical crowd—not real actors, amateurs. He entered the Little Theater plays and had some flattering press notices, and he hasn't been worth anything since."

"But," Mr. Foley objected, "even if I agreed to represent you, I couldn't do anything except go to the police. The coroner took charge of Carter Wright's personal effects, everything that was in his pockets or—"

"But that's just what I *want* you to do! I want you to go to the coroner at once. But you mustn't tell him whom you're representing."

Mr. Foley smiled. "I'm afraid I couldn't get hold of a key to a safety deposit box unless I explained matters fully—and even then the police would open the lock box and inventory the contents in the presence of a representative of the state inheritance tax appraiser."

Disappointment flooded her features. She said, impatiently, "Mr. Padgham said in his telegram that you were a very *resourceful* attorney."

Mr. Foley said, sympathetically, "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Temmler, but I'd have to be more than resourceful to get possession of that key. . . . In whose name is the box registered?"

"Well," she said, "you see—"

"Yes?" Mr. Foley asked, as she hesitated.

"It's rather a peculiar situation," she said. "The box is registered in such a way that whoever has possession of the key has access to the contents of the box. It's an arrangement—well, Mr. Foley, I suppose it's illegal, but you mentioned something just now about the state inheritance tax appraiser. He's always supposed to be present when the safety deposit boxes of dead persons are opened, isn't he?"

"A representative of his office," Mr. Foley said, glancing significantly at me.

"Well," she said glibly, "that's the reason we rented this box the way we did. It's rented under an assumed name. My husband told the banker he was negotiating an agreement with

(*Continued on page* 87)

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THE CUP THAT CHEERS



Tea keeps him in top form, says Doc Rockwell of NBC's Brain Trust show.

By Mrs. Margaret Simpson

IT WAS William Cowper who first said, in speaking of tea, 'cups that cheer but not inebriate,' and even though that was nearly two hundred years ago it's still the best description of tea that's ever been given."

The speaker was Doc Rockwell, radio's newest comedy star. We were sitting in his office just after he'd finished putting his "Brain Trusters" through their regular stiff rehearsal for their Tuesday night show over NBC, and Doc was busy making tea, which he consumes in quantities and considers indispensable for keeping at top form in the busy, nerve-wracking life he leads.

"Tea's really a man's drink, you know," Doc went on. "Heaven alone knows where the past generation got the idea of associating it only with women's parties and gossip. Originally tea drinking was a ceremony, indulged in by the prominent men of the community. Statesmen, philosophers and other big-wigs would sit for hours over their tea, discussing and solving the problems of the day. If the early Chinese had had the word for it they would have called it a dual purpose drink, for it first relaxes then stimulates, and the combination results in the cheer that our old friend Cowper mentioned."

Like all connoisseurs on any given subject Doc is full of fascinating information about his hobby, not only ancient lore about the ceremonials in which tea drinking was an important part, but facts and figures about the growing, harvesting and curing of the tea leaves. Only the three tenderest leaves are picked from a stalk, he tells me, for it is these tender leaves alone that will produce the fine flavored brew that exacting appetites demand today.

In support of his statement that tea is a man's drink, Doc cited a number of interesting examples. For instance its use by athletic coaches as part of the training table diet of the athletes under their charge. "At Notre Dame," Doc said, "athletes can drink all the tea they want with their meals, and on the day of a game they are given a late morning meal of tea and toast, their final meal before the game."

Whether you buy the finest of teas, which, Doc told me, is the Darjeeling, grown in India, or the most inexpensive brand your grocer carries, you are sure of a drink fit for a king for only a few cents a cup. The secret lies in the preparation. Here are Doc's rules for making fine tea.

"Have the water bubbling hot. If you are using a teapot, pour sufficient boiling water into the pot to heat it. Pour off this water, then add the tea —one teaspoon of tea leaves (or one tea bag) per cup, and one for the pot. Now pour on the boiling water, a cupful for each teaspoonful of tea leaves, cover the pot, and allow the tea to steep."

The length of time for steeping depends on your own taste. Doc believes that the full flavor and aroma will not be released from the leaves under four or five minutes. For tea to be served with milk, and for the early morning cup which helps you to open your eyes and for late afternoon drinking, when you need a gentle stimulant after a hard day, he says no less than five minutes, though for tea to be served with a meal a milder brew is sufficient.

For iced tea—and very soon now we'll be serving it daily, for nothing can quite take its place as a summer beverage—Doc suggests that you double the amount of tea used per cup, for a stronger infusion is needed to maintain the flavor after the brew has been diluted by the melting ice.

TEA for TWO—or TWENTY

There's no more charming or hospitable gesture than the serving of tea to one's guests. . . . It is the mark of the gracious and sophisticated hostess. . . . Whether your tea party is large or small, you will want to add individual touches that will make the gathering stand out in your guests' minds as one of the most delightful they have ever attended. . . . One way to do this is to vary the condiments and flavorings with which tea is usually served. . . . Lemon, cream and sugar, of course, but for extra interest serve some of the following sweetmeats for additional flavor. . . . Lemon or orange slices stuck with cloves. . . . Maraschino cherries. . . . Fresh mint, lemon verbena or rose geranium leaves. . . . Candied fruits, such as lemon or orange peel. . . . Fruit drops of any desired flavor. . . .

IT'S REFRESHING—

ONE of the most versatile products you will find at your grocer's these days is tomato juice. There's nothing more refreshing and appetizing as a pre-luncheon or dinner cocktail than rich red, ice-cold tomato juice, served just as it comes from the can, but if you prefer a tangier taste, try adding the following ingredients to a can of the ready prepared juice:

1 small onion, sliced thin
2 tbls. minced celery leaves
1 tsp. lemon juice

Let the mixture chill in the refrigerator for an hour before serving, then strain and serve.

RADIO MIRROR ★ ★ ★ ★ HOME and BEAUTY ★ ★ ★ ★

(*Continued from page 85*)

another party covering the possession of certain notes that had to do with a very valuable invention. The notes were too valuable to be delivered in the ordinary course of business and so my husband had arranged to give the purchaser the key to this box when the money was paid over. The bank was to give this purchaser, or his legal representatives, access to the box whenever he showed up with the key."

"That," Mr. Foley said, "is highly irregular."

"I know it's irregular. That's why my husband chose this country bank at Las Almiras. I don't suppose they have more than half a dozen safety deposit boxes in all. And my husband signed a blank power of attorney which the banker agreed to fill in with the name of any person who might appear with the key."

"Then the box actually *does* contain notes relating to an invention?" Mr. Foley asked.

She said, "Well, there are *some* notes there, yes; but those are just a blind. There's currency in the box."

"Where's your husband now?"

"He's in New York."

"Why don't you have your husband wire the banker that the key had been stolen, and withdraw any authorization to enter the safety deposit box?"

"Because my husband doesn't know it's been stolen."

"How does that happen?"

"He trusted the key to me. . . . Can't you see? That's why I'm so anxious to get it back. He'll think I was having an affair with the chauffeur. I must get it back without anyone knowing."

MR. FOLEY said, "I'm very sorry, Mrs. Temmler. There's nothing I can do. The entire affair sounds rather —well, rather bizarre. Incidentally, Mrs. Temmler, if the police have found any such key they didn't mention it to the newspaper reporters."

"Oh, they've found it right enough," she said.

"You're certain?" Mr. Foley asked.

"Quite. They *must* have found it. Carter Wright had it with him. I know he did."

"Do you know who killed him?"

"No, of course not."

"Do you have any suspicion?"

She said, "Well, my—no, I won't say that! No, I haven't even any suspicion."

Mr. Foley said, with an air of finality, "Mrs. Temmler, I think you should go to the district attorney. Tell him your story in detail. Ask him to see that your identity is guarded."

She got to her feet, and pointed angrily at him. "And I thought I could count on you for help! I thought that's what an attorney was for."

"A lawyer," Mr. Foley said, "is obligated to cooperate with law enforcement, not to conspire to thwart it."

"Bosh," she said, as she sailed through the door. "That's a perfectly mid-Victorian outlook on life! I thought you were resourceful."

The slamming of the door punctuated her departure.

I knew that Mr. Foley would be looking at me, and, for the life of me, I couldn't bring myself to meet his eyes. Should I have told him about that key to the safety deposit box? There it was in my purse right this







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minute. . . . But it was Bruce Eaton's property. He'd said so himself. He'd told me I wasn't to mention it to anyone. I was to return it to him personally.

Mr. Foley said, "If you're interested in voices, Miss Bell, make a note of that woman's. Don't ever trust the judgment of a woman who forms her word sounds on the roof of her mouth. You can trust the *integrity* of persons who talk that way, but you can never trust their *judgment.*"

"It impressed me," I said, "that she was lying."

Mr. Foley laughed. "Of course, she was lying. That stuck out all over her. The question arises as to where the truth left off and where fabrication began. Doubtless, I could have discovered it, if I'd taken the trouble to cross-examine her."

"Why can't you trust people who talk with the roofs of their mouths?" I asked.

"I don't know," Mr. Foley said, "but you can't—not in ninety per cent of the cases. Such people may have imagination. Usually they're quick, intelligent, and highly versatile, but you can't trust their judgment. If you want someone who has good mental perspective—which is, after all, a necessity to judgment—pick someone who talks with his diaphragm."

I WANTED to get away, wanted to be where I could think things over. After all, I was working for Mr. Foley. He'd been simply splendid to me, and . . .

"I'm going out," he said, "and won't be back until quite late this afternoon. In fact, I may not be in again all day."

The announcement was a relief. "May I leave for lunch promptly at twelve, Mr. Foley?" I asked.

He glanced at me sharply, and I felt myself color.

"Some day," he said, his eyes twinkling, "I'll tell you about the little trick of vocal expression which means that a woman's thinking of the man of whom she's very, very fond. . . . Yes, Miss Bell, by all means; leave a little before twelve if you want. You've had rather a strenuous time of it, so you don't need to come back at all this afternoon—and I hope you have a very nice luncheon with a very fascinating young man," and he walked out of the door leaving me standing there, blushing like a schoolgirl.

I felt self-conscious standing on the corner with the hordes of luncheon-goers streaming past me. I wondered what they'd think if someone had pointed me out and said, "There's the little secretary waiting on the corner for Bruce Eaton to come and take her to lunch."

My heart thumped wildly as a big, blue automobile slid in close to the curb. It was he!

Bruce Eaton smiled at me and raised his hat.

Feeling that strange sense of unreality which comes in dreams, I pushed forward. He opened the door, and I found myself seated beside him. He slid the gearshift lever back into place, and the big automobile shot across the street.

"So it really was you, after all," he said.

"What was?" I asked.

"The young woman who telephoned my agent. I was afraid it was some sort of a racket."

My laugh was nervous. "I was afraid—oh, skip it."

"After the way I treated you last night," he said, "I suppose you expect almost anything from me. I'm sorry, but circumstances made it necessary for me to act as I did. I'm hoping you'll give me the opportunity to explain."

"You don't need to," I told him, "because there's nothing to explain. After all, you're not entirely your own agent, you know. You have your sponsor and your studio to think of as well as your own career."

"That's a mighty sensible way to look at it," he said, flickering his eyes from traffic to look at me.

"I always try to look at things that way."

"You're too good looking to be sensible," he laughed. "That is, I mean, most beautiful women become very much a law unto themselves. Being sensible comes with considering problems from the other's viewpoint. Beautiful women rarely do that."

I didn't have any answer to that. I wanted to be calm and sensible, and I was quivering all over.

When I didn't answer, he lapsed into silence, driving on through traffic, leaving me free to surreptitiously study the profile which I'd admired so much on the screen.

He was just as he appeared in pictures, magnetic, handsome, and intensely masculine, not in the hard-boiled, coarse, two-fisted way, but with a certain mental virility which, to my mind, was largely responsible for his screen success.

While we were waiting for a traffic signal, he turned to me and said abruptly, "How about that property of mine? You have it?"

I started to hand over the key, and then changed my mind. After all, I had to talk with him about something, and banter about that key was better than bromides about pictures. And then he *might* lose interest in me after he got the key. "I'm afraid," I told him, "you'll have to identify it. After all, you know, a finder is responsible for the property until he's surrendered it to its rightful owner."

He was silent.

"Go ahead and describe it," I invited.

I saw then that he was silent because I had hurt him. Evidently, down underneath that vigorous exterior the man was sensitive.

I LAUGHED and said, "I'm only joking, you know."

"Well," he said, "where is it?"

"Where is what?"

"My stickpin."

"Your *stickpin!*" I exclaimed in dismay.

"Yes. I lost it last night in the scuffle which immediately preceded my—er—predicament."

I fumbled in my purse, took out the long, flat key.

"Then just what is *this?*" I demanded.

He barely took his eyes from the road. "Looks like a key to a safety deposit box. Where did you get it?"

Is Bruce Eaton trustworthy—or is Miss Bell making a big mistake when she fails to tell her boss about him and the mysterious safety deposit box key which may be the biggest clue to the murder of Carter Wright? Next month—another chapter in this tense story of mystery in Hollywood.



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